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AN EDUCATIONAL WONDER-WORKER

THE METHODS OF MARIA MONTESSORI

BY

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THE story of the Babes in the Wood has sometimes been reënacted in real life, and the robins have not always had to play the part of sexton and cover the little bodies with leaves. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, about ten "wild" boys and girls were discovered in various parts of Europe, who, having been exposed in desert places, had contrived to live for many years the life of the other animals around them. The most famous of these Orsons was known as the Savage of Aveyron. His case was much discussed in the opening years of the last century; and attention has recently been redirected to it by the fact that it formed the starting-point of a process of thought and experiment that bids fair to revolutionize primary education, by practically abolishing the difficulty of learning to read and write.

The Wild Boy of Aveyron

In a forest of the Department of Aveyron, France, some hunters, in 1798, caught a wild boy, apparently eleven or twelve years of age. His body was covered with scars, caused by briars, thorns, and the teeth of animals; but one scar on his throat seemed to show that whoever left him in the forest had first tried to murder him. He was eventually brought to Paris and placed under the care of Dr. Itard, physician to the National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Itard lavished infinite patience and ingenuity upon his education, but with very little effect, for the boy proved to be an idiot. Though he was not deaf, he never even learned to speak; and, when he died in 1828, his intelligence was still inferior to that of many animals. Nevertheless, the effort to educate him had not been wasted, for it had educated Itard, who had arrived at many valuable conclusions as to the best methods of dealing with cases of unawakened or defective intelligence.

These conclusions he handed on to his pupil Édouard Seguin, but helped him still more, perhaps, by inspiring him with an enthusiastic and indefatigable interest in the subject. Seguin (born in 1812) soon became a noted specialist in the treatment of defective children, and, in 1839, opened the first school for idiots in France. In 1850 antagonism to the ambitions of Louis Napoleon (then Prince-President) led him to emigrate to America. After spending some years in Cleveland and in Portsmouth, Ohio, he removed, early in the 1860's, to New York City, where he remained until his death in 1880. He was greatly esteemed by the leading physicians of his adopted country, and exercised a determining influence on the training of defective children in America. Not one idiot in a thousand, he declared, was entirely refractory to his treatment; not one in a hundred but was rendered more happy and healthy. "More than thirty per cent have been made capable of working like one third of a man; more than forty per cent of working like two thirds of a man; while twenty-five per cent came nearer and nearer to standards of manhood."

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Maria Montessori's Work in the "Mind-Straightening School"

Seguin had published in Paris, in 1846, a book called *Traitement moral, hygiène et éducation des idiots;* and this, one day, fell into the hands of Maria Montessori, the first woman ever granted the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Rome. As Assistant Doctor in the Clinic of Psychiatry, this lady was already interested in the care of the mentally deficient. Seguin's exposition of his method of "pedagogic cure" fell in with her own line of thought, giving precision and certainty to ideas already germinating in her mind; and Seguin led her back to the "admirable experiments" of Itard. At the Pedagogic Congress at Turin, in 1898, she so ably expounded her views that the Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Baccelli, invited her to give a course of lectures in Rome to teachers interested in the treatment of backward children. This course of lectures led to the foundation of the Scuola Ortofrenica, or "mind-straightening school," attended by feeble-minded children from all the asylums in Rome, as well as by private pupils sent thither by their parents. For more than two years Maria Montessori was the directress of the institution.

The results she attained were considered miraculous. Idiots sent to her from the public asylum she taught to read and write so that they could pass the same examinations that normal children of their age were expected to pass at the public schools. How was this surprising success achieved? The secret, she says, was simple:

> It was that the boys from the asylum had followed a different path from that pursued in the public schools. They had been aided in their psychic development, while the normal children had been hampered and depressed. I thought that if, one day, the special education which had thus marvelously developed the idiots could be applied to the development of normal children, the miracle would vanish, and the gulf between the inferior and the normal mentality would reappear, never again to be bridged. While every one was admiring the progress of my idiots, I was meditating on the reasons that could keep the happy and healthy common-school children on so low a level that my unhappy pupils were able to stand beside them.

When, in 1900, she left the Scuola Ortofrenica, Maria Montessori reëntered the University of Rome as a student of philosophy. She devoted herself, in particular, to experimental psychology, then a new study in the Italian universities; and, at the same time, she visited and inspected all the primary schools within her reach, carrying out researches in pedagogic anthropology, and studying the methods and arrangements currently employed in the education of normal children.

After seven years of indefatigable study in every branch of experimental pedagogy, the opportunity for putting her principles into practice came to her in a manner as ideal as it was unexpected. In 1906 she came in touch with a well-known engineer, Edoardo Talamo, who offered her the entire charge of some new infant schools about to be established in Rome. No fairy godmother could have provided her with an opening more exactly to her mind.

Rome Deals with Her Tenement Problem

For these were not ordinary infant schools. They were part of a great endeavor for social betterment. Toward the end of the 1880's there had been an extravagant building "boom" in Rome, which had been duly followed by the inevitable crash. While the mania was at its height, a whole new quarter of apartment-houses had been run up outside the Porta San Lorenzo, where the tramways start for Tivoli. The crash came before they had ever been occupied, and they found no tenants of the class for whom they had been designed. But they found poor tenants in plenty. An astute slum speculator would rent a flat of six or seven large rooms for $8 a month, and would sublet it, room by room, even down to the corridors, at rates that brought him in $16 a month, while he himself lived at free quarters, and probably eked out his gains by petty usury among his tenants.

Thus the district became one of the most crowded, insanitary, and vicious "warrens of the poor," in which children grew up without light, without air, in precocious familiarity with every form of crime and degradation. The evil became so crying that an association was formed to attempt its remedy. This was the Instituto Romano di Beni Stabili — the Real Estate Institute of Rome. It acquired a great part of the quarter of San Lorenzo, where it possesses fifty-eight houses, containing no fewer than sixteen hundred flats. Its first care was to transform the great blocks into sanitary dwellings, thoroughly adapted to the uses of poor tenants. It pulled down all central structures that shut out light and air, and thus created a spacious courtyard in the middle of each block. It redistributed the apartments, so that several families no longer inhabited one large flat, but each family had a little flat of its own. It erected new staircases, to prevent crowding. In short, it transformed very ill-adapted into very well-adapted dwellings, and it offered its tenants

advantages to induce them to respect and maintain the conditions of cleanliness and decency provided for them. Among other things, it allotted an annual prize for the best-kept dwelling in each block.

MARIA MONTESSORI
THE ITALIAN EDUCATOR WHO HAS ORIGINATED A NEW AND REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN

The "Houses of Childhood"

But a far stronger inducement to cleanliness and good manners was afforded in those blocks to which are attached Case dei Bambini—literally "Houses of the Children," but better, perhaps, "Houses of Childhood." The scope and influence of these institutions may be most briefly conveyed by reproducing some of the rules concerning them, which are posted in each block:

In the House of Childhood attention will be paid to the education, the health, and the physical and moral development of the children, by means of lessons and exercises adapted to their age.

All children of the block between the ages of three and seven have the right of admission to the House of Childhood.

The parents of children attending the House of Childhood pay no contribution whatever; but they assume the following imperative obligations:

(*a*) To send their children to the school-room at the specified hours, clean in person and clothes, and wearing a suitable pinafore;

(*b*) To show the greatest respect and deference toward the directress and staff of the House of Childhood, and to coöperate with the directress in promoting the education of the children. At least once a week mothers can speak to the directress, reporting their observations of their children at home, and receiving from the directress notes and suggestions for the good of the children.

Pupils will be expelled from the House of Childhood (*a*) who present themselves in an unwashed and slo-

venly condition; (*b*) who are not amenable to discipline; (*c*) whose parents fail in respect to the persons in charge of the House of Childhood, or in any way threaten to counteract by bad conduct the aims and the educative work of the institution.

In the assignment of annual prizes for the best-kept house, account will be taken of the way in which the parents have coöperated with the directress in the education of their children.

It is possible that the benevolent despotism of these regulations would not everywhere be appreciated; but there is no doubt that the Houses of Childhood are, and are felt to be, an immense boon to the class of people for whom they are intended. The school performs the functions of a *crèche*—takes the children off the mother's hands during working hours, and thus improves the economic position of the household—while, at the same time, it removes the chief difficulties in the way of domestic cleanliness and order. It is an inflexible rule that the directress of each school shall live in the block of dwellings that it serves, and keep in constant touch with the parents, who are free to come at any time and see "how their children are getting on." In this way, says Maria Montessori, "the school is placed in the home; it becomes part of the collective property; . . . and the feeling of collective property is new, and sweet, and profoundly educative."

Edoardo Talamo, as director-general of the Real Estate Institute of Rome, placed Maria Montessori in charge of all the schools to be founded by his association, giving her full liberty to organize and govern them as she thought best. On the 6th of January, 1907, in the Via dei Marsi 58, she opened the first Casa dei Bambini, and confided it to the care of Candida Nuccitelli, an instructress trained according to her methods and convictions.

On the 7th of April in the same year a second House of Childhood was opened in the district of San Lorenzo. On October 18, 1908, the Humanitarian Society of Milan instituted a House of Childhood in the workingmen's quarter of that city, and the House of Labor, belonging to the same society, undertook the manufacture of the didactic material used in the schools. At the villa of the British Ambassador in Rome there is a small school for aristocratic children; and two others have been opened in the Italian capital for children of the middle classes. They are all under the direct care and inspection of Maria Montessori, whose university title is *Professoressa*.

The most conspicuous of Maria Montessori's triumphs is that of teaching quite young children, without putting the smallest strain upon their faculties, first to write and then to read—for her method inverts the usual order in which these accomplishments are acquired. This end she achieved, as so many other great results have been reached, without foreseeing or aiming at it. To the children themselves it seemed that they had begun to write and read simply because they had "grown big enough." But, to render this comprehensible, we must enter a little more at large into Maria Montessori's principles and practice.

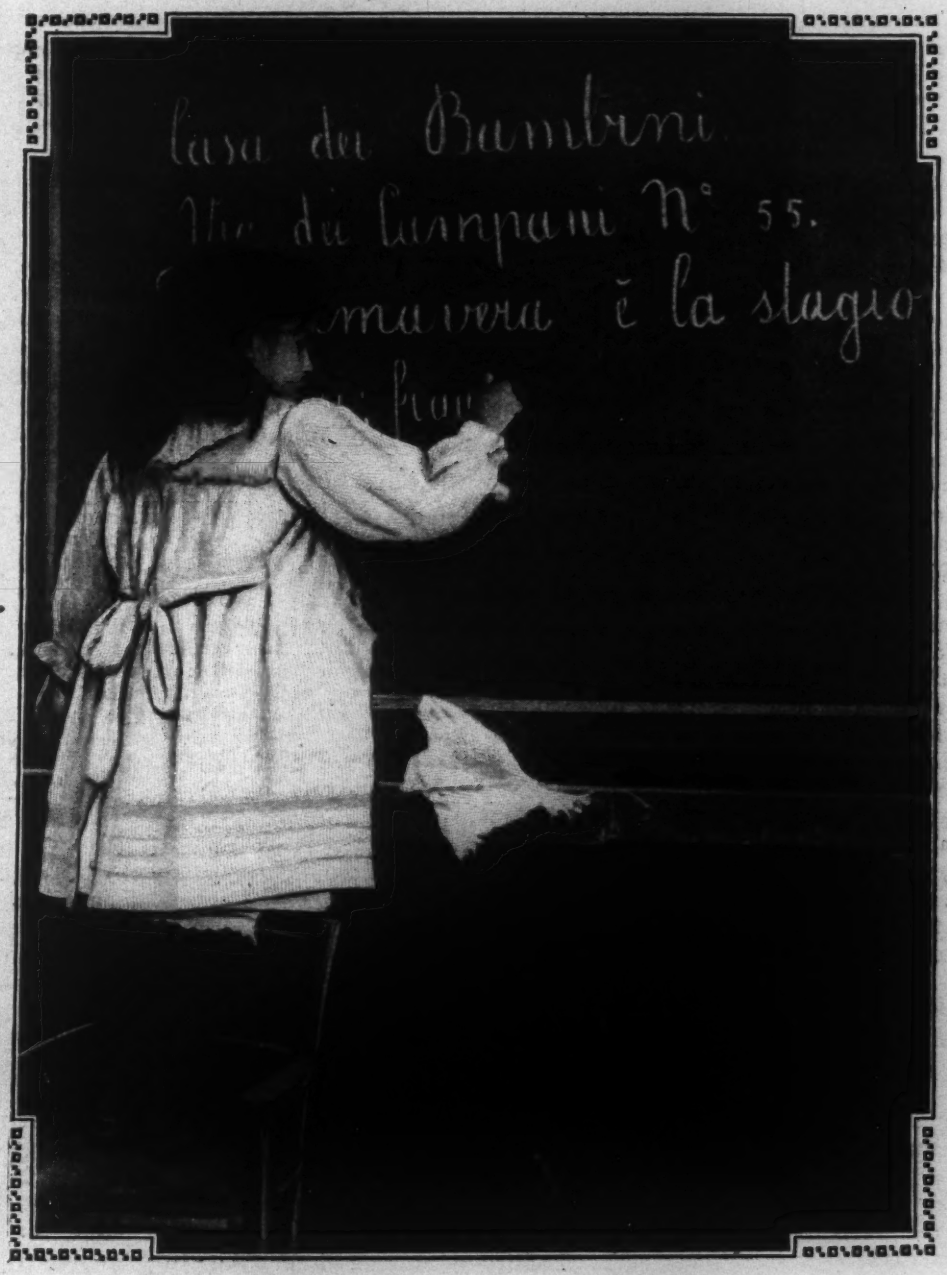
Maria Montessori Rediscovers the Ten Fingers

At the very root of her method lies what may be called the rediscovery of the ten fingers. Put on the track by Seguin, she realized that the sense of touch, the basis of all the other senses, was the great interpreter of vision and guide to accuracy of perception. It was at the same time the earliest developed of the faculties and the first to be dulled if left uncultivated. She found that the finger-tips of young children are almost unbelievably sensitive, but that, in the absence of careful training, they begin to lose this sensitiveness after the age of six. The first step in her method, then, is to teach children to "see with their fingers," and thus to cultivate a delicately retentive muscular memory. Not only is this a desirable end in itself, but it has the further advantage of minimizing the strain placed by ordinary methods of education upon the eyes, and consequently upon the brain. By the cultivation of the sense of touch, reflex actions are set up in inferior nerve-centers with which the brain has little or no concern. One of Maria Montessori's chief objections to some of the most popular kindergarten employments is that they involve a harmful effort of the organs most closely associated with the brain — the eyes.

No sooner has a child entered the school than the education of his (or her) sense of touch begins. He is taught to wash his hands carefully in cold water, with soap, and then to plunge them into warm, clear water. In addition to this, the first and second fingers are plunged first into cold and then into warm water, and he is led to notice and to know the difference. The discrimination between *rough* and *smooth* comes next. This being an actual lesson, it shall be described fully, as it is the proper picture of the only form used in teaching in the Casa dei Bambini.

Learning the Difference Between "Rough" and "Smooth"

Two cards are put down in front of the child — little Lucia, for example, who has seated herself comfortably in a nice, broad little chair, in front of her chosen table. One of these cards has a surface of satin paper; the other is of the coarsest black sand board. The teacher, taking



ONE OF MARIA MONTESSORI'S PUPILS WRITING FROM DICTATION AT THE BLACK-BOARD. THE AVERAGE CHILD OF FOUR LEARNS TO WRITE IN SIX WEEKS BY THE MONTESSORI METHOD

the child's hand in hers, passes the tips of its first and second fingers over the smooth card. She must be careful to draw them from left to right, for the sake of the muscular memory, which, if not carefully considered, might cause trouble some future day. The tiny fingers like the contact. They continue to move along after the teacher has released them, and the child looks up, smiling. "Smooth," says the teacher, slowly, distinctly. If she adds one more word, even a term of endearment, she will transgress her duty, which forbids her to run the risk of confusing her pupil. To confuse is to tax the brain, and that is a cardinal sin.

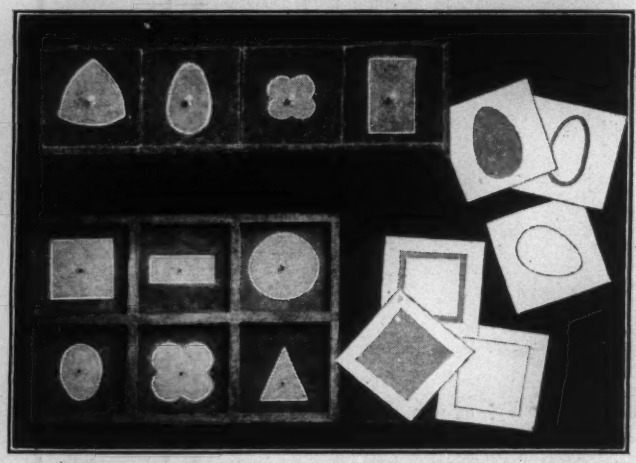
If the little one continues to feel the card, the teacher repeats the word. But if the child's curiosity awakes, and it takes its fingers away and looks longingly toward the other card,

then the two little fingers are passed gently over the sand-board. "Rough," says the teacher. The child doesn't like that feeling; she very likely draws her fingers away; but will soon tentatively put them back again. "Rough," the teacher will again repeat.

Then the cards are taken and put down, side by side, for the child to look at them. "Give me the smooth?" asks the teacher. The child remembers at once the nice card, and hands it to her.

"Give me the rough." That, too, will be handed her, with the air of importance which children can so deliciously and successfully assume.

The teacher smiles her thanks, and again the cards are placed on the table. "What is that?" she says, pointing to the satin card. "Smooth," replies the proud pupil. "And this?" The answer comes, "Rough."



SQUARE TABLETS OF WOOD WITH GEOMETRICAL INSETS WHICH THE CHILD LEARNS TO FIT INTO PLACE, AND SQUARES OF CARDBOARD CONTAINING GEOMETRICAL OUTLINES TO BE FILLED IN WITH CRAYON, ONE OF THE STEPS IN LEARNING TO WRITE

Children Correct Their Own Mistakes

It must not be supposed that the answer is invariably correct, especially when the question concerns more difficult objects, as they will later on in the course of education. But the rule for the teacher is that, should mistakes be made, and the two objects (for there are never more than two at a time) be confused one with the other, she must not correct the child, but leave it to consider quietly, while she goes off to some other duty, not to return until another day, unless the child demands her.

This abstinence from correction is explained as follows:

Why correct the child? If she does not succeed in associating the name with the object, the only way of making her succeed is to repeat at once the action of the sensorial stimulus, and the word to be associated with it; that is, to repeat the lesson. But the fact of the child having made the mistake implies that at that moment she is not disposed to the psychic association which you desire to provoke in her; hence it is best to choose another moment.

APPARATUS USED IN TEACHING CHILDREN TO TIE KNOTS, RUN LACINGS, ETC.; ALSO NUMBERING APPARATUS, AND BLOCKS FOR TRAINING THE CHILD TO ESTIMATE LENGTH

No Naughty Children in the "Houses of Childhood"

In Maria Montessori's view, all education worth having is auto-education. One of the difficulties experienced in the training of teachers is that of preventing them from rushing to the aid of a child who appears to be embarrassed and puzzled in one of his little employments. Their tendency is to say, "Poor little mite!" and help him out; thereby depriving the child at once of the joy and the education of overcoming an obstacle.

The policy of non-intervention applies, as a matter of course, no less to the moral than to the intellectual domain. Rewards and punishments are rigorously banished from the Houses of Child-

LEARNING TO WRITE AND READ BY TOUCH

THE CHILD AT THE LEFT IS TRACING WITH HER FINGER LETTERS CUT FROM SAND-PAPER, AND IS LEARNING TO KNOW THEM BY TOUCH. THE BOY AND GIRL BESIDE HER ARE MAKING WORDS OUT OF CARDBOARD LETTERS SELECTED FROM THE BOX

TRAINING THE SENSE OF TOUCH

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE LEFT IS LEARNING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROUGH AND SMOOTH BY RUNNING HER FINGERS ALTERNATELY OVER COARSE SANDPAPER AND SMOOTH CARDBOARD. THE BOY IS LEARNING TO DISTINGUISH DIFFERENT SHAPES BY FITTING GEOMETRICAL INSETS INTO PLACE BLINDFOLD, GUIDED ONLY BY HIS SENSE OF TOUCH. THE CHILD AT THE END IS DISTINGUISHING TEXTURES BLINDFOLD

MAKING WORDS WITH CARDBOARD SCRIPT. THE LESSONS IN ARTICULATION HAVE TAUGHT THE CHILDREN WHAT SOUNDS, AND CONSEQUENTLY WHAT LETTERS, ARE NECESSARY TO FORM THE WORDS

hood. The ideal of "discipline for liberty" is aimed at, and attained. The artificial rigidity and immobility of the ordinary school are entirely foreign to Maria Montessori's system. She even becomes sarcastic over the scientific desk and seat, carefully measured and fixed, of which modern educationists are so proud. It should not, in her view, be necessary to regulate the relation of seat to desk so as to avoid the danger of spinal curvature in the pupil. Her plan is to provide him with an easily movable and comfortable little chair, and never to keep him in one position long enough to feel even a temporary stiffness. The child, in her conception, ought to be free, within the limits imposed, not by scholastic convention, but by social amenity; that is to say, he must not use his freedom to hurt or incommode others. He must be taught to distinguish between good and evil, but not, as in the conventional discipline, to confound good with immobility and evil with activity. And, as a matter of act, discipline presents little or no difficulty in the Houses of Childhood.

We have sometimes [says Maria Montessori] had to do with children who disturbed the others and were deaf to our admonitions. First we would have them specially observed by the doctor; but often they were found to be quite normal. We would then place a little table in the corner of the room, and seat the child at it, with his face to the others, giving him whatever he wanted to play with. This isolation would almost always succeed in calming the child; the sight of his companions would be a most efficacious object-lesson in behavior. Moreover, the isolated child would be the object of special care, as though he were ill. I myself, on entering, would first go straight to him, caressing him like an infant; and would then turn to the others and interest myself in their work, as though they had been men. I do not know what happened in their souls; but certain it is that the "conversion" of the isolated children was always definite and deep. They took a pride in knowing how to work and to behave with dignity; and, for the most part, they preserved a tender affection for the mistress and for me.

Such methods might prove dangerous in clumsy hands; but Maria Montessori is no less successful in educating teachers than in educating children. It was, of course, difficult at first to get them to understand her principles.

"What!" they would cry. "No corrections! No rewards! No punishments! Only individual influence! Why, we shall have anarchy, with our small spoilt babies doing what they like, not what we want them to!'

But the founder of the schools held her ground firmly; and the experience of three years or more shows that there is no anarchy, no disorder, in the Houses of Childhood. The teachers have learned the great lesson that tranquil nerves in authority beget tranquil nerves in subjection. They are women of broad mind, quick sympathy, and practical common sense, fully understanding the important difference between patience and indolent acquiescence. They know how to turn the current of discipline in the right direction, and to make the little ones understand, without reproof, the difference between good and evil. The *bambini* are so perfectly under control that they can be swayed by a gesture, as an orchestra is swayed by the baton of the conductor. When I said to Maria Montessori, "How do you manage to keep them so quiet and good?" she replied: "Because they are all doing what they like to do. *Ecco!*"

Children of Three Learn to Tie Bow-Knots and to Fasten Buttons and Clasps

Let us now return to little Lucia, who has just mastered the difference between rough and smooth. Proud of her new accomplishment, she tries to attract the attention of a chubby little boy sitting at the next table, employed in fastening together two strips of cloth, attached to the opposite sides of a light embroidery-frame, by tying them with bows of ribbon. He has been working unremittingly at these bows for some days, the teacher says; and, though he is only three years old, he has come to tie them so creditably that I, watching, could almost blush with shame to think of the hard knots that were all I could tie at the age of seven. When little Lucia holds up her cards, stroking them and saying "rough" and "smooth," he looks up indifferently, nods, and goes calmly on with his self-imposed labor.

Absorbed little Lorenzo is not the only one whose small fingers are learning cunning. Across the room can be seen several other embroidery-frames in the hands of children of various ages. From these frames hang strips of leather and strips of cloth. The strips of leather are provided with buttons and loops, and are to be fastened together with a button-hook. This toy is eagerly chosen, and always has claimants waiting in line for its use. There are other strips to be fastened together with corset-lacings, or with the silk laces of bodices; others are for hooks and eyes, large and small. Again, we have buttons on cloth and buttons of pearl

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

LEARNING TO DISTINGUISH COLORS BY ARRANGING COLORED SILK ON CARD BOBBINS, ACCORDING TO GRADATIONS OF SHADE. THERE ARE EIGHT FUNDAMENTAL COLORS AND EIGHT SHADES OF EACH COLOR, MAKING SIXTY-FOUR BOBBINS IN ALL

on linen; we have clasps and other sorts of fastening contrivances. These toys are a continual source of entertainment, to the boys no less than to the girls; and they are of such practical use that the mothers come, exploding in Italian manner, to say that little Nunzia or tiny Umberto now not only needs no help in dressing, but desires to assist in dressing the whole family.

Spelling Taught by Articulation Exercises

Finding that Lorenzo cannot be distracted from his pink bows, Lucia strokes her cards, says "smooth" and "rough" over and over to herself, and then, tiring of this occupation, rises and toddles over independently to join a small class that is having a short exercise in articulation. It is by these careful lessons in articulation that the children are able, later on, to write common words easily, without ever having possessed a conventional spelling-book. It may be argued that Italian, as a practically phonetic language, can be written with facility by the simple exercise of a cultivated ear; but, at the English Ambassador's, pupils taught in the same way write all the names and words of ordinary use quite correctly.

Recognizing a Circle or a Square by the Way It Feels

A small boy of the mature age of four, who has been sitting plunged in either sleep or meditation, now starts up from his chair, and wanders across to his directress for advice. He wants something to amuse him. She takes him to the cupboard, throws in a timely suggestion, and he strolls back to his table, with a smile. He has chosen half a dozen or more thin square tablets of wood and a strip of navy-blue cloth. I stand behind him to see what he is going to do, but he does not notice my presence; he has more important business on hand. He begins by spreading down the cloth; then he puts his blocks on it, in two rows. They are of highly varnished wood, light blue, with geometric figures of navy blue in the center; there is a triangle, a circle, a rectangle, an oval, a square, an octagon. The teacher, who has followed him, stands on the other side of the table. She runs two of her fingers around one of the edges of the triangle. "Touch it, so," she says. He promptly and delightedly imitates her. She then pulls all the figures out of their light-blue frames by means of a brass button in the center of each, mixes them up on the table, and tells him to call her when he has them all in place again. The dark-blue baize shows through the empty frame, so that it appears as if the figures had only sunk down half an inch. While he continues to stare at the array, off goes the teacher.

"Is she not going to show him how to begin?"

"An axiom of our practical pedagogy is to aid the child only to be independent," smiles Maria Montessori. "He does not wish help."

Nor does he seem to be troubled. He stares a while at his array of blocks; yet his eye does not grow quite sure, for he carefully selects an oval from the mixed-up pile and tries to put it in a circle. It won't go. Then, quick as a flash, as if subconsciously rather than designedly, he runs his little forefinger around the rim of the figure, and then around the edge of the empty space left in the light-blue frames of both the oval and the circle. He discovers his mistake

at once, puts the figure into its place, and leans back a moment in his chair to enjoy his own cleverness before beginning with another. He finally gets them all into their proper frames, and instantly pulls them out again, to do it quicker and better next time.

These blocks with the geometric insets are among the most valuable stimuli in the Casa dei Bambini. The vision and the touch become, by their use, accustomed to a great variety of shapes. It will be noted, too, that the child apprehends the forms synthetically, as given entities, and is not taught to recognize them by aid of even the simplest geometrical analysis. This is a point on which Maria Montessori lays particular stress.

FITTING GEOMETRICAL INSETS INTO THEIR FRAMES BY RUNNING THE FOREFINGER, FIRST AROUND THE RIM OF THE FIGURE, THEN AROUND THE EDGE OF THE EMPTY SPACE

It would take too long to describe all or one half of the educative games in use in the Houses of Childhood. It is worth noting that Maria Montessori insists strongly on the advantage of having a garden attached to each school, where the children can observe and foster the growth of plants, and where they can be intrusted with the care of animals.

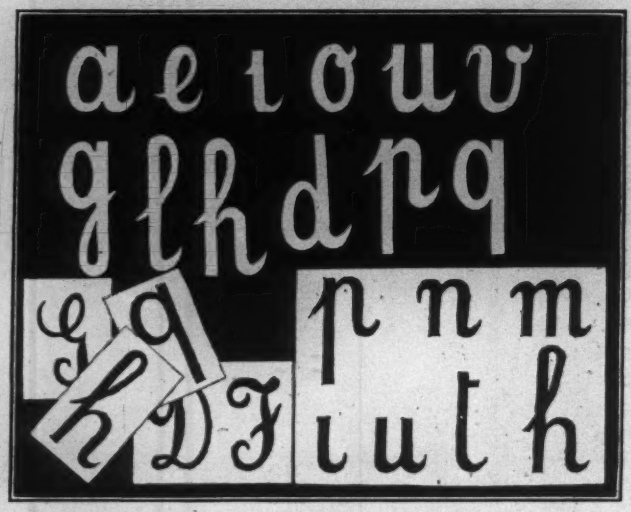
Wherever it is at all possible, the apparatus used in the Houses of Childhood enables, or rather compels, the child to correct his own errors — to see at a glance whether his work "comes out" right or wrong. Maria Montessori also emphasizes the advantage of isolating the senses for the purpose of training. Education of the hearing, for example, may best be prosecuted not only in a silent, but in a dark, room. Indeed, for training each of the senses other than vision, it is often advisable to blindfold the child. The senses of smell and of taste she finds to be but little developed in childhood, and lays no great stress on their training. The sense of hearing can be and ought to be trained; but she finds that, while all children are sensitive to rhythm, only the gifted few have a keen perception of tone.

Maria Montessori's Pupils Able to Distinguish Blindfold between a Grain of Millet and a Grain of Rice

Some of the exercises of the sense of touch have already been described. The art of "seeing without eyes" is carried to such a pitch that blindfolded children can discriminate very fine gradations of texture in stuffs, papers, etc. The sense of weight, too, and the "stereognostic sense," or power of distinguishing solid forms by touch, are carefully cultivated, so that the children can tell a grain of millet from a grain of rice, and can distinguish one coin from another, though the differences between them may be very slight. All these discriminations are practised in the form of games, the other children sitting round in eager expectancy as to whether their blindfolded comrade will guess right or wrong.

For the education of the sense of sight the apparatus is somewhat more elaborate. There is, first, a series of games destined to train the vision in distinguishing dimensions. For instance (taking only those easiest to describe), the distinction between *thick* and *thin* is illustrated by a series of ten quadrangular prisms of equal length but regularly diminishing thickness, which the child has to range in their proper order, so that they form a regularly ascending

stair. The distinction between *long* and *short* is illustrated by ten square rods of equal thickness, the longest of one meter, and the rest diminishing by a decimeter apiece. The decimeters are colored alternately red and blue, so that, when they are laid side by side in order, the colors form transverse stripes each a decimeter wide. Similarly, the distinction between *high* and *low* is illustrated by a series of gradually diminishing blocks, and the distinction between *large* and *small* by a series of cubes with which the child has to erect a pyramid or spire.



APPARATUS USED IN TEACHING CHILDREN TO WRITE, CONSISTING OF FREE CARDBOARD LETTERS, WITH WHICH THE CHILDREN FORM WORDS, AND OF SANDPAPER LETTERS PASTED ON CARDS, WHICH THE CHILDREN LEARN BY TOUCH

The discrimination of colors is carried to a high pitch by such games as the following: Colored silk of graduated shades is wound around card bobbins. There are eight fundamental colors and eight shades of each color—making sixty-four bobbins in all. Eight children sit around a table, and each chooses the name of a color. The sixty-four bobbins are then all thrown down in a mixed pile in the center, and the oldest child deals—that is to say, he (or she) picks out from the central heap the color demanded by each of his companions. If he makes a mistake, the deal passes to the next child on the right. When all the colors have been distributed, each child ranges his eight bobbins according to the gradation of shades, and he who has first done this correctly deals in the next game. Many other sports of a like nature educate the color sense so perfectly that children, being shown a particular shade even of so elusive a color as gray, will cross the room and pick out the exact shade from a heap on a distant table.

APPARATUS USED IN TRAINING THE CHILDREN TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN DIFFERENT WEIGHTS, COLORS, AND SIZES

The "Game of Silence"

One of Maria Montessori's most curious and valuable discoveries is the educative value of silence. One day she happened to meet outside the school-room a mother with an infant four months old, swaddled after the Italian fashion. She carried the little mortal into the school-room, and held it up to the children, half jestingly, as a model of placidity, immobility, and noiselessness. As she enlarged on these characteristics, the imitative instinct of the children asserted itself, and they all fell to rivaling the baby in absolute immobility. The effect was marvelous; and, ever since that day, the "game of silence" has been one of the most popular in all the schools.

The children, when the game is to be played, choose their seats. The teacher then goes quietly from one window to another, drawing the shutters together, until twilight reigns in the room. Some of the little ones always cover their faces with their hands. Others continue to wriggle and to move in their places until the whole

room is nearly dark, and the teacher has retired to an open doorway leading into the vestibule. Then, like a coop full of young chickens going to rest, even the most uneasy ones gradually quiet down, and become expectant and serious, to await the ever-renewed mystery. When perfect silence has stolen over the assembly, so perfect that the ticking of a miniature clock in the room can be distinctly heard, the teacher calls a name, in a faint whisper: "Giovanni." Giovanni rises as quietly as he can from his little chair, and tiptoes out of the room into the vestibule. Woe to him if his small shoes creak! He must feel himself the object of some very black looks, for every one is trying to hear the name "Lucia," which is being murmured by the teacher. Lucia is more quiet in her movements than Giovanni. "Giuseppe," the teacher next softly calls, and a funny little boy silently joins the others in the hall. She continues to call in a mysterious whisper, until a dozen *bambini* have stolen out noiselessly and solemnly. Then the game is over. Nothing that savors of prolonged mental tax is permitted to be continued for any length of time in the Houses of Childhood. Those who have remained in their places will get the chance to show how stealthily they can leave the room the next time the game of silence is played.

When the game is ended, the shutters are opened and the school-room again flooded with sunshine. The little tongues begin to wag again. But this game has calmed all excessive excitability and restored placidity and tranquility. Sometimes they ask for it twice in the day. When one considers that the children of these schools belong to the most noise-loving nation in Europe, the success of this game is a greater triumph than the reading and writing.

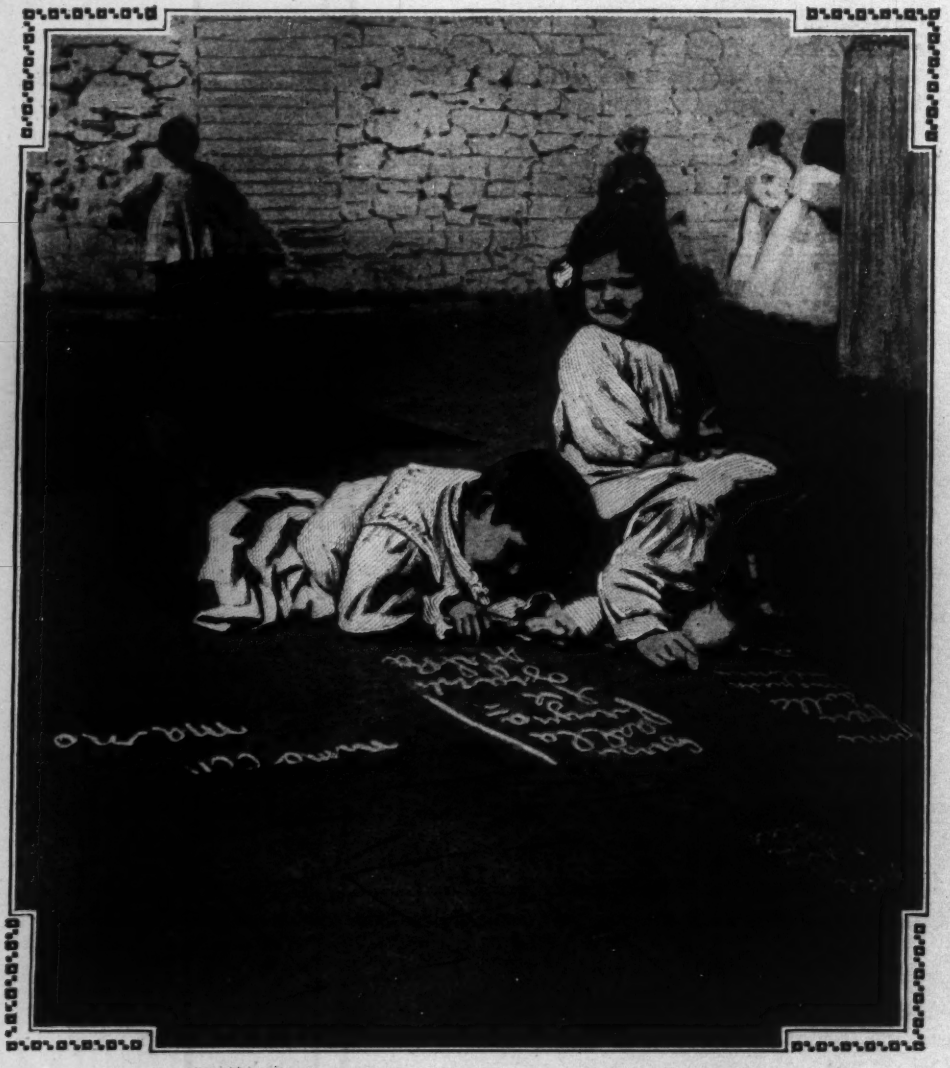
The Mothers Beg Maria Montessori to Teach Their Children to Write

Though it be only the inevitable outgrowth of her method, there can be no doubt that the teaching of young children to write, without the slightest strain or effort, is the most striking and impressive of Maria Montessori's achievements.

THE MARCHESA RANIERI DI SORBELLO, AN AMERICAN WOMAN, WITH HER TWO SONS, WHO HAVE BEEN TRAINED BY THE MONTESSORI METHOD. THE YOUNGER BOY, WHO IS ONLY THREE AND A HALF, CAN READ AND WRITE IN BOTH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN

It was during the vacation of July, 1907, after the school had been opened for six months, that Maria Montessori was first induced to consider the instruction of children in writing and reading. She confesses to having been strongly prejudiced against the idea of putting such a strain upon the immature brains of children under seven. The first request came from the children themselves. Some of the more ambitious young aspirants to the higher learning arduously drew an "O" on the blackboard

several times to convince her of their capacity. Then some of the mothers came to the directress in charge, to say that, as their children learned everything at the Casa dei Bambini without fatigue, they could not understand why she should refuse to let them read and write; in the elementary schools it would not be half so easy:



PRACTISING A WRITING LESSON ON THE PAVEMENT

MARIA MONTESSORI'S PUPILS FIRST BEGAN TO WRITE WITHOUT HAVING HAD A SINGLE LESSON IN ACTUAL WRITING. THE PREPARATION HAD BEEN SO COMPLETE THAT THE FINAL ACT CAME SPONTANEOUSLY, AND THE CHILDREN BELIEVED THAT THEY HAD BEGUN TO WRITE BECAUSE THEY HAD "GROWN BIG ENOUGH"

"Little Guido, aged nine, at the public school, cried all the evening, whenever he had been forced to write that day." Maria Montessori, pursued by these persistent parents, at last wavered in her determination. The mothers even managed to make her feel as if she were neglecting a duty.

She demonstrates the utter irrationality of the ordinary method of making the child spend weeks and months laboriously drawing oblique lines, and then tagging a curve to a line, a line to a curve, and so forth. To teach a child writing through an analysis of its elements is, in her view, as absurd as it would be to teach a child grammar before allowing it to speak. Pot-hooks and hangers are the grammar of writing — an *ex post facto* analysis wholly unnecessary to the practice of the art. And, whereas a certain knowledge of grammar is necessary to one who would speak or write correctly, the grammar of writing is of no use whatever to those who have, synthetically, learned to write.

The apparatus that Maria Montessori had used in training feeble-minded pupils to write was both expensive and in some ways unpractical. She had begun with letters elaborately carved in wood. Then she had devised colored letters pasted on pasteboard, which she taught her pupils to trace, first with the forefinger, then with the first two fingers, and finally with a little stick, to teach the motion of the pen. Although she succeeded in teaching some of these pupils with no more difficulty than was to be expected, there were many who were unable to follow the form of the letter without a control; and, for the same reason, these colored letters would not have answered for the auto-education of normal children, there being no means of self-correction for the finger, or of keeping it from slipping off the painted letter if the eye became inattentive.

She had labored at one scheme after another, without being satisfied with any of them. At last, one day, while she was absently superintending a first exercise with the cards used in discerning rough from smooth, the question solved itself in a flash of inspiration. That very evening, as soon as the children were dismissed, she, with her teachers, set to work to fabricate writing letters of large size and of coarse black sandpaper, which they pasted on very smooth square white cards. The letters were upright, in the clear round script now popular; and each letter was finished with a little tail to join it to the next letter. These cards, being very cheap, could be made in the great quantity needed. They were afterward supplemented by numerous letters cut out of paper, for laying on a table when the children tried to make words. The vowels were of pink and the consonants all of blue. A little strip of white cardboard pasted at the back of each of the letters precisely at the point where a guiding line would be drawn on writing-paper, enabled the little ones to correct themselves if, for instance, they were tempted to put the bottom of a *g* on a level with the base of an *o*.

The tablets with removable insets of geometric figures (mentioned earlier in this article) supplied the control and security with the pencil which Maria Montessori had found so difficult to teach her deficient pupils. All children love to scribble, and she determined to turn this passion to good account. She placed paper under one of the tablets, and, having removed the inset of a dark-blue triangle or oval from its light-blue frame, she showed the children how to fill in the figure by means of a dark-blue crayon. The result was most gratifying. The children flattered themselves that they had made wonderful circles, ovals, and triangles. At first shadings were very irregular and uneven, but the eyes that had learned to *see* soon corrected the pencils, and the dark-blue became smooth and even. When a pupil can fill in the figure properly under the control of the frame, he graduates to coloring figures that have only a pencil outline. Many can now fill in such an outline without once letting their crayons slip beyond the pencil mark. This means full mastery over pencil or pen, and an ability to write without cramping the fingers.

Making Words with Cardboard Letters

The children choose the letters they wish to learn. *I* and *o* are the most popular with beginners. When a child brings to the teacher the letter which he takes out of the box, he receives its duplicate in black sand paper on a white card. The little one's finger is then drawn over the letter, from starting-point to finish, while the teacher says, "Touch it." The name of the letter is then repeated, distinctly and slowly. The child is encouraged to look well at the letters. Then the lesson pursues its usual course. "Give me *i*?" asks the teacher; then "Give me *o*?" Then she asks the name first of one of them, then of the other. That finishes the matter. They are not taught any of the capital letters until they have mastered the small ones, nor do they learn letters according to their regular succession in the alphabet. It is extremely entertaining to watch one of the little ones pick the letters out of the box. The child will peer into the various compartments, and its little lips can be seen to move as it tries to hear with its inward ear the name of the letter desired. They have been pushed far on their way to divining by the exercise in articulation. Maria Montessori told me of a comical little chap of four whom she one day watched running up and down at play on the terrace. All the time he ran he was moving his finger in the air, while he half sang and half whispered: "To make 'Zaira,' you must have Z-a-i-r-a." After a few minutes he went to the box lying on the chair and picked out the letters correctly, immediately afterward lying down to spread them side by side on the pavement of the terrace.

Maria Montessori's Pupils Begin to Write Without a Single Lesson in Actual Writing

Although the pen-fingers of the children are trained by filling in the geometric outlines, and though not only their eyes but their muscles have become accustomed to some, at least, of the forms of the letters, the children do not yet know that they can write. They have, in fact,

learned to write without writing. Even to Maria Montessori herself, the complete success of her experiment came at first as a surprise. The page in which she describes the first fulfilment of her dream is likely to become a *locus classicus* in the history of education:

"It was a day in December, an Italian day of winter sunshine. I was on the terrace roof, and the children were playing about or standing near me. I was sitting beside a chimney which rose above the tiled pavement, when it occurred to me to say to a little boy of five, who was standing by, 'Draw this chimney.' And I handed him a piece of chalk. He threw himself at once on the ground, and began to draw the chimney quite recognizably; wherefore, as was my practice, I praised him warmly.

"The little fellow looked up at me, smiled, was evidently on the point of bursting into some ebullition of delight, and then cried, '*Scrivo! Io scrivo!*' ('I can write! I am writing!') Lying on the ground, he wrote on the pavement *mano* (hand), then, with new enthusiasm, he wrote *camino* (chimney); and, as he wrote, he continued to call out, 'I am writing!' so that the other children came running to see the sight, and surrounded him, staring in astonishment. Then two or three of them, trembling with excitement, said to me: 'Please! please! a piece of chalk! I want to write, too!' and, in fact, they set to work to write various words: *mamma, mano, gino, camino, ada.*

"Not one of them had ever had in his hands a piece of chalk or a writing instrument [except, of course, the crayon for shading the geometrical figures]; it was the first time that they had written; and they formed an entire word, as, when they first spoke, they pronounced an entire word.

"Thus did we go through the moving experience of the first development of graphic language in our children. During these first days we were filled with almost violent emotions, because we seemed to be living in a dream or witnessing a miracle.

A Frenzy of Writing Takes Possession of the School

"A veritable frenzy of writing took possession of our school. Each child flattered itself that it had detected within itself an especial gift of nature — a talent. Not being able to adjust in their little minds the connection between the preparations and the act, they were possessed with the amusing illusion that, having now grown to the proper size, they knew how to write — just as they had, when the strength came to them, been able to walk and to talk. This conviction shows clearly how little strain is put upon the tender brain by the preparatory work."

So great was the delight evinced, during the first few days, in this newly discovered ability, that the mothers came to report how, in order to save their floors, and even the crusts of their loaves, from inscriptions in chalk, they had been forced to give their little ones paper and pencil; and the children, delighted and proud, not only wrote all evening, but took these treasures with them to bed, in order to begin again at daylight.

How essential is the part played by the tactile sense the following little example will show. On my first visit to one of the schools, while I was listening to an exercise in articulation, one of the older girls came up mysteriously to Maria Montessori, who was sitting beside me, and whispered some question. The directress turned away from me, and whispered two words that I did not distinguish. I noticed that she spoke slowly and carefully, and repeated one word three times. Away skipped the little inquirer, making some motions in the air as she ran toward the box of letter-cards on the table. She selected two, and hurried to the blackboard, which she could not reach comfortably without mounting on a chair. Then she wrote, "A greeting to Giuseppina Tozier," without mistaking a letter of the name. She only paused a moment to pass her finger over the two cards she held in her hand, on which were the capital letters G and T, in sandpaper. As the capitals are learned last, she was less familiar with them than with the small letters, and required to refresh her memory by touching them.

Children of Four Learn to Write in Six Weeks

The usual interval between the first preparation and the accomplishment of writing is, in children of four years, a month and a half; in children of five years the period is shorter, usually only a month; and one of the little ones learned to write, with all the letters of the alphabet, in twenty days. After either a month or six weeks, according to age, the average child writes all the simple words he pleases, and usually begins to write with ink. After three months most of them write well; and those who have been writing for six months are equal in their caligraphy to children of the third elementary class in the public schools. In fact, writing is the easiest and most graceful conquest of the *bambini*.

The transition from writing to reading is not so immediate as one might imagine. A child, no doubt, can always repeat a word that he has written; but, as Maria Montessori points out, this cannot properly be called reading. He is merely retranslating from symbols into sounds, as, in writing, he had translated from sounds into symbols. He already knows the word, which he

has mentally repeated many times in the act of writing it. Reading, on the other hand, is the art of extracting a previously unknown idea from the written or printed symbols.

When a child composes a word with movable letters, or when he writes it, he has ample time to think and choose; whereas reading means instantaneously or very quickly interpreting the letters chosen and arranged by some one else. Writing, by the Montessori method, immensely facilitates the acquisition of reading — but it is not the same thing, nor are the two powers simultaneously acquired.

The Game of Learning to Read

In teaching to read, Maria Montessori banishes the traditional syllabary — the "a, b, ab, b, a, ba" of our childhood. What she does is to write in clear, cursive script, upon pieces of cardboard, numbers of words already well known to the children — for the most part, names of familiar objects. Whenever it is possible, the word, when once deciphered, is placed beside the object itself. And this is generally possible; for the Houses of Childhood possess most of the common objects of daily life, if not in full size, at any rate in the form of toys. No distinction is made between easy and difficult words. All words, in rationally spelled Italian, are equally easy to any one who knows (as the children do) the values of the individual letters; though the inexperienced eye, of course, needs longer time to decipher a long word then a short one. Very soon the children are able to take part in a reading game, thus conceived: All the most attractive toys of the school are displayed on a table; the name of each is written on a piece of paper, and the folded paper placed in a bag; each child draws a paper and opens it, without allowing any one else to see; and then, if he can clearly and correctly pronounce the word written on it, the scrap of paper becomes, as it were, a coin entitling him for the rest of the day to the toy inscribed on it. The success of this game surpassed the inventor's expectation; for it was found that the children declined to play with the toys, and preferred to go on drawing from the bag and reading the words!

The progress from single words to short phrases is effected by means of the indispensable blackboard. The teacher writes on it brief questions, which the children answer, or orders, which they execute — thus carrying on a sort of conversation, on one side in writing, on the other side in speech or action. For longer phrases an extension of the same method is employed. A number of different commands are written out on paper and distributed among the children — commands of this nature: "Ask three of your companions, who sing best, to advance into the middle of the room; range them in a row, and sing with them any pretty song you choose." These papers the children take to their places, and con them in dead silence. Then the teacher asks, "Do you understand?" and when all have answered, "Yes," the word is given, "Then go"; whereupon the room, hitherto breathlessly still, is instantly changed into a scene of joyous bustle and activity.

This brief account leaves wholly untouched many of the most interesting and significant aspects of Maria Montessori's work — for instance, her dealing with numbers, her "first steps toward arithmetic." Especially is it impossible, within any reasonable limits, to convey an adequate idea of the solid and consistent philosophic basis on which her ideas and her methods rest. The application of her ideas to education beyond the infantile stage yet remains to be made. For the present, she has more than enough to do in recruiting a corps "of teachers, of disciples, of missionaries." There can be little doubt that, when this is done, the influence of her ideas will spread far beyond Rome and Italy, to "regions Caesar never knew." It may not be long before, in her own words, "the figure of the old schoolmistress, who labors to preserve the discipline of immobility, and wears out her lungs in a shrill and continuous flow of talk, shall have disappeared. For the mistress will be substituted a *didactic apparatus* which itself controls errors and places the child on the path of auto-education. The function of the mistress will then be simply to direct, *patiently* and *silently*, the spontaneous efforts of the children."

It is from American friends that Professoressa Montessori has met with the keenest interest, the deepest sympathy, and the most practical advice. To the encouragement of the Baroness Franchetti (Alice Hallgarten) and her husband is due her admirable book, "Il Metodo della Pedagogia Scientifica," in which Maria Montessori expounds the practical aspect of her work. Baron Franchetti, too, arranged for the international patent of the didactic apparatus that Maria Montessori has invented.

It was through another American, the Marchesa Ranieri di Sorbello, that the author of this article first heard of this precious boon to little children, and saw, in the nursery of her *palazzo*, two sturdy little sons who by its help had made a leap on the road of education several years in advance of their age. Without realizing that they had as yet done anything more than play, these two boys, the youngest of whom is only three and a half, can read and write both in English and in Italian.

Before the Railroad

by M. Gauss

Illustrations by Maynard Dixon

LITTLE Jim and Harding — with Long between them — rode to the crest of a butte overlooking many miles of the Shell River cattle country. Thirty years ago, it was; yet the desert looked much as it does to-day in places unbroken by the railroad. They had passed, half a mile or so back, the poor shack in which Harry Stewart lived with his sister, the only human habitation thereabouts. The blue haze of late fall clung to a yellowish plain; here and there were low hills, purple as wood smoke; small bunches of cattle grazed about; and but a few miles to the east — a vivid gash in the pale landscape — lay Douglas Cañon. Squinting in the strong light of late afternoon, Jim scanned the slight and overgrown trail leading to the defile. Every boulder was cheek to cheek with its shadow, and the hills cast long, slender shadows, pointing like fingers to that blue gash in the plain. Little Jim was fully nerved for what was to happen there; he had lost all sense of pity for Long, and thought of him, not as a boy, but as a cattle-thief.

As for Long, one wouldn't have expected the boy to face his ordeal as he did — stolidly as an Indian. He was not more than twenty. Though still gaunt with youth, he was supple and handsome, and showed dash and daring in his every line and feature.

A large gray creature sprang up and made away, flashing over the edge of an arroyo just as the two guns spoke. Long's eyes followed the wolf in a queer way. *He* was given no chance to run for his life — they had set him, for his last ride, on a lame and broken-down cayuse; it stumbled forward helplessly. And just then there was a hurry of strong, free hoofs in the trail behind.

A girl overtook them, calling mockingly, "I saw what fine shots you boys were."

Her appearance struck them all dumb; for she didn't know the grim errand on which they were bound. What would happen? Would they betray themselves? Would Long tell her?

"We let that wolf off," said Little Jim, rising to the occasion. "We knowed you didn't approve of killing 'em."

"I do — of shooting them; but, while I'm here, you're not going to strangle any living creature with a rope."

She was a little thing, but the bronco she rode usually succeeded in throwing her brother — she kept on his back by a trick of digging her knee into his side.

Jim felt his stoical calm breaking, and he looked again at the girl. Her name was Bertha, but they had rechristened her "Missouri Rose," in compliment to the complexion she had brought to Shell River. The sun had warmed it, since, into soft browns and pinks, leaving it very white under the chin, behind the ears, and in a line around where the hair grew. There was a breath of wind just then, and her body bent to it. From the habit of bracing herself against the wind, she was acquiring the grace peculiar to all wind-blown prairie things.

"I wish I was a wolf!" she cried suddenly.

"You do, do you?"

"Yes; I wouldn't be in any danger from such shots as you. But I do, really — a wolf, or a rabbit, or anything that can run."

"How's Harry, Miss Stewart?" asked Little Jim; and she sobered instantly.

"Harry went to New Sweden three days ago. He said to tell the boys his lungs hurt him and he needed medicine."

"And you stay alone nights?"

"What would I be afraid of?" she asked triumphantly, and shook the hair out of her eyes, which looked very blue in her sunburned face. Then she deliberately pushed her pony in beside Long's. Little Jim fell back in the trail, but Harding doggedly remained on the prisoner's

other side. Her eyes, soft and luminous, were lifted to Long's face. "Did you mean that, about going back to Detroit?" And still she suspected nothing.

"Yes, I meant it," the prisoner answered absently; and she drew her pony's mane through her fingers. It was wonderful, how the brute submitted to her! On a ridge, near, a coyote lifted his evening wail.

"I suppose you'll be over before you go?" she asked, and looked bewildered as he did not answer — she was not used to rebuffs. "I want to see you; Harry left you a message," she insisted.

Long's look at her was almost indignant, for she troubled and disturbed him, and he didn't want to put his mind on what she was saying. With each mile, the cañon brightened before him, and the wind brought him a whiff from its cedars. The girl opened her lips to speak, choked, swallowed hastily, and looked at her pony's neck. The dark pink went all over her face.

"I know you're busy starting off," she said angrily; "I only ask you because it's important." Again she looked at him; her anger moved him as little as her favor. "Will you come?" she demanded.

He started. "Why, sure I'll come."

"That's all. Good-by."

Long did not turn his eyes to look after her. Most of the cattlemen were in love with her, but Long was not; Jim had perceived that a long while before. And now, from the far-away look in the prisoner's eyes, he guessed his thoughts were with his mother in Detroit.

It was dark when they reached Douglas Cañon. The scents of cedar and prickly-pear hung in the air. In the stillness, the rocks above repeated the hoof-beats of the ponies. Near the entrance, the boys had buried a half-breed cattle-thief the year before, a rope still about his neck — and the wolves afterward dug him up; which was his reason, no doubt, for accosting Webber, that night, in the sand-storm.

Webber was going through the cañon, ignorant that anything had been at the grave. When the half-breed approached, he hadn't an idea that he was seeing a ghost, till he chanced to notice one side of the poor fellow's face, all eaten away.

The next day, when he and Little Jim investigated, they found that the coyotes had scratched away the earth, so that the breast and face of the corpse were exposed; and just beyond the grave lay a whisky-flask, thrown away half full — if you wanted proof that Webber had really seen something!

And they buried the half-breed rustler under a huge rock, and he never reappeared.

Under his sheltering boulder, as the three who had once known him rode by, the half-breed slept on quietly, and there was no sound but the loud breathing of cedars and the occasional yelp of a coyote. The moon was up, washing the cap-rocks, as they approached the place where this other rustler was to meet his fate.

Jim wished it were over — for it had to be done! He wished they had not met that girl. And one thing that greatly troubled him was the fear that their prisoner would break down and beg. There was something wrong about the stolid courage Long had shown at the trial and was showing now. He wasn't an Indian, and at the last moment, Jim feared, the Anglo-Saxon nerves would give way.

Passing a turn in the trail, they saw several men of the clique waiting for them; and as the moonlight struck Long's face, it looked very white. But he was still able to hold himself together. When they made him dismount, and he stood leaning against a boulder, he began to hum one of the tunes played at the Shell River dances. Jim knew, and everybody knew, he couldn't keep *that* up.

"Shut up, Long!" muttered Smith.

Smith was the rancher whose calves had been stolen and rebranded — an old man, of considerable influence with the rest. He looked uneasy. Long continued his tune; but a glance he shot at Little Jim all but unnerved his captor; the eyes had a look in them that was familiar — that of a trapped wolf when you are about to knock him on the head.

At last Harding spoke. Harding had acted as executioner the year before, and had a lariat coiled about his arm now. "You done it, Long," he said, with finality. "If I was you, I'd own to it."

Long hummed his tune, steadily enough.

"Yes," said Smith angrily. "You done it. Whyn't you own to it? 'Tain't no use *lying*."

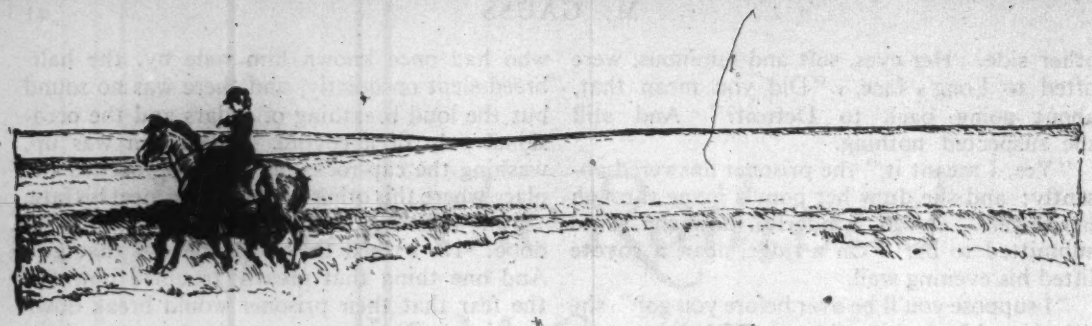
Jim could see the collapse coming to Long; but the boy pulled himself together for a last plea in his own behalf. "I had the steers; and my brand, *44*, was on 'em. You say it was changed from *Double L*, and maybe it was; but I don't know who did the branding, any more than Jim does."

"What are we waiting for?" sternly inquired Harding.

"For Sam, and Slim Harry."

"Harry went to New Sweden Chewsday; he won't be here."

Little Jim gave this information rather huskily. He was standing next to Long in the group, and the prisoner gradually worked himself nearer till their shoulders touched. Then Jim felt Long's hand on his shoulder, and a voice breathed in his ear: "Gimme a gun."



Jim shook his head. The circle was very quiet, and a long-drawn howl was audible, far off on the prairie. "I'll use it on myself," whispered Long. But Jim couldn't bear to have to refuse him; he walked over and stood beside Smith.

"I stopped at Stewart's shack," muttered Smith. "It's got to be fixed so *she* never hears of it." And Jim nodded, with his eyes on Long's face.

Smith broke another long silence. "Long," he said solemnly, "we all regret this."

The prisoner looked him in the eyes.

"Now, boy, ef you'll own up that you done it, I give my vote, as one man, to let you go back to Detroit, where you come from."

Long pulled himself erect — weakened and lunged forward — tried to speak, but couldn't make his voice go. Then, with a mighty effort, he got his words out: "Before *God* — I never touched — your" — a gasp — "*calves*." And Jim saw that the Anglo-Saxon courage would pull him through.

He felt only pity. The crime did not seem so bad, now; he knew that Long had lost practically all his cattle, and that his only pony had just broken its leg. He was driven to steal, after all; and Jim would rather see him hold the lie to the last. There was a noise of hoofs as the last man of the clique rode into the cañon.

They took Long across the bed of the little creek that trickled through the cañon, and proceeded toward Eagle Rock; there the cliff gave a sheer fall of a hundred feet, and there the half-breed had dropped to his death, the year before.

"I think I'll stay here," Little Jim whispered to Webber; and they left him behind.

He saw the procession reach Eagle Rock. He wanted to turn his eyes away, and something kept pulling them back — till he picked out Harding's pinto, down by the creek, and kept his eyes steadily fixed on its spotted, pinkish sides.

Then, in the air above him, he heard a swish and a thud. He didn't look at once, but waited until he felt sure all would be over. He heard the water gurgle in the creek, and the stamp of the ponies and the squeak of saddle-leather. The vivid Western stars were blotted out overhead by a flurry of cloud, which also obscured the moon. It grew dark and windy.

At last Jim looked up. The sound he had heard had been made by the trying of a chunk of cedar wood in Harding's lariat. The men of the cattle clique stood motionless on the rock, and he could make out Long's figure, with arms bound fast. Jim pulled his hat down over his head, and didn't look again.

He heard them coming slowly down the incline — and he thought they could not, so soon, be carrying *it* with them; it would still be hanging there, above his head. He turned his eyes to stare at the opposite slope.

"Jim —" said Smith.

He didn't turn.

"Will you agree to give him another chance?"

Little Jim wheeled to confront the clique — Harding, Webber, Smith, Sam, and — *Long*, who stood looking directly into his face. After a minute, when the shock of relief was over, he saw that the faces of the men looked grim, as if, in the very act of showing mercy, they had hardened.

"Give me a horse!" pleaded the boy. "You say you'll turn me out on these plains. What do you want the wolves to get me for? Give me a horse and a gun."

Little Jim leaned back against a rock, regarding him coldly; and there was a boisterous laugh from Webber. Webber was not made of that stern stuff that was in his mates, and to-night he was drunk.

"My father's a railroad man in Detroit," said Long. "He'll pay you for the horse, anything you say." Again Webber jeered, and nobody else spoke. "Why didn't you kill me, then?"

"If that's your choice," replied Harding — who had stood obstinately for execution.

"For God's sake, cut this rope!" The pris-

oner angrily extended his bound arms. There was no response. Webber laughed. "I'll go, then," said Long. There was still no response. Stiffly, Long climbed the slope a little way. Then he turned, with one foot on a boulder. "I'll go," he repeated; "but I never touched your calves, and I'll *come back*. And you fellows'll be *sorry*." The men, at this, fell to cursing him, and telling him what fate awaited him if he dared return.

When he had labored up out of sight, Smith turned to Harding and Webber. "Go after him, boys," he ordered, "and cut the rope."

As he and Little Jim rode on their way, they saw the other two meet Long, and leave him again; then they watched the boy's figure going east. Over the moonlit plain it moved, scarcely distinguishable from the tall soapweed of the desert, and disappeared in the shadows of the hills.

They looked about them on the moonlit plains where they ruled as kings. Their cattle roamed there by thousands, unguarded; yet they were safe, except from the wolf. No thief dared molest them. Stewart's shack was near, a light burning in it, a figure outlined on the curtain. They could see the girl's hand on the neck of her mandolin, and in the window a table. It was not like any other table about, for it had a book on it — "Idylls of the King."

The tinkle of the music stopped at the sound of the hoofs. The girl appeared in the door, and Jim called a greeting to her. They looked back when they were past, and she was calling her dog in for the night. The tiny house stood in a savage and desolate prairie. On one side the wind had blown the tumbleweed almost to the roof. Yet, under this crude government of theirs, not only cattle were safe — all that they protected could lie down without fear.

Smith broke the silence, as they rode on: "And so we never done it, after all!"

"Long got off mighty durn easy," remarked Jim, and added: "He won't have no trouble unless it should happen to snow."

It didn't snow for some days, though the wind was raw and ugly, sweeping the plains. But one morning the face of the sky changed. A dark-gray veil shut down to the horizon, its ragged edges white and luminous. The cold cut one's face, and drove the cattle to the arroyo for shelter. The wind had piled dead tumbleweed into the mouth of it till it looked as if a shaggy brown bear were asleep there. And, about mid-afternoon, snow began to fly. Around Jim's shack were the carcasses of winter-killed steers, sun-scorched, wind-dried, each eloquent of slow starvation and thirst, and of a final death-struggle with the wolves.

Harding stopped by late, in the day.

"I never see the wolves so thick," remarked Little Jim, leaving his door open when he brought in an armful of dead weeds to kindle the natural fuel of the prairies. "Yes, them cowardly devils is thick as flies this year — and I'm glad we *cut that rope for Long!*"

"Did Webber cut it?" asked Harding. "I never paid no attention.

"Naw, it wasn't cut!" he added, after a pause.

For a minute or two, Jim stood silent in his doorway, trying to look down the trail — where, through the snow, he began to think he made out a dark, moving object.

He turned on Harding. "You hadn't ought to done that trick!" he said savagely.

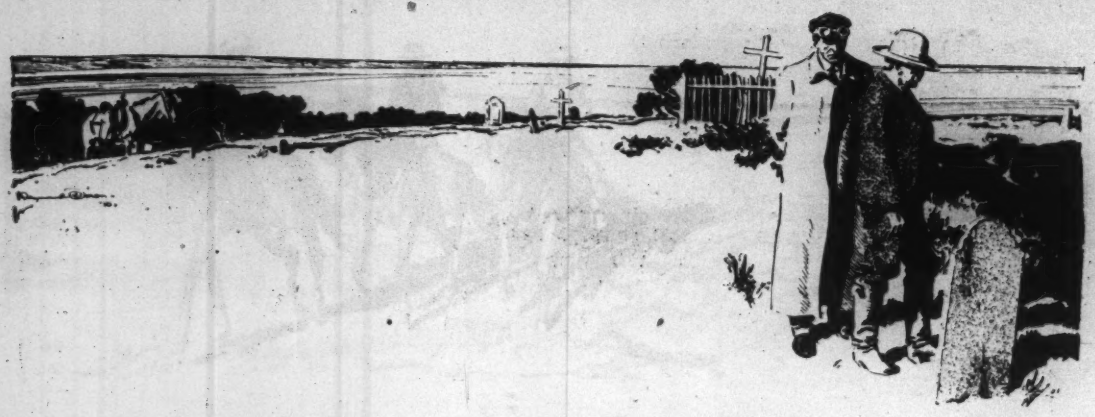
The dark object was growing into view. It became a pony with a girl on its back, her figure braced lightly against the wind. She pulled rein and sprang from the saddle before Jim could reach her.

"Where's Long?" she demanded, as she entered the shack.

"I ain't Long's keeper," Harding replied. "Did Harry get home all right, Bertha?"

She shook her head. Standing by Jim's fire, she spread her hands above it; but her teeth chattered as if she did not feel the warmth. "I'm staying alone," she said, with a faint smile at Jim.

"You ought to go over to Nels Petersen's," Harding put in. "He's got a woman."



"It isn't that I'm afraid — for *myself!*"

She turned, trembling, to Little Jim; and that cruelty done to Long gripped his heart and conscience. He looked off into the snow.

"I came to tell you something." By drawing in her breath sharply, she seemed to get control of herself. "*Harry* took your cattle. I don't know what he did it for. You won't ever see him again. I don't know if he's to blame or not. He's always done such things; it's a kind of disease with him. When he had to come West for his lungs, I thought if I came with him he wouldn't —" She broke off, and resumed: "He didn't let me know what he was at till the night before he went away. Then he told me. He said he took *Double L* cattle and changed the brand to *44*. He did that because he used to drive for Long, and because he didn't dare sell Smith's brand with the agent right there in town. He said he had to get away and never come back. And he must have got to the railroad, because the pony came home. He said if I told Long before he'd been away three days, Long would have him hung." She took breath again, and looked at Little Jim. "But I was going to tell Long, and ask him what to do. Why doesn't he come? He promised he would. I wanted to tell him." She went down suddenly, sitting on the edge of Jim's bunk, her hands clasping her knees.

"You thought *he* did it!" she cried. "And you've done something to *him* — and it's my fault, because I shielded Harry."

"Long went back to Detroit," said Harding calmly.

She looked at Little Jim. "That's a lie!" she said, and dropped her face on her hands and sobbed.

"Bertha, if I was to die this minute, Long —"

"Don't speak to me. If you've touched him, don't ever dare to speak to me again! Jim, *what* did they do to him?"

"Harding tells the truth; he went back to Detroit." But Little Jim spoke faintly.

"Please tell me!" she cried. "I would rather know." Jim threw more dried wood stalks on the fire. "Please tell me!" She saw that they would give her no answer, and threw herself down on the floor beside Jim's bunk.

He and Harding went out of doors to catch her pony. "Harding —" huskily began Jim.

"Shut up! I'm going to take *her* over to Petersen's."

It grew dark rapidly after Bertha and Harding had gone, and the wind made a wall of whirling snow close to the house. Jim cooked his supper, and went to bed under his wolf-skin rug; but he was very wakeful.

They were only coyotes he heard, yapping about his shack, tempting his collie out to chase them. They stopped soon, and there was only the rattling of a loose board in the wind. Then one of the dogs outside began to bark and whine about the door, while the other, which was bolder, growled defiance; and Jim heard the big cattle wolves.

When he opened his door the wolves hushed immediately, and all was quiet in the snow. The frightened dog tried to sneak past him, but he kicked her out scornfully, closed the door, and set the lamp in the window.

The wolves at once resumed their noise, and he was now sure they were closing in on something — a yearling, no doubt, or a sick cow; for they were cowardly wretches. Their way was to slink about the herd till they saw one stumble or stagger, then they would give tongue for their mates.

Jim did not think they would dare attack a human being — but he moved uneasily about his shack; and the next time he opened his door, he groped his way out and fired his gun.

As soon as his door was closed the cries began again, very near now. He thought they might be at the arroyo. It was as if their victim were trying to get to Jim's light. Jim sprang to his feet, hesitated, and sat down again.

There was a sharp yell, then an awful hush.

It was eleven-ten by his silver watch. "Another calf gone!" said Jim, aloud, and rolled himself up in his rug to sleep.

He was restless all night, and woke in the early dawn. The snow was still coming down over the plains, and there were deep drifts.

As he was getting breakfast, he heard a pony outside, and presently Smith pushed the door open. The yellowish light of morning pierced the falling snow. Jim's lamp looked pale and flared smokily. The place was blue with pleasant smoke and fragrant with coffee.

"Come out here, Jim," said Smith. Jim looked up, startled.

"Yes, come out here by the 'royo," Smith insisted. "It's layin' right out here."

"What is, you fool?" Jim had turned a little paler.

"Long."

They went out into the falling snow. It was coming down softly now, with no wind. At the arroyo's edge lay what Smith had found, doubled up in the tumbleweed — a heap of bloody rags and bones. One look, and Jim turned his eyes away; he shuddered, and felt sick, in the chilly morning. He could hear Smith's teeth chatter.

"I never knowed them cowardly devils to do a trick like that!" Smith kept his eyes turned away. "Mus' ha' been a sure big pack. I laid and listened to 'em last night, and as soon as it was light, I rid over to see what the matter was."

Jim was silent.

"Say, Jim, we ought to move this."

Little Jim went back to his shack, and returned with a blanket. As they were lifting the bones,— leaving a scarlet stain on the snow,— a huge silver watch fell out, of the sort Ole Olesen kept in his store at New Sweden. It had stopped at eleven-ten.

They — Little Jim and Smith — were riding that way for the first time since they pushed the rags and bones into a shallow grave near the arroyo and piled stones over them. Bertha Stewart had seen them, and was waiting in the trail; and it seemed to Jim as if that pile of stones were the biggest thing in the landscape. He glanced aside, and, to his horror, saw a brown rag in the tumbleweed. But she sat there smiling, and did not perceive the rag — grim relic of Long's fate. She was always silent, of late; and her eyes were getting lonesome, through much solitary contemplation of the plain.

Jim had not dared, until now, to speak to her of Long. He did it to-day. He mentioned something that Long had done a year before, at a dance. He wished to see if she had any suspicion. "Oh!" she answered. "I had forgotten about Long!" And Jim was glad. The secret was safer now.

She looked down at her pony's neck a minute. "I guess he likes Detroit better than here," she remarked.

After she had gone, Smith said suddenly: "Do you recollec' what he said? He said he'd come back, and we'd be sorry, and — well, he sure did come back."

Jim was looking back at that pile of stones. He began to think, now, it would hold the secret forever.

"When one more man comes back," pursued Smith, "we'll see this here business through. Justice ain't done on earth, Jim — because look at that lunger! Long was good to him. He gave him his own clo'es, when he was cold. Yet the lunger done him like a devil, in return; and he got safe away!

"For, you know, after what we found out in New Sweden, he must ha' knew it would look bad fer Long. Ole asked me why didn't we notify the feder'l authorities. Lots Harry cares for *them!* Ef there's anything I hate, it's a feder'l court. Supposin' you do get them to hang a man. The trial goes for a year, and then they have the chaplain prayin' for him. Now, I don't know much about the Almighty, but, from

all I can hear, it'd be just like him to pardon that dog we was speakin' of. No; that lunger has to die — and not by no feder'l court."

"He won't come back until he knows it's safe."

"Safe? I'll help hang him, if twenty years had passed."

"I won't!" said Little Jim. "I lied to his sister, good and plenty, about Long. I'm the man she believes, and if we was to hang Harry, you'd make me do the lyin'. It makes a heap of difference if there's somebody around that you have to lie to. It makes you feel like a murderer. I'm done with this here lynch law. And let me tell you another thing: ef ever Harry comes back, this whole story'll be out."

The clique, as a body, declared with Jim against lynchings. Harding took the tragedy coolly; Webber went on a spree when he heard about it, and wasn't sober till spring, when the fate of Long had become an old story. Bertha never noticed that heap of stones — if you don't see a new thing at once, you never see it. The sands of summer and the snows of winter blew over it; it became a well-known feature of the landscape — there to remain until it should be cleared away by the builders of some young Western city.

But a death-blow was dealt to the old régime on Shell River. Deprived of the right of dealing justice, the spirit of the community was broken. One spring some mavericks were stolen, and the thief — a Mexican — was handed over to the federal authorities: after that, the authority of the clique disintegrated rapidly.

Years passed, and Harry did not return. Jim saw the battle between the cattle and the sheep fought out, bloodily; he witnessed the encroachments of the irrigating-ditch, when men like Harding, who had made a fortune out of cattle, moved back from the river to make room for the ranchers. The railroad that came to New Sweden thrust out an arm to take the fruits of the country; and finally another road was proposed. Smith remained a reactionary; he didn't want railroads. He lived into his second childhood, and liked nothing better than to have Jim come over, of an autumn Sunday, and talk about old times. Sometimes, then, Smith would hark back to the lynching of Long, and would wax eloquent — in the impotent wrath of the old — as he told what he meant to do when Slim Harry came back. That lunger should be hanged, though he were president of a railroad! For the railroad was now greater than the federal court in Shell River.

Jim went to a dinner given in a private car in New Sweden, at which agents of the new road, explaining their plans to representative citizens, asked for coöperation.

Among the railroad men was one of forty-odd years who had about him something vaguely familiar to Little Jim — quite a handsome man, sober and conventional, with just that touch of imperiousness that comes from handling heavy responsibilities, and also, perhaps, from a knowledge that one commands the destinies of communities and with the stroke of one's pen may make men rich. There were aspects of him that were not familiar; but he had bright gray eyes, like a wolf's, that caught Jim's memory.

When the dessert had been taken off, this stranger lit a cigar and began to talk — in one of those imperious voices, hard with the sense of power, but soft also from habits of courtesy.

"*I* lived on the range for two years, when I was a boy," he said; "but, if I tell the story these days, people always think I'm lying. My son believes me; he's fourteen, and he thinks it's cruel there's no wild West now for a young man to run away to."

Half closing his eyes, and holding his cigar daintily between two fingers, he looked out on the dusty cow-town. Across from the private car was a greasy wooden building labeled "Waldorf-Astoria," and a shack with "Delmonico's" over it.

"Perhaps," he resumed, "I shouldn't venture out into the country. You see, when I come back to *one* place I'm to be hung, which I shouldn't like a little bit." Everybody laughed. "I said you'd think I was lying," he remarked, as he replaced his cigar.

Jim's eyes scarcely left his face. Somebody put a question about the new railroad.

"Now, *don't!*" said the railroad man. "This is dinner-time!"

That expression wasn't familiar; Jim began to think he had been mistaken. "We have a site for a depot — offered us by a man named *Harding*. But of course our acceptance would depend on circumstances. And I'm not the railroad, of course; I merely advise," — with the modesty of the very powerful.

"I say, I wish I could find an old-timer; I'd prove to you that I was here in the early days." The gray eyes, searching the banquet-tables, passed Jim without a sign of recognition; but again something disturbed the dust of years in Jim's brain.

"Who is that?" he whispered — and his neighbor didn't know.

Old faces had blurred into each other, in Jim's mind; so that if Slim Harry, and Long, and Webber — who went to the Klondike in '90 — could have been brought together out of

the past, he would have known them all, and yet he couldn't have said which was which.

"Who is that?" he demanded of the president of the New Sweden Commercial Club.

"That? That's John G. Long, of Detroit."

Jim gasped — and stared at the railroad man.

"Haskell's an old-timer, Mr. Long!" said the president of the Commercial Club, and began poking Jim's elbow to introduce him.

Jim's eyes squinted up, almost shut, and his face looked withered and rosy, like a very old wine-sap apple.

Long did not know him. "How do you do, Mr. Haskell?" he was asking. "I wonder if you knew some old friends of mine — a fellow named Stewart, who had lung trouble, and lived with his sister?"

Jim screwed up his eyes again. "Slim Harry?" he asked.

"That's the man!" cried Long, delighted.

"He went away from here in the '80's," said Jim slowly, for he was a little stunned; "he never came back."

"What about his sister? She was a mighty pretty girl, I recall. I suppose she made one of the boys happy and the rest very sad."

"She's dead," said Little Jim.

"Dead?" repeated Long gently.

"Harry ran away. And eight months after she married Harding — it was the best thing she could do. And in one more year she died."

"You say Harry ran off and left her?"

"Yes; he'd been in devilment, branding other people's calves."

The gray eyes narrowed to slits. But Jim was not looking at Long. He thought of that snowy night when he lay in his shack and heard the wolves as they devoured a man. And all at once he knew whose were those bones buried, with Smith's help, near the arroyo, in the early morning. Harry was always faint-hearted. He couldn't stay on the back of the bronco — and so, of course, he wandered about, sick and wretched and in deadly fear of the cattlemen; and at last, as he was trying to get to Jim's light, the wolves pulled him down. Jim lifted his eyes to Long. And then he knew that a wolf would never dare! What need to ask how he got that rope off his hands? He'd be sure to get himself free!

And Long cried out: "Did they ever call you 'Little Jim'?"

Old currents of feeling were set going in Jim's heart that day. He recalled early times in a sad and wistful way — gallant days, good to the lonely heart of the old-timer, but not half so pleasant to live in as now, when a cattle-thief goes to the reformatory and nobody is bothered about him. Yet Jim found himself wanting something, in this day of paler passions, of chaffering for real estate and fawning on railroads; and it was something that seemed very good to him. He missed the glory of the small community, and the wild beauty of the old range, before the railroad.

The next Sunday afternoon, he took a ride from his ranch to a place called the "Cedars," away up over the cañon, where there were some old graves. He didn't see an automobile in the road; but when he had climbed the slope, a man stood there on the highest point, eagerly scanning the range with a glass. It was John G. Long, of Detroit. He did not look quite as Jim had seen him at the banquet; it seemed almost as if the spirit of his boyhood had entered into him again. And he turned, and smiled in a queer way at Little Jim.

Jim didn't know he was following; but, as he walked about among the mounds, he looked up, and Long was beside him.

"Which is it?" asked the railroad man.

Jim didn't know which grave held Harding's first wife; but on one of the rough stones somebody had scratched a name beginning with "B."

"It was either 'Bertha' or 'Bessy,'" he remarked.

"*Bertha*," said Long.

Little Jim stood, thinking about her marriage — after she had lived alone for eight months in her shack. It was one Sunday, when a Methodist preacher was out from New Sweden. And he remembered her death, also — one of those common sacrifices the pioneer life called for: a baby, and no doctor or nurse. But those pioneer women, they were willing to take their lives in their hands!

It was a lovely place to come on a Sunday afternoon. Below them was a vista of dwarf cedars, running down to the cañon-bed; little bluish juniper-berries fell in a constant rain, and were picked by the thousands of birds. The sky was blue as any in the world.

It would be so until Long's first engines should defile it with their smoke.

Now, on the trail far below, they saw Harding's new motor. He had no need to fawn on railroads; he was as rich as a man need care to be, and the second wife had her own little electric, and her fine new house, with a gas-plant, and hot and cold water piped in.

In the wake of the machine galloped a flurry of dust. It looked to Little Jim like the mounted ghost of the old-time range. No; like the ghost of a girl, in an old-fashioned riding-skirt, on a fleet gray pony.

THE GIRLHOOD OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

BY

HER SON, CHARLES EDWARD STOWE AND HER GRANDSON, LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER'S earliest recollections were of her mother, who died in 1816, before Harriet was six years old. She says of her mother, in describing the first of these memories: "Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturist in all the small ways that her limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New York, had just sent her a small parcel of fine tulip bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery, one day when she was gone out, and being strongly seized with the idea that they were good to eat, and using all the little English I then possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions, such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to, and devoured the whole, and I recollect being somewhat disappointed at the odd, sweetish taste, and thinking that onions were not as nice as I had supposed.

"Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door, and we all ran toward her and began to tell our discovery and achievement. We had found this bag of onions and had eaten them all up.

"Also, I remember that there was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said: 'My dear children, what you have done makes mama very sorry. Those were not onions, but roots of beautiful flowers; and, if you had let them alone, mama would have had in the garden, next summer, great, beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and dispirited we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded the empty paper bag."

This was one of the two incidents which, as she says, "twinkle like rays through the darkness." The other was "of our all running and dancing out before her from the nursery to the sitting-room one Sabbath morning, and her pleasant voice saying after us, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

She goes on to say: "Then I have a recollection of her reading to the children, one evening, Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' which had just come out, I believe, and was exciting a great deal of interest in the educational circles of Litchfield. After that I remember a time when every one said she was sick. I used to be permitted once a day to go into her room, where she lay bolstered up in bed. I have a vision of a very fair face with a bright red spot on each cheek, and a quiet smile as she offered me a spoonful of her gruel; of our dreaming one night, we little ones, that mama had got well, and waking in loud transports of joy, and of being hushed down by some one coming into the room. Our dream was indeed a true one. She was forever well; but they told us she was dead, and took us in to see something that seemed so cold and so unlike anything we had ever seen or known of her."

Then came the funeral, which, in those stern days, had none of the soothing accessories of our gentler times. We are told of Harriet's little baby brother, Henry Ward, that, after the funeral, he was seen by his sister Catherine digging with great energy under her window, the bright sunlight shining through the long curls that hung down on either side of his little flushed face. When she asked what he was doing, he replied, "I'm doing down to find mama!"

"Although mother's bodily presence disappeared from our circle," says Mrs. Stowe, "I think that her memory and example had more influence in molding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers. It was a memory that met us everywhere; for every person in the town seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us. The passage in 'Uncle Tom' where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence is a simple reproduction of this mother's influence as it has

always been in her family." Such a woman was Roxana Foote, Dr. Lyman Beecher's first wife and the mother of eight of Dr. Beecher's eleven children.

Lyman Beecher's Love of Music

Harriet Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811. The house in which Harriet was born and grew up was originally a square building with a hipped roof, to which before her birth her father had built an addition known as the "new part." In the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher" it is described, in part, as follows:

"The ground floor of the new part was occupied by a large parlor in which memory recalls ministers' meetings with clouds of tobacco smoke, and musical soirées with piano, flute, and song. Over this were sleeping-rooms, and in the attic was the study, the windows of which looked out into an apple orchard."

Mrs. Stowe wrote of this home, and of her father:

"Father was very fond of music, and very susceptible to its influence; and one of the great eras of the family in my childish recollection is the triumphant bringing home from New Haven of a fine-toned upright piano, which a fortunate accident had brought within the range of a poor country minister's means. The ark of the covenant was not brought into the tabernacle with more gladness than this magical instrument into our abode. Father soon learned to accompany the piano on his violin in various psalm tunes and Scotch airs, and brothers Edward and William to perform their part on their flutes. So we had often domestic concerts, which, if they did not attain to the height of artistic perfection, filled the house with gladness.

"One of the most decided impressions of the family, as it was in my childish days, was of a great household inspired by a spirit of cheerfulness and hilarity, and of my father, though pressed and driven with business, always lending an attentive ear to anything in the way of life and social fellowship. My oldest sister, whose life seemed to be a constant stream of mirthfulness, was his favorite and companion, and he was always more than indulgent towards her pranks and jokes." This eldest sister, Catherine, says of her father: "I remember him more as a playmate than in any other character during my childhood."

In spite of the fact that he was ever bubbling over with fun, he was respected and obeyed by his children in the minutest particulars. Catherine says of her father:

"As to family government, it has been said that children love best those that govern them best. This was verified in our experience. Our mother was tender, gentle, and sympathizing; but all the discipline of government was with father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two, or three seasons in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt, and cheerful, and by a discipline so severe that it was thoroughly remembered and feared. Ever after, a decided word of command was all-sufficient. The obedience was to be speedy and without fretting or frowns. 'Mind your mother! Quick! No crying! Look pleasant!' These were words of command, obeyed with almost military speed and precision."

"Team Work" in the Beecher Family

Never was a father more idolized by his children than was Lyman Beecher. Mrs. Stowe mentions especially his power of exciting family enthusiasm. "Whenever he had a point to be carried, or work to be done, he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each seemed quadrupled. For instance, the wood for the family used to be brought in winter on ox-sleds, and piled up in the yard exactly over the spot where father wished to plant his cucumbers and melons. Of course, as all this wood was to be cut and split and carried into the wood-house before the garden could be started, it required a miracle of generalship to get it done, considering the immense quantity of wood required to keep an old windy castle of a house comfortable in winter weather. The axes would ring and the chips fly; the jokes and stories would fly faster, till all was cut and split. Then came the great work of wheeling in and piling."

Harriet would work like one possessed, sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by her father's remarking, "I wish Harriet were a boy! She would do more than any of them!" Then she would throw aside her book or her needle and thread, and, donning a little black coat which she thought made her look more like a boy, she would try to outdo all the rest till the wood was all in and the chips swept up. Frequently Mr. Beecher would raise a point of theology and start a discussion, taking the wrong or weakest side himself, to practise the youngsters in logic. If the children did not make good their side of the case, he would stop and explain to them the position, and say, "The argument is thus and so! Now, if you take this position you will be able to trip me up!" Thus he taught them to reason as he would have taught them to box or wrestle, by actual face-to-face contest.

Dr. Beecher's Fishing Parties

The task done, the Doctor always planned to have a great fishing expedition with the children. Before Harriet was old enough to go, she looked on these fishing expeditions as something pertaining only to her father and the older boys, and watched the busy preparations with regretful interest. They were all going to Great Pond, and to Pine Island, to that wonderful blue-pine forest that she could just see on the horizon; and who could tell what strange adventures they might meet!

When they were gone, the house seemed so still and deserted all day long — no singing, shouting, tramping, and wrestling of noisy, merry boys. Harriet would sit silent and lonely, sewing a long seam on a sheet by way of beguiling the time. At last it would begin to be dark, and the stars, peeping out one by one, would look down as if surprised to find a little girl who had gone to bed but not to sleep. With what joy she finally hailed in the distance the tramp of feet, the shouts and laughter of her father and brothers, as, glad with triumph, they burst into the kitchen with long strings of perch, roach, pickerel, and bull-heads, with waving blades of sweet-flag and lofty heads of cat-tail, and pockets full of fragrant wintergreen, a generous portion of which was always bestowed upon her. To her eyes, these were trophies from the dreamland of enchantment for which she had longed. She was then safe from being sent back to bed for an hour or more, and watched with delight the cheerful hurrying and scurrying to and fro, the waving of lights as the fish were cleaned in the back shed, the fire kindled into a cheerful blaze, and her father standing over the frying-pan, frying the fish. To his latest day, Doctor Beecher was firm in the conviction that no feminine hand could fry fish with that perfection of skill which was his as a king of woodcraft and woodland cookery.

The Minister's Study

One of Harriet's favorite haunts was her father's study. It was an arched garret room, high above all the noise and confusion of the busy household, with a big window that commanded a view of Great Pond with its fringe of steel-blue pines. Its walls were set round from floor to ceiling with the quiet, friendly faces of books, and there stood her father's study-chair and writing-table, on which always lay open before him Cruden's Concordance and the Bible. Here Harriet loved to retreat, and to snuggle down in a quiet corner with her favorite books around her. She had a restful, sheltered feeling as she sat and watched her father at his sermon-writing, turning his books, and speaking to himself from time to time in a loud, earnest whisper. She vaguely felt that he was about some holy and mysterious work, far above her childish comprehension.

The books ranged around filled her, too, with solemn awe. There, on the lower shelves, were enormous folios, on whose backs she spelled in black letters "Lightfooti Opera" — a title whereat she marveled, considering the bulk of the volumes. And, overhead, grouped along in sociable rows, were books of all sizes and bindings, the titles of which she had read so often that she knew them by heart. There were "Bell's Sermons," "Bonnett's Inquiries," "Bogue's Essays," "Toplady on Predestination," "Boston's Fourfold State," "Law's Serious Call," and other works of the kind, that she had looked over wistfully, day after day, without finding even a hope of something interesting.

Harriet Discovers Cotton Mather

It was a happy hour for Harriet when her father brought home and set up in his book-case Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." What wonderful stories, these, and stories, too, about her own country! Stories that made her feel that the very ground under her feet was consecrated by some special dealings of God's wonder-working providence. When the good Doctor related how a plague had wasted the Indian tribes, and so prepared a place for the Pilgrim fathers to settle undisturbed, she felt in no wise doubtful of his application of the text, "He drove out the heathen, and planted them." No Jewish maiden ever grew up with a more earnest faith that she belonged to a consecrated race, a people especially called and chosen of God for some great work on earth. Her faith in every word of the marvels related in this book was fully as great as the dear old credulous Doctor Mather could have desired. It filled her soul with an eagerness to go forth and do some great and valiant deed for her God and her country. She wanted then, as always, to translate her feelings into deeds.

But, aside from her father's study, Harriet found poetry and romance in the various garrets and cellars of the old parsonage. There was, first, the garret over the kitchen, the floors of which in the fall were covered with stores of yellow pumpkins, fragrant heaps of quinces, and less fragrant piles of onions. There were bins of shelled corn and of oats, and, as in every other garret in the house, there were also barrels of old sermons and pamphlets.

Bunyan in the Smoke-house

But most stimulating to the imagination of a Puritan child steeped in that wonderful allegory, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," was the smoke-house, which was a wide, deep chasm made in the kitchen chimney, in which the dried beef and the hams were prepared. The door that opened into this dismal recess glistened with condensed creosote, and Harriet trembled as she listened to an awful rumbling within, followed by crackling reverberations. One day she summoned courage to open the door and peep in, and was reminded of a passage in "Pilgrim's Progress" that reads: "Then I saw in my dream that the shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a hill; and they opened the door and bid them look in. They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and they smelt the smell of brimstone." Harriet closed the door and ran away trembling.

Old Sermons and the "Arabian Nights"

She delighted in upsetting the barrels of old sermons and pamphlets on the floor, pawing about in the contents, and reading with astonished eyes the queer titles. It seemed to her that there were thousands of unintelligible things. "An Appeal on the Unlawfulness of a Man's Marrying His Wife's Sister" turned up in every barrel she investigated. But, oh joy and triumph! one rainy day she found at the bottom of a barrel a copy of the "Arabian Nights"! Thenceforth her fortune was made. She had no idea of reading as is the fashion in these days — to read and dismiss a book. To read, with her, was a passion, and a book once read was read daily, becoming ever dearer, as an old friend.

It was also a great day when she discovered an old torn copy of the "Tempest." This experience she wrought into that romance of the Maine coast, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," where she pictures Mara exploring the garret and finding in an old barrel of cast-off rubbish a bit of reading which she begged of her grandmother for her own.

Harriet's Fear of the Rats

There was one class of tenants whose influence on Harriet's youthful mind must not be passed over They were the rats. They had taken formal possession of the old parsonage, grown, multiplied, and become ancient, in spite of traps, cats, or anything that could be devised against them. The family cat, in Harriet's day, having taken a dispassionate survey of the situation, had given up the matter in despair, and set herself philosophically to attend to other concerns. She selected a corner of the Doctor's study as her special domestic retreat. Here she made her lair on a heap of old pamphlets and sermons, whence, from time to time, she led forth litters of well-educated, orthodox kittens, who, like their mother, gazed on the rats with respectful curiosity, but ran no imprudent risks. Consequently the rats had, as it were, the "freedom of the city" in the old parsonage.

They romped all night on the floor of the garret over Harriet's sleeping-room, apparently busy hopping ears of corn across the floor and rolling them down into their nests between the beams. Sometimes she would hear them gnawing and sawing behind the wainscoting at the head of her bed as if they had set up a carpenter's shop there, and would be filled with terror lest they should come through into her bed. Then, there were battles and skirmishes and squealings and fightings, and at times it would seem as if a whole detachment of rats rolled in an avalanche down the walls, with the cobs of corn they had been stealing. When the mighty winds of the Litchfield winters were let loose, and rumbled and thundered, roaring and tumbling down the chimneys, rattling the windows and doors, when the beams and rafters creaked and groaned like the timbers of a ship at sea, and the old house shook to its very foundations, then would the uproar among the rats grow louder and louder, and Harriet would dive under the bedclothes, quaking with fear. Thus did the old parsonage exert its silent influence, every day fashioning the sensitive, imaginative child.

The Seafaring Uncle

There was probably no one who more profoundly influenced Mrs. Stowe's intellectual development than did her seafaring uncle, Captain Samuel Foote. Of him her sister Catherine says:

"Uncle Samuel came among us, on his return from each voyage, as a sort of brilliant genius of another sphere, bringing gifts and wonders that seemed to wake up new faculties in all. Sometimes he came from the shores of Spain, with mementoes of the Alhambra and the ancient Moors; sometimes from Africa, bringing Oriental caps or Moorish slippers; sometimes from South America, with ingots of silver, or strange implements from the tombs of the Incas, or hammocks wrought by South American tribes of Indians.

"He was a man of great practical common sense, united with large ideality, a cultivated

taste, and very extensive reading. With this was combined a humorous combativeness that led him to attack the special theories and prejudices of his friends, sometimes jocosely and sometimes in earnest.

"Of course, he and father were in continual good-natured skirmishes in which all the New England peculiarities of theology and of character were held up, both in caricature and in sober verity.

"I remember long discussions in which he maintained that Turks were more honest than Christians, bringing very startling facts in evidence. Then I heard his serious tales of Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops whom he had carried to and from Spain and America, and he affirmed them to be as learned and as truly pious and devoted to the good of men as any Protestant to be found in America."

Lyman Beecher's Second Marriage

When Harriet was between six and seven years old, her father married Miss Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine. She has herself thus described the advent of the new mother:

"I was about six years old, and slept in the nursery with my two younger brothers. We knew father was gone away somewhere on a journey, and was expected home, and thus the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We heard father's voice in the entry, and started up, crying out as he entered our room, 'Why, here's pa!' A cheerful voice called out from behind him, 'And here's ma!'

"A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes, and soft auburn hair bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room, smiling, eager, and happy-looking, and, coming up to our beds, kissed us, and told us that she loved little children and would be our mother. We wanted forthwith to get up and be dressed; but she pacified us with the promise that we should find her in the morning.

"Never did mother-in-law make prettier or sweeter impression. The next morning, I remember, we looked at her with awe. She seemed to us so fair, so elegant, so delicate, that we were afraid to go near her. We must have been rough, red-cheeked, hearty country children, honest, obedient, and bashful. She was peculiarly dainty and neat in all her ways and arrangements; I remember I used to feel breezy, rough, and rude in her presence. We felt a little in awe of her, as if she were a strange princess rather than our own mama; but her voice was very sweet, her ways of moving and speaking very graceful, and she took us up in her lap and let us play with her beautiful hands, which seemed like wonderful things made of pearl and ornamented with rings."

Mr. Beecher and Jonathan Edwards

One Sunday evening, shortly after the arrival of the new mother, Dr. Beecher, who was at that time given to an undiscriminating admiration for the works of the great Jonathan Edwards, was reading to her from a volume of sermons by that divine. It happened to be the sermon with the pungent title, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Harriet was curled up on the sofa, apparently absorbed in a book of her own. Drawn to observe closely her new mother, she saw that she seemed to be listening with abhorrence and suppressed emotion. A bright red spot suffused each cheek, every moment growing brighter and redder. Finally, rising to her stately height, she swept out of the room, saying as she went: "Mr. Beecher, I will not listen to another word! Why, it is horrible! It is a slander on the character of my heavenly Father!" Harriet was impressed with the stupefaction pictured on her father's face. If a bucket of ice-water had been thrown over him, the effect could not have been more startling. He probably never again read Edwards' lurid pages with the same ease of mind as formerly. Doubtless this incident placed his foot on the first rung of a ladder which the ultra-orthodox of the period thought led anywhere but to heaven. Harriet Porter, although orthodox, was human, and she belonged to a different age from Edwards.

Harriet's School Days

Harriet attended a school for young women kept by a Miss Sarah Pierce, who is described as a woman of "more than ordinary talent, sprightly in conversation, social, and full of benevolent activity." In process of time the school was enlarged, and her nephew, Mr. John Brace, became her assistant. Of him Mrs. Stowe writes:

"Mr. Brace exceeded all the instructors that I ever knew in the faculty of teaching the art of English composition. The constant excitement in which he kept the minds of his pupils — the wide and varied regions of thought into which he led them — formed a preparation for teaching composition, the main requisite for which, whatever people may think, is to have something that one feels interested to say.

"His manner was to divide his school of about one hundred pupils into divisions of about three or four, one of which was to write every week. At the same time, he inspired an ambition to

write by calling every week for volunteers, and every week there were those who volunteered to write.

"I remember I could have been but nine years old, and my handwriting hardly formed, when the enthusiasm he inspired led me — greatly to his amusement, I believe — to volunteer to write every week. The first week the subject of the composition chosen by the class was, 'The Difference Between the Natural and the Moral Sublime.'

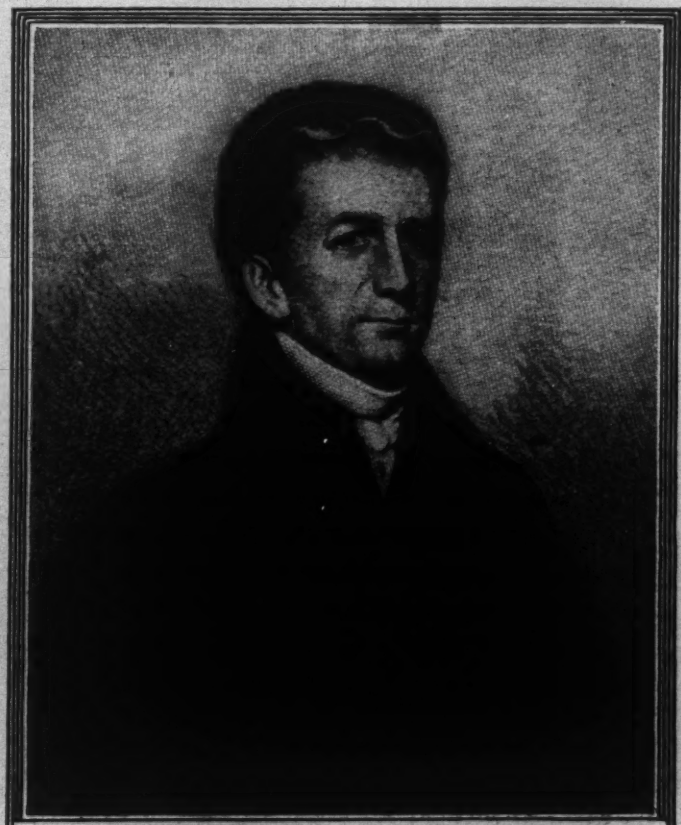
"One may smile at this for a child nine years of age; but it is the best account I can give of his manner of teaching to say that the discussion that he had held in the class not only made me understand the subject as thoroughly as I do now, but so excited me that I felt sure that I had something to say about it.

First Literary Honors

"By two years of constant practice, under his training and suggestion, I had gained so far as to be appointed one of the writers for the annual exhibition, a proud distinction, as I then viewed it. The subject assigned me was one that had been very fully discussed in the school in a manner to show to the best advantage Mr. Brace's peculiarity in awakening the minds of his pupils to the higher regions of thought. The question was, 'Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?'

"Several of the young ladies had written strongly in the affirmative. Mr. Brace himself had written in the negative. To all these compositions and consequent discussions I had listened, and, in view of them, chose to adopt the negative.

"I remember the scene at that exhibition, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on high by Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him ask, 'Who wrote that composition?' '*Your daughter, sir!*' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested him was past all juvenile triumphs."



From a painting by C. Harding

DR. LYMAN BEECHER

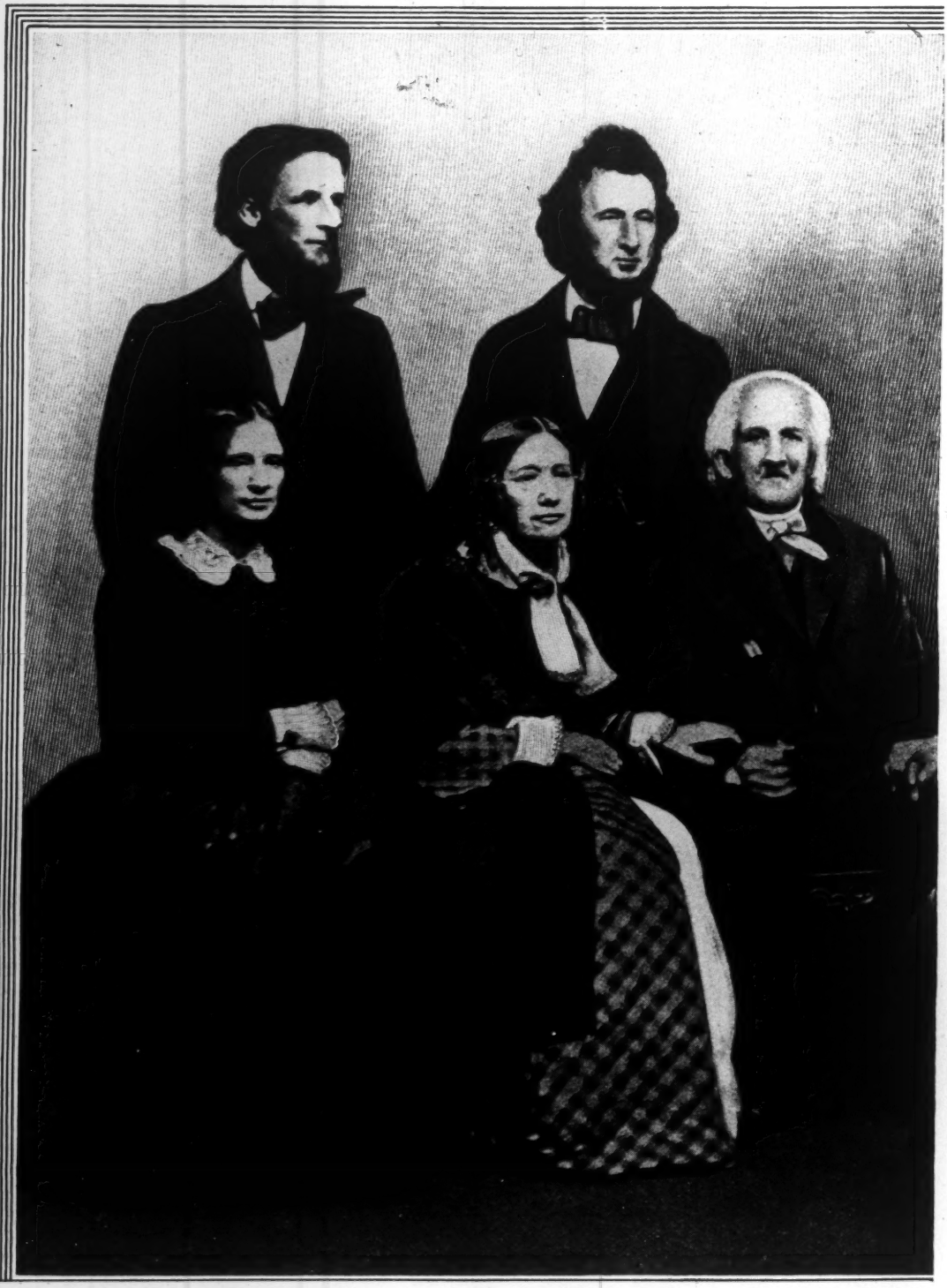
THE FATHER OF HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Wonders of the "Meeting-house"

"Never shall I forget the dignity and sense of importance which swelled my mind when I was first pronounced old enough to go to meeting," writes Mrs. Stowe, in another account of those early Litchfield days. "To my childish eyes our old meeting-house was an awe-inspiring place. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's Ark and Solomon's Temple, as set forth in the pictures of my Scripture catechism, pictures which I did not doubt were authentic copies."

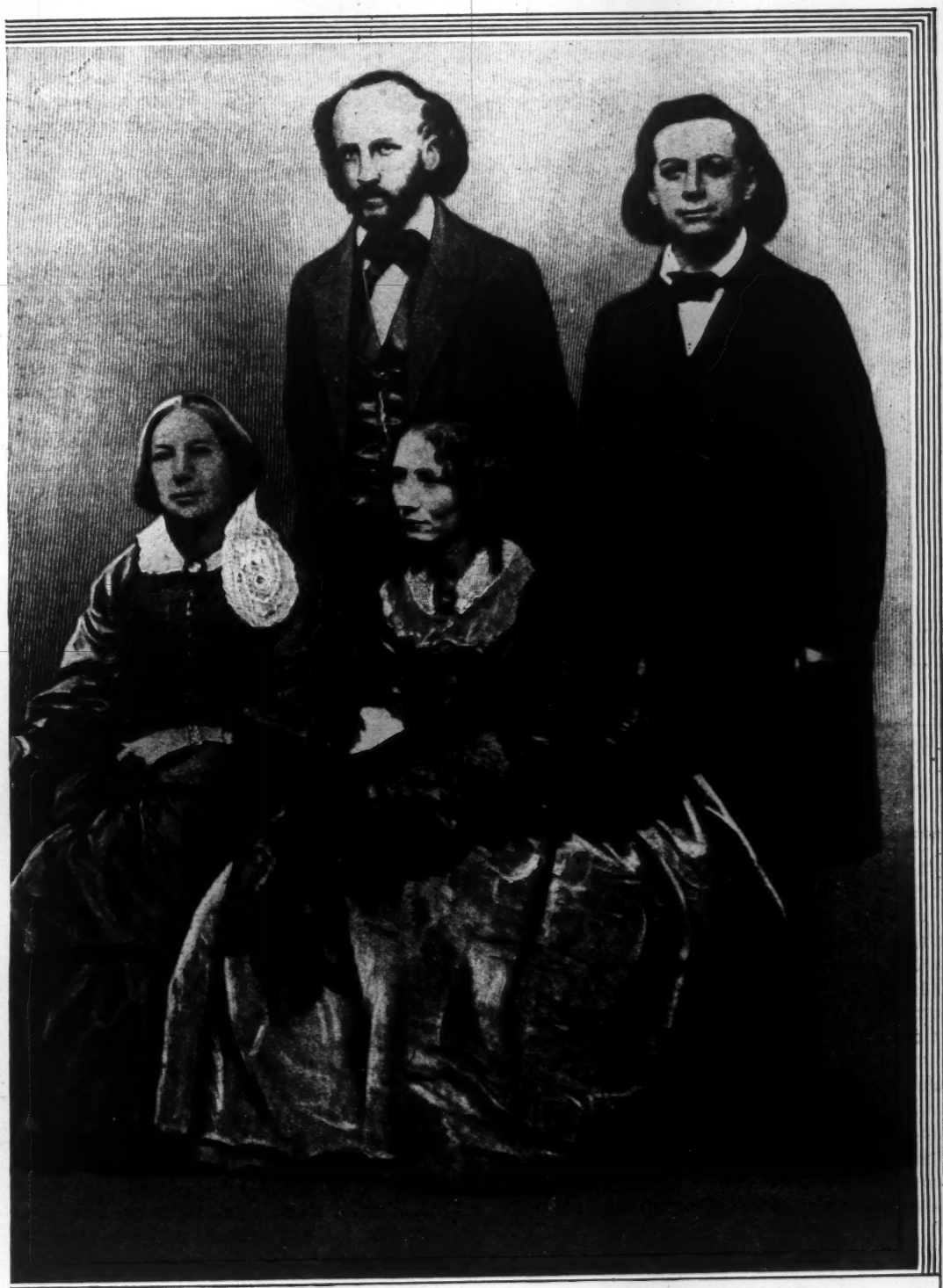
Rigors of the Sabbath

Harriet had hallowed associations connected with the thought of the old church. Early one summer morning she had been reminded that it was Sunday, the holy Sabbath day,



THOMAS WILLIAM DR. LYMAN BEECHER
ISABELLA CATHERINE

THE BEECHER FAMILY; FROM



MARY CHARLES HARRIET HENRY WARD

A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1861

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company

CATHERINE BEECHER
THE OLDEST SISTER OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

by the following incident. Her two younger brothers, Henry and Charles, slept together in a little trundle-bed in a corner of the nursery where she also slept. She was waked by the two little fellows chattering to each other as they lay in their bed making little sheep out of cotton pulled from the holes in the old quilt that covered them, and pasturing them on the undulating hillsides and meadows which their imagination conjured up amid the bedclothes. Suddenly Charles' eyes grew wide with fright, and he cried out, "Henry, this is wicked! It's Sunday!" There was a moment of consternation, followed by silence, as both little curly heads disappeared under the old coverlet.

Harriet's Conversion

Yes, it was Sunday, and Harriet was trying her best to feel herself a dreadful sinner, but with very poor success. She was so healthy, and the blood raced and tingled so in her young veins. She tried to feel her sins and count them up; but the birds and the daisies and the buttercups were a constant interruption, and she went into the old meeting-house quite dissatisfied with herself. When she saw the white cloth, the shining cups, and the snowy bread of the communion-table, she hopelessly felt that the service could have nothing for a little girl — it would all be for the grown-up people, the initiated Christians. Nevertheless, when her father began to speak, she was drawn to listen by a sort of pathetic earnestness in his voice.

The Doctor was feeling very deeply, and he had chosen for his text the declaration of Jesus: "I call you not servants; but friends." His subject was Jesus as the soul-friend offered to every human being. Forgetting his doctrinal subtleties, he spoke with the simplicity and tenderness of a rich nature concerning the faithful, generous love of Christ. Deep feeling inclines to simplicity of language, and Dr. Beecher spoke in words that even a child could understand. Harriet sat absorbed; her large blue eyes gathered tears as she listened, and when the Doctor said, "Come, then, and trust your soul to this faithful friend," her little heart throbbed, "I will!" She sat through the sacramental service that followed with swelling heart and tearful eyes, and walked home filled with a new joy. She went up into her father's study, and threw herself into his arms, saying, "Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and he has taken me." He held her silently to his heart for a moment, and she felt his tears dropping on her head. "Is it so?" he said. "Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day."

"Spiritual Experience" and the Old New England Divines

Shortly after going to Hartford to attend school, Harriet made a call upon the Rev. Dr. Hawes, her father's friend, and her spiritual adviser, which left an enduring impression upon her mind. It was her father's advice that she join the church at Hartford, as he had received a call to Boston, and the breaking up of the Litchfield home was imminent. Accordingly, accompanied by two school friends, she went, one day, to the pastor's study to consult him concerning the contemplated step. In

those days much stress was placed on religious experience, and more especially on what was termed a conviction of sin; and self-examination was carried to an extreme calculated to drive to desperation a sensitive, high-strung nature.

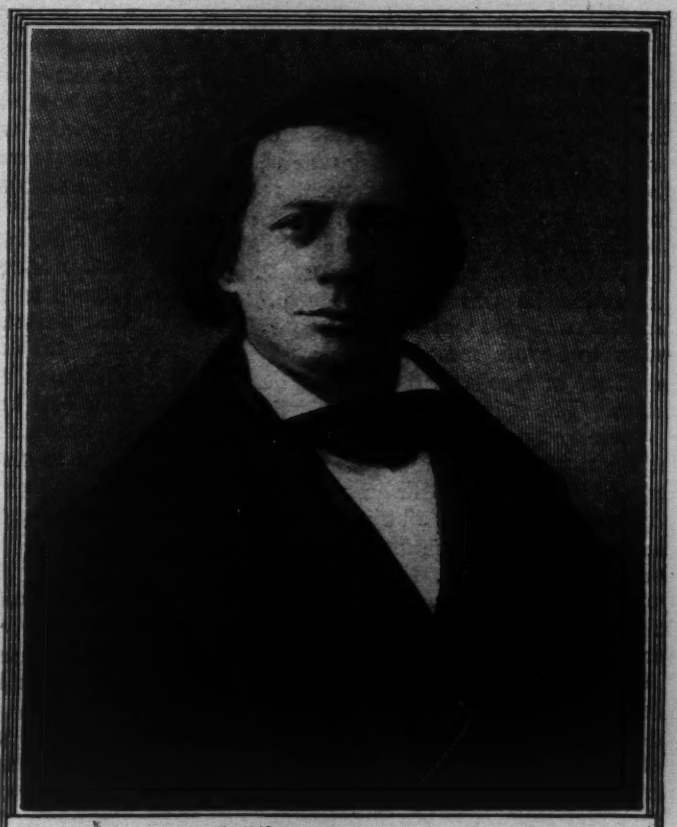
The good man listened to the child's simple and modest statement of her Christian experience, and then, with an awful, though kindly, solemnity of speech and manner, said:

"Harriet! do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed"—alarming pause—"you could be happy with God alone?"

After struggling in vain to fix in her mind the meaning of the sounds that fell on her ears like the measured tolling of a funeral bell, the child of fourteen stammered out, "Yes, sir!"

"You realize, I trust, in some measure at least, the deceitfulness of your own heart, and that, in punishment for your sins, God might justly leave you to make yourself as miserable as you have made yourself sinful."

Having thus effectually, and to his own satisfaction, fixed the child's attention on the morbid and oversensitive workings of her own heart, the good and truly kind-hearted man dismissed her with a fatherly benediction. He had been alarmed at her simple and natural way of entering the kingdom. It was not theologically sound to make short cuts to salvation. The child went in to the conference full of peace and joy, and came out full of distress and misgivings; but the good Doctor had done his duty, as he saw it.



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HENRY WARD BEECHER
AT ABOUT THE AGE OF THIRTY

Theological Struggles in the Beecher Family

It was a theological age, and in the Beecher family theology was the supreme interest. It fills their letters, as it filled their lives. Not only was the age theological, but it was transitional, and characterized by intense intellectual activity, accompanied by emotional excitement. The winds of doctrine were let loose, blowing first from this quarter and then from that. Dr. Beecher spent his days in weathering theological cyclones; but the worst of all arose in his own family, among his own children. Great as were his intellectual powers, he was no match for his daughter Catherine and his son Edward — the metaphysical Titans who sprang from his own loins. It was almost in a tone of despair that this theological Samuel, who had hewn so many heretical Agags in pieces before the Lord, wrote concerning his own daughter:

"Catherine's letter will disclose the awfully interesting state of her mind. . . . You perceive she is now handling edged tools with powerful grasp. . . . I have at times been at my wits' end to know what to do. . . . I conclude that nothing safe can be done, but to assert ability, and obligation, and guilt upon divine authority, throwing in at the same time as much collateral light from reason as the case admits of."

Catherine was at this time breaking out of the prison-house of the traditional orthodoxy, and her brother Edward was in many ways in sympathy with her, though not so radical as she. Dr. Beecher was contending with might and main for the traditional Calvinism; and yet, in his zeal for its defense, he often took positions that surprised and alarmed his brother ministers, seriously disturbed their dogmatic slumbers, and caused them grave doubts as to his orthodoxy.

Tragic Death of Catherine's Betrothed

When Harriet was in her eleventh year her sister Catherine had become engaged to Professor Alexander Fisher, of Yale College. He was a young man of brilliant talents, and specially noted for his mathematical genius. As an undergraduate at Yale he distinguished himself by original and valuable contributions to mathematical astronomy. Immediately on graduation he was appointed a professor of mathematics, and was sent abroad by his alma mater to devote some time to study and the purchase of books and mathematical instruments. The ship *Albion*, on which he sailed, was wrecked on a reef off the coast of Ireland. Of the twenty-three cabin passengers, only one reached the shore. This was a man of great physical strength, and all night long he clung to the jagged rocks at the foot of the cliff, against which the sea broke, till ropes were lowered from above, and he was drawn up, limp and exhausted. He often told of the calm bravery with which Professor Fisher met his end.

Up to this time in her life, Catherine had been noted for the gaiety of her spirits and the brilliancy of her mind. An inimitable story-teller and a great mimic, it seemed to be her aim to keep every one laughing. Her versatile mind and ready wit enabled her to pass brilliantly through her school days with comparatively little mental exertion, and before she was twenty-one she had become a teacher in a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. It was about this time that she met Professor Fisher, and they soon became engaged.

Catherine's Religion Taught that His Soul was Lost with His Body

When the news of his death reached her, to the crushing of earthly hopes and plans was added an agony of apprehension for his soul. He had never been formally converted; and hence, by the teachings of the times, his soul as well as his body was lost.

She wrote to her brother Edward: "It is not so much ruined hopes of this life — it is dismay and apprehension for his immortal spirit. Oh, Edward, where is he now? Are the noble faculties of such a mind doomed to everlasting woe?" Anxiously, but in vain, she searched his letters and journals for something on which she might build a hope of his eternal welfare. "Mournful contemplations awakened when I learned more of the mental exercises of him I mourned, whose destiny was forever fixed, alas, I know not where! I learned from his letters, and in other ways, as much as I could have learned from his diary. I found that, even from early childhood, he had ever been uncommonly correct and conscientious, so that his parents and family could scarcely remember of his doing anything wrong, so far as relates to outward conduct; and year after year, with persevering and unexampled effort, he sought to yield that homage of the heart to his Maker which was required, but he could not; like the friend who followed his steps, he had no strength. . . . It seemed to me that my lost friend had done all that unassisted human strength could do; and often the dreadful thought came to me that all was in vain, and that he was wailing that he ever had been born, in that dark world where hope never comes, and that I was following his steps to that dreadful scene."

Bereaved Girl's Struggle with Pitiless Calvinism

Miss Beecher passed the two years following the death of Professor Fisher at Franklin, Massachusetts, at the home of his parents, where she listened to the fearless and pitiless Calvinism of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons. Her mind was too strong and buoyant to be overwhelmed and crushed by an experience that would have driven a weaker and less resolute nature to insanity.

The conventional New England Calvinism gave her no satisfactory solution of her difficulties. She was tormented with doubts. "What has the Son of God done which the meanest and most selfish creature upon earth would not have done?" she asked herself. "After making such a wretched race and placing them in such disastrous circumstances, somehow, without any sorrow or trouble, Jesus Christ had a human nature that suffered and died. If something else besides ourselves will do all the suffering, who would not save millions of wretched beings, and receive all the honor and gratitude without any of the trouble?" Yet, when such thoughts passed through her mind, she felt that it was "all pride, rebellion, and sin." So she struggled on, sometimes floundering deep in the mire of doubt, and then lifted out of it by her constitutionally buoyant spirits.

It was in this condition of mind that Catherine Beecher came to Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and opened her school. In the practical experience of teaching she found, at last, the solution of her troubles. Turning aside from doctrinal difficulties and theological quagmires, she determined "to find happiness in living to do good." She says: "It was right to pray and read the Bible, and so I prayed and read the Bible. It was right to try to save others, and so

I tried to save them. In all these years I never had any fear of punishment or hope of reward."

Without ever having heard of pragmatism, she became a kind of pragmatist. She continues: "After two or three years I commenced giving instruction in mental philosophy, and at the same time began a regular course of lectures and instructions from the Bible, and was much occupied with plans for governing my school and in devising means to lead my pupils to become obedient, amiable, and pious." These "means" resulted in a code of principles for the government of her school which were nothing more nor less than systematically formulated common sense, with plenty of the "milk of human kindness" thrown in. These principles she carefully compared with the government of God, and came to the conclusion that He, in His infinitely mighty and complex task of governing the universe, was applying the same fundamental principles as she in the relatively infinitesimal and simple task of governing her school. This was her solution, and this the view of the divine nature that was for so many years preached by her brother, Henry Ward, and set forth in the writings of her sister Harriet.

Harriet's Desire for Love

In the winter of 1829 Harriet was in Hartford again, this time assisting her sister Catherine in the school. She was now eighteen, but still morbidly introspective, sensitive, and overwrought. She apparently lived largely in her emotions. In closing one of her letters, she said: "This desire to be loved forms, I fear, the great motive for all my actions." Again, she writes to her brother Edward:

"I have been carefully reading the Book of Job, and I do not find in it the views of God you have presented to me. God seems to have stripped a dependent creature of all that renders life desirable, and then to have answered his complaints from the whirlwind; and, instead of showing mercy and pity, to have overwhelmed him by a display of his justice. From the view of God that I received from you, I should have expected that a being that sympathizes with his guilty, afflicted creatures would not have spoken thus. Yet, after all, I do believe that God is such a being as you represent him to be, and in the New Testament I find in the character of Jesus Christ a revelation of God as merciful and compassionate, in fact, just such a God as I need!"

This was the vision of God that came to her at the time of her conversion. It was the confusing and perturbing influence of her father's Calvinistic theology that had dimmed that gracious vision. Out of the prison-house of Giant Despair she had been delivered by the teachings of her sister Catherine and her brother Edward.

Religious Doubts and Fears

But, again, in the same letter we have a passage that shows that her feet are still enmeshed in the net of Calvinistic theology. She writes:

"My mind is often perplexed, and such thoughts arise in it that I cannot pray, and I become bewildered. The wonder to me is, how all ministers and all Christians can feel themselves so inexcusably sinful, when it seems to me that we all come into the world in such a way that it would be miraculous if we did not sin! Mr. Hawes always says in his prayers, 'We have nothing to offer in extenuation of any of our sins'; and I always think, when he says it, that we have everything to offer in extenuation.

"The case seems to me exactly as if I had been brought into the world with such a thirst for ardent spirits that there was just a possibility but no hope that I should resist, and then my eternal happiness made to depend on my being temperate. Sometimes, when I try to confess my sins, I feel that I am more to be pitied than blamed, for I have never known the time when I have not had a temptation within me so strong that it was certain that I should not overcome it. This thought shocks me, but it comes with such force, and so appealingly, to all my consciousness, that it stifles all sense of sin."

It was such reflections and arguments as these that had aroused Dr. Beecher to despair over his daughter Catherine's spiritual condition. The fact was, he belonged to one age and his children to another. Yet the brave old man lived to sympathize with them.

Harriet Breaks with Calvinism

Harriet at last learned to give up her introspection and morbid sensitiveness, and to live more healthily and humanly. At the age of twenty-one she was able to write thus to her friend, Georgiana May:

"The amount of the matter has been, as this inner world of mine has become worn out and untenable, I have at last concluded to come out of it and live in the eternal one, and, as F. S. once advised me, give up the pernicious habit of meditation to the first Methodist minister who would take it, and try to mix in society somewhat as other persons would.

"'*Horas non numero non nisi serenas.*' Uncle Sam, who sits by me, has just been reading the above motto, the inscription on a sun-dial in Venice. It strikes me as having a distant relationship to what I was going to say. I have

come to a firm resolution to count no hours but unclouded ones, and let all others slip out of my memory and reckoning as quickly as possible." In this new life she was able to write to her brother Edward:

"I have never been so happy as this summer. I began it in more suffering than I ever before have felt; but there is One whom I daily thank for all that suffering, since I hope that it has brought me at last to rest entirely in Him." So she learned to suffer and to love. To suffer and to love, and at last to rest. After five years of struggling, she returned to where she started when converted as a child of thirteen. Love became her gospel, the alpha and omega of her existence — love for her God, for her friends, and, finally, for humanity. The three words "God is love" summed up her theology.

The Mighty Burke

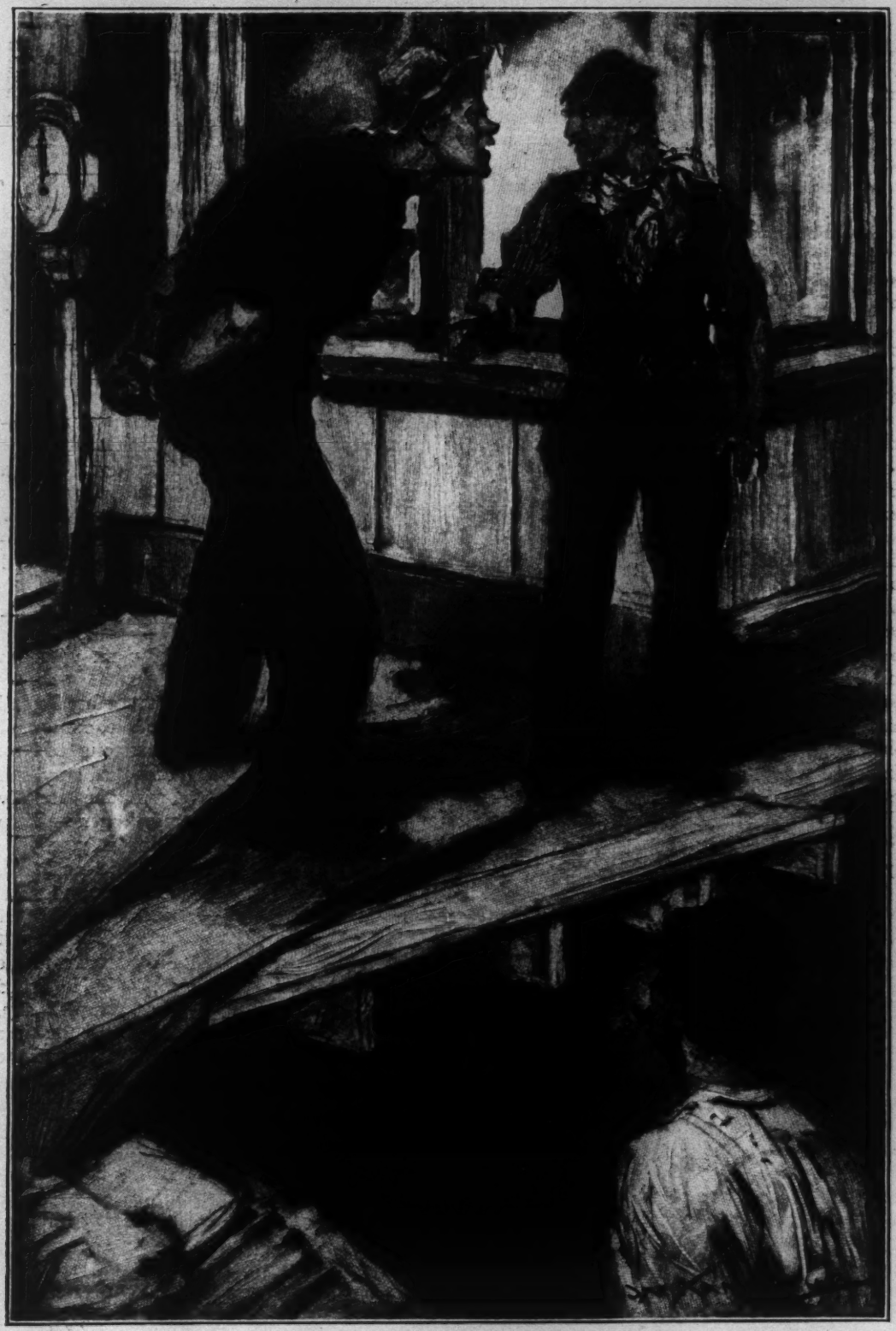
by Theodore Dreiser

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

WHEN I first met him he was laying the foundation for a small dynamo in the engine-room of the repair-shop at Spike, and he was most unusually loud in his protestations and demands. He had with him a dozen Italians, all short, swarthy fellows who were busy bringing material from a car that had been pushed in on the side-track next to the building, and was loaded with crushed stone, cement, old boards, wheelbarrows, tools, and the like, all of which were to be used in the labor that he was about to undertake. He himself was standing in the door of the shop where the operation was to be conducted, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, shouting with true Irish insistence: "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie! Get the shovels, now! Get the picks! Bring some sand here! Bring some stone! Where is the cement, now? Where is the cement? Jasus Christ! I must have some cement! What are ye all doing? Hurry, now. Hurry! Bring the cement!" and then calmly gazing around as if he were the only one who had any right to stand still in this world. He was medium in height, thick of body and neck, with short gray hair and mustache, and bright, clear, twinkling Irish gray eyes, and he carried himself with such an air of unquestionable authority that you would have had to take notice of him. It was much as if he had said, "I am the boss here"; and, indeed, he was.

The labor he was doing was not very intricate, but it was interesting. It consisted of digging a trench ten by twelve feet, and shaping it up with boards into a "form," after which concrete was to be mixed and poured in, and some iron rods set to fasten the engine to. It was not so urgent but that it might have been conducted with less excitement; but he was so excitable by nature, and so eager to have it done with, that he was constantly trotting back and forth, and shouting: "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie! Hurry, now, bring the shovels," and occasionally bursting forth with a perfect avalanche of orders, such as, "Up with it! Down with it! Front with it! Back with it! In with it! Out with it!" all coupled with his favorite expletive, "Jasus Christ," which was as innocent of evil as a prayer. At the time it seemed positively appalling to me, and I thought, "The Irish brute! To think of his driving his men like that." But a little later I discovered that he was not so bad as he seemed, and then I began to like him.

The thing that brought about this change of feeling in me was the attitude of his men toward him. Although he was so insistent with his commands, they did not seem to mind. He would stand over them, crying: "Up with it! Up with it! Up with it! Up with it!" or



"'I'LL CRACK Y'R BLITHERIN' EYETALIAN SKULL, I WILL!'"

"Down with it! Down with it! Down with it! Down with it!" until you would have imagined their nerves would be worn to a frazzle. And yet, they did not seem to care; rather, they appeared to take it as a matter of course, as if it had to be. One could not help smiling at the incongruity of it; it was so farcical. Finally I ventured to laugh, and he turned on me with a sharp and yet not unkindly retort.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he mocked. "If you had to work as hard as these men, you wouldn't laugh!"

I explained that I was not laughing at them, but at him, and he took that in good part also. We fell to conversing upon railroad subjects, and in this way our period of friendship began.

As I learned that morning, Burke was the foreman mason for all that part of the railroad that lay between New York and fifty miles out, on three divisions. He had a dozen men under him, and was in possession of one car, which was shunted back and forth between the places in which he happened to be working. He was the builder of concrete platforms, culverts, coal-bins, sidewalks, and, in fact, anything that could be made out of crushed stone and cement, and he was sent here and there, as necessity required. As he explained to me at the time, he sometimes arose as early as 4 A. M. in order to make a train that would get him to his place of labor by seven. Darkness or storm made no difference to him. "Shewer, I have to be there," he said, with his quizzical, elusive Irish grin. "They're not payin' me wages fer lyin' in bed. If ye were to get up that way every day fer a year, it would make a man of ye."

"And how much do you get, Burke?" I asked.

"Two and a half a day."

The munificence of the corporation that paid him two and a half a day for ten hours' work, as well as the superintendence and construction of what he was doing, struck me forcibly, though I was not much better situated myself at the time. I was working on the road for my health, at fifteen cents an hour, and the sight of the foreman for whom I was working was a torture to my soul. He was a loud-mouthed, blustering, red-headed ignoramus, and I wanted to get out from under him. Since I had influence enough to obtain a transfer to any foreman who would accept me, I decided to appeal to Burke.

"Will you take me and let me work for you?" I asked hopefully.

"Shewer," he replied.

"Will I have to work with the Italians?"

"There'll be plenty uv work fer ye to do without ever yere layin' a hand to a pick er shovel. Shewer, that's no work fer a white man to do."

"And what do you call them, Burke?"

"Nagurs, uv course."

"But they're not negroes."

"Well, bedad, they're not white. That any man can tell by lookin' at thim."

I accepted this characterization of the sturdy, hard-working Italians without protest, though it struck me as a little hard. They were not the degraded creatures he seemed to take them to be, and yet I felt that there was no malice in what he said; it was his way, and I let it pass, deciding to go with him if I could — and I did.

The day that I was transferred to his flock, or gang, he was at Williamsbridge, a little station on the Harlem, building a coal-bin. It was a pretty place surrounded by trees and a grass-plot, which, after the long confinement of the shop, seemed to me a veritable haven of rest. The sun was shining brightly, and Burke was down in a cool hole which his men had dug under the depot platform, measuring and calculating with his plumb-bob and level, when I looked in on him.

"So here ye ar-re," he said, with a grin.

"Yes," I laughed.

"Well, ye're jist in time; I want ye to go down to the ahffice."

I replied that I was willing, but, before I could say more, he climbed out of his hole, odorous of the new-turned earth that had surrounded him, and fished out of the pocket of his old gray coat a soiled and crumpled letter, which he carefully unfolded with his thick, clumsy fingers. Then he held it up and looked at it defiantly.

"I want ye to go to Woodlawn," he continued, "and look after some bolts that ar-re up there,— there's a keg uv thim,— and sign the bill fer thim, and ship thim down to me. They're not many. And then I want ye to go down to the ahffice and take thim this o. k." He fished around and produced another crumpled slip, which I saw was an o. k. blank. All the time he kept talking of the "nonsinse" of it, and the "onraisonableness" of demanding o. k.'s for everything. "Ye'd think some one was going to sthale thim from thim," he declared.

It was plain that some infraction of the railroad's rules had occurred, and that he had been "called down" or "jacked up" about it, as the railroad men expressed it. He was in a high state of dudgeon, and defiant and pugnacious as his royal Irish temper would allow. He flung a parting shot at his superior as I departed.

"Tell him that I'll sign fer thim when I git thim, and not before," he declared.

I departed on my way, knowing that no such message would be accepted, and that Burke would not send it if he thought for a moment

that I would take it. I went to Woodlawn and secured the bolts, after which I went down to the "ahffice" and reported. There I found the chief clerk also in a high state of temper, because Burke had failed to render an o. k. for the bolts for a whole month and more. He wanted to know what explanation he had to offer, and when I suggested that he thought he could leave them in the station, where they would be safe, until he needed to use them, he was fairly beside himself.

"'YE'LL NEVER BE A MASON TILL YE CAN DO THAT'"

"What do you think of that?" he exclaimed, shoving his hands distractedly through his hair. "He'll leave them there until he needs them, will he? Burke ought to know better than that. He's been long enough on the road. You tell him that I said that I want a signed form for everything consigned to him the moment he learns that it's waiting for him, and I want it without fail. He has got to come to time about this, or something's going to drop. I'm not going to stand it any longer. How does he think I am going to make out my reports? I wish he'd let you attend to these matters while you're there. It will save an awful lot of trouble in this office, and it may save him his job. There's one thing sure: he's got to come to time from now on, or either he or I'll quit." And then he explained to me the differences that existed between him and the hearty Irishman.

It seemed — as I learned from him then, and from Burke later, though never directly from the latter — that the great difficulty of the Irishman's life was in connection with these o. k.'s and some twenty-five monthly reports that he was compelled to make, covering every detail of his work, from the acknowledgment of all material received to the expenditure of even so much as one mill's worth of paper. They were the things on which his superior based his reports to those above him, and the details of them were looked after sharply. If a man could not sit down and reel off a graphic account of all that he was doing, accompanied by facts and figures, he was in a bad way with his superiors, no matter what his mechanical skill might be; whereas, if his reports were clear, the insufficiency of his skill might sometimes be overlooked. Burke was not skilled in these matters, though he was an A 1 workman, and consequently his standing was not of the best, particularly with the chief clerk. The clerk was a dapper, very self-important individual to whom railroad work meant figuring, and he was constantly ham-

mering away at the excitable Irishman to get him to "come to time," as he expressed it.

It also seemed that, at the time when I dawned upon Burke, he was just at the place where, for some reason or another, he was having a very bad spell of this. Several items of various kinds had gone wrong, and he was being bombarded with letters bearing the most significant insults to and reflections upon his intelligence, coupled with the most urgent commands, which tried his temper sorely. The compilation of his reports and time-books had become a veritable nightmare, and, when I arrived, he was not only employing all of his nights and Sundays, but also the services of his three daughters. Nevertheless and notwithstanding all this, he was constantly making mistakes, and as constantly being "jacked up" about them. It was a serious matter.

When I returned, that day, I was very well aware of the situation, but I did not care to take the unwelcome message back to him. On the contrary, I decided that it would be better to take the clerical work into my own hands — to find out what was wanted in this line and to do it. I knew that I could not very well work with a pick and shovel, and this was about all that was left outside of that. Consequently, when I returned, I quietly explained that an o. k. blank was what was always wanted under such circumstances, and that it was wanted at once.

"An o. k. blank! An o. k. blank!" he echoed contentiously. "He wants an o. k. blank, does he? Well, I expect ye might as well give it to him. I think the man lives on thim things, the way he's a-always ca-allin' fer thim. Ye'd think I was a bookkeeper and foreman at the same time; it's somethin' awful. An o. k. blank!"

A little while later he humorously explained that he had "clane fergot thim, anyhow."

The ensuing month was a busy one for us. We had a platform to lay at Morrisania, a chimney to build at Tarrytown, a sidewalk to lay at White Plains, and a large cistern to dig and wall in at Tuckahoe. Besides these, there were platforms to build at Van Cortlandt and Mount Kisco, water-towers at Highbridge and Ardsley, a sidewalk and drain at Caryl, a culvert and an ash-pit at Bronx Park, and some forty concrete piers for a building at Melrose — all of which required any amount of running and figuring, to say nothing of the actual work of superintending and constructing, which Burke personally looked after. The preliminary labor of ordering and seeing that the material was duly shipped and unloaded was one man's work alone; and yet, Burke was expected to do it all. How he managed before I came I could make out only on the basis that he accomplished less, and employed his whole family.

However, he displayed himself a masterful workman. He preferred to superintend — to get down into the pit or up on the wall, and measure and direct. He would toil for hours at a stretch with his trowel and his line and his level and his plumb-bob, getting the work into shape, and you would never hear a personal complaint from him concerning the weariness of labor; on the contrary, he would whistle and sing until something went wrong, when suddenly you would hear the most terrific uproar of words: "Come out of that! Come out of that! Jasus Christ, man, have ye no sinse at all? Put it down! Put it down! What ar-re ye doing? What did I tell ye? Have ye no raison in ye, ye h'athen nagur!" and such like, until you would have imagined that the most terrible calamity had been about to befall him. This would last for a couple of minutes, during which time the Italians would be seen hurrying excitedly to and fro; and then there would come a lull, and Burke would be heard to raise his voice in tuneful melody, singing or humming or whistling some old-fashioned Irish "come-all-ye."

But the thing in Burke that would have pleased any one was his ready grasp of the actualities of life — his full-fledged knowledge that work was the thing, the direct accomplishment of something tangible, and not the talking about it. Thus, when he was working like this, nothing that might concern the clerical end of the labor could disturb him, and, if the sky fell, he would imperturbably make you wait until the work was done. Once, when I interrupted him to question him concerning those wretched, pestering aftermaths of labor, the reports, he shut me off with: "The reports! The reports! What good ar-re the reports? What have the reports to do with the work? If it wasn't for the work, where would the reports be?" And I readily echoed, "Where?"

Another thing was his kindly attitude toward his men — that innate sense of personal relationship and fatherly feeling which, in spite of all his yelling and browbeating, kept them friendly to him. He had a way of talking to them and of saying kindly things to them in a joking manner which touched them. When he arrived in the morning, it was always in the cheeriest way that he began the day's work. "Come, now, b'ys!" he would exclaim. "Ye have a good day's work before ye to-day. Git the shovels, Jimmie. Bring the line, Matt." And then he would go below himself,— if below it was,— and there would be joy and peace until some obstacle to progress interfered.

This same Matt was a funny little Italian,

"ARGUING WITH THIS MAN OR FIGHTING WITH THAT ONE, AND CALLING TO SOME MASON TO COME DOWN"

soft of voice and gentle of manner, whom Burke liked very much, but with whom he loved to quarrel. He would go down in the hole where the latter was working, and almost invariably you would hear the most uproarious clatter following immediately — shouts of: "Put it here, I say! Put it here, man. Here. Here! Jasus Christ! have ye no sinse at all?" — coupled, of course, with defiant replies from Matt, who had been with him so long that he was not in the least overawed by his yelling, and could afford to take such liberties. Presently Burke would come climbing out of the hole, his face and neck fairly scarlet with heat, raging and shouting: "I'll get shut uv ye. I'll have no more thruck with ye, ye blitherin', crazy loon. What good ar-re ye? What work can ye do? Na-athing! I'll have no more thruck with ye after to-night." Then he would dance around and threaten and growl until something else would take his attention, and then he would quiet down and be as peaceful as ever. Sometimes he would go home without saying a word to Matt, who would reappear as unconcernedly in the morning as if nothing had happened. Once I asked him, "How many times have you threatened to discharge Matt in the last three years, Burke?"

"Shewer," he said, with his ingratiating grin, "a man don't mane a-all he says a-all the time."

The most humorous of all his collection of workingmen was Jimmie, a dark, mild-eyed, soft-spoken Calabrian who had the shrewdness of a Machiavelli and the pertness of a crow. He lived in the same neighborhood as Burke (he kept all his Italians gathered close about him), and was always the one who was selected to run his family errands for him. On the job, no matter what it might be, Jimmie could never be induced to do hard work. He always had a task of some other kind on hand which he used as an excuse, and, as he was an expert cement-mixer and knew just how to load and unload the tool-car, nothing was ever said to him. If any one dared to reprove him, he would reply: "Yeh! Yeh! I know-a my biz. I been now with Misha Buck fifteen year. I know-a my biz." If you made any complaint to Burke, he would merely grin and say, "Jimmie's a shrewd one," or, perhaps, "I'll get ye yet, ye fox"; but more than that nothing was ever done.

One day, however, Jimmie failed to comply with an extraordinary order of Burke's, which produced a most laughable and yet characteristic scene. We had been working on the platform at Williamsbridge, digging a coal-bin, when a train came along bearing the general foreman, who got off to examine the work that had been done. It was a rule of the company that no opening of any kind into which a person might step or fall should be left uncovered at any

station during the approach, stay, or departure of any train scheduled to stop at that station. Burke was well aware of this rule. He had a copy of it on file in his collection of circulars. In addition, he had delegated Jimmie to attend to this matter, a task that just suited the Italian, as it gave him ample time to idle about and pretend to be watching.

On this particular occasion Jimmie had failed to attend to this matter. When the train approached, there was the hole wide open, with Burke below, shouting and gesticulating about something. The general foreman came forward, looked down, and said quietly: "This won't do, Burke. You'll have to keep the work covered when a train is approaching." Burke looked up, so astonished and ashamed that he should be put in such a position before his superior that he hardly knew what to say. Instead of trying to answer, he merely began to shout for Jimmie, who came running, crying, as he always did, "What's da mat'?"

"'What's da mat'! What's da mat'!'" mocked Burke, in his fury. "What the divil do you suppose is the mat'? What do you mane by walkin' away and l'avin' the hole uncovered? Didn't I tell ye niver to l'ave a hole open when a train's comin'? Didn't I tell ye to attind to that and na-athing else? What, be all the powers, d'ye mane by l'avin' it? What else have ye to do? What else ar-re ye good fer? What d'ye mane by lettin' a thing like that happen?"

Jimmie was dumfounded. He did not know what to say, but he began to stutter and stammer about going for a trowel.

"A trowel!" cried Burke. "A trowel, ye h'athen guinea! What ud ye be doin' lookin' fer a trowel, and a train that close on ye it could have knocked ye off the track? A trowel, is it? I'll trowel ye! Git thim boards on, and let me catch ye l'avin' such a place as that open again. I'll get shut uv ye, ye blitherin' lunatic."

During this entire tirade Jimmie had been industriously hustling the boards into place, while the passengers, who had gathered about, looked on in astonishment. When it was all over, and the train, bearing the general foreman, had gone, Burke quieted down, but not without many fulgurous flashes that kept the poor Italian on tenterhooks.

About an hour later another train arrived, and, by some strange fatality, the hole was open again. Jimmie was away behind the depot somewhere, and Burke was, as usual, down in the hole. Misfortune trebled itself by bringing the supervisor himself, a grave, quiet man, of whom Burke stood in great awe. He walked up to the hole, and, looking reproachfully down, said: "Is this the way you leave your excavations, Burke, when a train is coming? Don't you know any better than to do a thing like that?"

"Jimmie!" Burke shouted, jumping up and climbing out. "Jimmie! Now, by ——! where is that bla'guard Italian? I told him not to l'ave this place open." And he began shoving the planks into place himself.

Jimmie came running as fast as his legs would carry him, scared almost out of his wits. The excitable foreman was so enraged and ashamed, however, that he could not speak. His face and neck were fiery red and his eyes flashed with anger. He merely glared at his recalcitrant henchman, as much as to say, "Wait." When the next train had arrived, and the dignified supervisor had been carried safely out of hearing, he turned on Jimmie with all the fury of a masterful and excitable temper: "So ye'll naht cover the hole, after me tellin' ye naht fifteen minutes ago! Ye'll naht cover the hole! And what'll ye be tellin' me ye were doin' now?"

"I carry da waut [water] for da concrete," pleaded Jimmie weakly.

"Waut fer the concrete," echoed Burke, with his angry face shoved close to the Italian's own. "Waut fer the concrete! It's too bad ye didn't fall into y'r waut fer the concrete and drown, ye flat-footed, loon-headed nagur! Waut fer the concrete, is it, and me here, and a train comin', and the hole open. Waut fer the concrete, and Mr. Mills steppin' off and lookin' in on me, ye black-hearted son of a sea-cook, ye! I'll waut fer the concrete ye! I'll crack y'r blitherin' Eyetalian skull with a pick, I will! I'll chuck ye in y'r waut fer the concrete until ye choke, ye round-eyed, leather-headed lunatic! I'll tache ye to walk off and l'ave the hole open, and me in it. Now, get y'r coat and get out uv this. I'll throuble no more with ye. I'll have no more thruck with ye. Out with ye, and never show me y'r face again!" And he made a motion as if he would grab him and rend him limb from limb.

Jimmie was too clever, however. He had evidently been through many such scenes before. He retreated behind the depot, and, when Burke had gone to work, came back and took a position on guard over the hole. When the next train came, he was there to shove the boards over, and nothing more was said about the matter: Burke did not appear to notice him. The next morning he came to work as usual, and it was, "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie!" just as if nothing had happened.

It was not so very long after I arrived that Burke began to tell me of a building that the company was going to erect in Mott Haven Yard, one of its great switching centers. It was to be an important affair, sixty by two hundred

feet, of brick and stone, and was to be built under a time limit of three months, an arrangement by which the company hoped to find out how satisfactorily it could do work for itself, that is, without letting it to outside contractors. From his manner and conversation I could see that Burke was anxious to get this job, for he had been a contractor of some ability in his day, and felt a little above the small odds and ends of masonry that he was now called on to do. He was anxious to show the company that he could build this building and thus make a little better place for himself in the company's estimation; but, at the same time, he was a little afraid of the clerical details, those terrible nightmares of reports.

"'MISHA BUCK! MISHA BUCK! I WORK-A WITH HIM FIFTEEN YEAR'"

"How ar-re ye feelin', Teddy b'y?" he would inquire, with a great show of interest in my troublesome health.

"Fine, Burke," I would say. "I'm feeling better every day."

"That's good. Ye're the right man in the right place now. If ye were to stay a year or two at this work it would be the makin' uv ye. I never have a sick day, meself."

"That's right, Burke; I intend to stick at it for a while."

"Ye ought to; it'll do ye good. If we get the new buildin' to build, it will be better yet fer ye. Ye'll have plenty to do there to relave y'r mind."

"Relieve, indeed!" I thought, but I did not say so. On the contrary, I felt so much sympathy for the lusty Irishman and his reasonable ambitions that I desired to help him, and urged him to get it. I suggested indirectly that I would see him through, which touched him greatly. He was a grateful creature, in his way, but so excitable and so helplessly self-reliant that there was no way of aiding him without doing it in a secret, or rather self-effacing, way. He would have much preferred to struggle along and fail — though I doubt whether real failure could have come to Burke — rather than openly admit that he needed aid.

In another three weeks the work was really given him to do, and then began one of the finest exhibitions of Irish domination and self-sufficiency that was ever witnessed. We moved to Mott Haven Yard, the clerical details were intrusted to me, and Burke was given a large force of men, whom he fairly gloried in bossing. He would trot to and fro about the place, beaming in the most angelic fashion, and shouting orders that could be heard all over the neighborhood. At times he would stand by the long trenches where the men were digging, — we had forty of them in line now, — and rub his hands in satisfaction, saying, "I can just see me way to the top of the buildin'"; and then he would proceed to harass and annoy his men out of pure exuberance of spirits.

"Ye want to dig it so, man," or, "Ye don't handle yer pick right; hold it this way." Sometimes he would get down in the trench and demonstrate just how it was to be done, a thing that greatly amused some of the workmen. Frequently he would exhibit to me little tricks or knacks of his trade, such as throwing a trowel ten feet so that it would stick in a piece of wood, turning a shovel over with a lump of dirt on it and not dropping the lump, and such like, always adding, "Ye'll never be a mason till ye can do that."

When he was tired of fussing with the men outside, he would come around to the little wooden shed where I was keeping the mass of orders and reports in shape and getting his material for

him ready to his hand, and look over the papers in the most knowing manner. When he had satisfied himself that everything was going right, he would exclaim, "Ye're just the b'y fer the place, Teddy. Ye'd make a good bookkeeper. If ever I get to be President, I'll make ye me Secretary uv State."

"MATT"

The thing that interested and enthralled Burke was the coming of the masons. These hardy buccaneers of the laboring world, who come and go as they please, asking no favors and brooking no interference, excited his most admiring and pugnacious fancy. It promised him the opportunity he inmostly desired of once more fussing and fuming with real, strong, determined, and pugnacious men like himself, who would not take his onslaughts tamely, but would fight him back; and he was never weary of talking of them. "Wait till the masons come, Teddy b'y," he would say to me. "Wait till we have thirty er forty men on the line! Them's the times ye'll see what ixcitement manes, me b'y."

"What'll I see, Burke?" I used to ask.

"Throuble enough. They're not crapin' Eyetalians, that'll let ye talk to thim as ye pl'ase. Ye'll have to fight with thim fellies."

"Do you think you can handle them, Burke?" I would ask, with a great show of trepidation.

"Handle thim!" he would exclaim, his glorious wrath kindling in anticipation of possible conflict. "Handle thim! And the likes of a thousand uv thim. I know thim all, every one of thim, and their thricks. It's naht foolin' me they'll be. Ah, me b'y, it's a fine job ye'll have runnin' down to the ahffice gittin' thim their time." (This is the railroad man's expression for money due, or salary.)

"You don't mean to say you're going to discharge them, Burke, do you?" I said.

"Shewer!" he exclaimed authoritatively. "Whyshouldn't I? They're just the same as other min. Why shouldn't I?" Then he added, after a pause: "It's thim that'll be comin' to me askin' fer their time, instead of me givin' it to thim. They're not the kind that'll let ye talk back to thim. If their work don't suit ye, it's 'Give me me time.' Wait till they'll be comin' round half drunk in the mornin', er not feelin' quite right. Thim's the times ye'll find out what masons ar-re made of."

I confess this opportunity did not seem to me as brilliant as it did to him, but it had its humor. I expressed wonder that he would hire them, if they were such a bad lot.

"Shewer, they have a right to do as they pl'ase," he said instantly, jumping to their defense. "It's no common workmen they are. If ye were in their place ye'd do the same. There's no sinse in allowin' another man to walk on ye when ye can get another job. I don't blame thim. I was a mason wanst meself."

"You don't mean to say that you acted as you say these men are going to act?"

"Shewer!"

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd be very proud of it."

"I have me rights," he declared, flaring up. "What kind uv a man is it that'll let himself be walked on? There's no sinse in it. It's not natchral. It's not intinded that it should be so."

Well, the masons came, and a fine lot they were. For the most part, they were clean, industrious fellows, but so obstreperously conscious of their own rights, and so proud of their skill as masons, that there was no living with them. They wanted, "first off," as the railroad men used to say, to know whether there were any non-union men on the job, and this gave Burke several splendid opportunities for altercations, which he hastened to improve. Then they wanted to know when they were to get their money, and this led to more trouble, as the railroad paid only once a month. After that there came bickerings on all conceivable subjects: the number of bricks they were to lay an hour; the number of men they were to carry on one line, or wall; the length of time they were supposed to work, or had worked, or would work — all of which were pure food and drink to Burke. He was around all the time, arguing with this man or fighting with that one, and calling to some mason to come down, that he would give him his time. Frequently he would come rushing into the office, the defiant mason at his heels, demanding that I make out a time-check at once, which I would. Occasionally he would patch up a truce with the man, but not often. As a rule, they were as eager to quit and get the money due them as he was to have them, and more so. It was all like a scene out of comic opera.

Toward the last, however, a natural calm set in, the result of weariness and a sense of surfeit, which sent the building forward apace. During this time Burke was to be seen walking defiantly up and down in front of his men, his hands behind his back, his face screwed up into a quizzical expression, and his whole body bearing a look of bristling pugnacity that was delicious to see. He could not say much, things were going so well, but he could look his contentiousness, and he did. Even now he would occasionally manage to pick a quarrel that resulted in the customary descent to the office, but not often.

It was one cold December day about three weeks later, when I was just about to announce that I could not delay my departure any longer, that a most dreadful accident occurred. Burke and a number of Italians, including Matt and Jimmie, were down in the main room of the building, looking after the laying of three concrete piers that were to support three columns intended to reinforce the second floor, where heavy storing was to be done, when the boiler of the hoisting-engine, which was located inside the building and just at the juncture of three walls, blew up and knocked the middle section of the wall opposite out into the middle of the great room. It also let down the wall from the space above it, which dislocated fourteen floor-joists, and precipitated all of fourteen thousand bricks that had been placed on the third floor into this room below. For a few moments there was a hurricane of bricks and falling timber; and, when it was over, the mighty Burke and five Italians were found to be embedded, and all but Jimmie more or less seriously injured. Burke, in particular, was unfortunately placed. His body from the waist down was surrounded by a pile of bricks, and across his shoulder a great joist was pressing where it had struck him and cut his neck and ear. He was a pathetic sight when we entered, grim and bleeding, but undaunted.

"I'm tight fast, me lad," he said, as I with others came hurrying up. "It's me legs that's caught, not me body. Give a hand to the men, there. The Eyetalians are underneath."

Disregarding his suggestion, we began working at him, every man throwing away bricks like a machine; but he would not have it.

"'Tend to the men!" he exclaimed, with a touch of his old firmness. "The Eyetalians are under there — Matt and Jimmie. Jasus Christ! can't ye see that I'm all right? Look after the men. I'll be all right till you get the men out. Come, look after the men!"

We fell to this end of the work then, for there was no gainsaying him; and, while we did so, Burke stood embedded in his mass of material, directing us. A fabled giant he seemed, half god, half man, composed in part of flesh, in part of brick and stone, and gazing on our little earthly efforts with the eye of a demi-god.

"Come, now. Get the joist from off the end, there. Take the bricks away from that man. Can't ye see? There's where his head is — there. There! Jasus Christ — theyer!"

You would have thought we were Italians ourselves, and compelled to do his bidding.

After a time we succeeded in releasing all five of the men — Matt badly cut about the head and seriously injured; and Jimmie, the imperturbable Jimmie, a little bit the worse for a brick mark on one shoulder, but otherwise unharmed, and sitting calmly under a shielding joist that had fallen over the hole in which he was digging. He was more or less scared, of course, but comic to look at, even in his fright. "Big-a smash," he exclaimed, when he recovered himself. "Lika da worl' fall. Misha Buck! Misha Buck! Where Misha Buck?"

"Here I am, ye Eyetalian scalawag," exclaimed the unyielding Irishman, genially, but

with a touch of sorrow in his voice at that. "Are ye hurted much?"

"No, Misha Buck. Help Misha Buck," replied Jimmie, grabbing at bricks himself; and so the rescue work began in that quarter.

Even here, however, the peculiar domineering quality of the man's nature was not to be done away with. He deprecated our efforts, this wonderful and exceptional fuss over him, and, when we tugged frantically at joists and beams, he interfered with contentious but what he no doubt deemed salutary objections. "Take your time. Take your time. I'm not so badly fixed as all that. Take your time. Get that board out of the way there, Jimmie."

But he was badly "fixed." His hip was severely crushed by the timbers, and his legs broken, and it was only when we had removed all the bricks that we saw how desperate his condition really was. He was so seriously crushed that he could not stand, and had to be laid out on the canvas tarpaulin which the yard-master had spread on the brick-strewn ground while the doctors of the ambulance worked over him. While they were examining his desperate wounds, he took a critical and quizzical interest in what they were doing, and offered numerous suggestions. Finally, when they were ready to move him, he asked how he was, and, on being told that he was all right, looked curiously around until he caught my eye. I could see that he realized how critical it was with him.

"I'd like to see a priest, Teddy," he whispered; "and, if ye don't mind, I'd like ye to go up to Mount Vernon and tell my wife. They'll be after telegraphin' her if ye don't. Break it easy, if you will. Don't let her think there's anything serious. There's no need of it. I'm not hurted so bad as all that."

I promised, and the next moment one of the doctors shot a spray of cocaine into his hip to relieve what they knew must be his dreadful pain. A few moments later he lost consciousness, after which I left him to the care of the hospital authorities, and hurried away to send the priest and tell his wife.

For two weeks he lingered in a very serious condition, and finally blood-poisoning set in from the injured condition of his kidneys, and he died. I saw him at the hospital a number of times, and, trying to sympathize with his condition, I frequently spoke of what I deemed the dreadful carelessness of it all.

"Ye have to expect thim things," was his one comment. "Ye can't always go unhurted. I never lost a man before, nor had one come to harm. It's the way of things, ye know."

Poor Burke! You'd have thought the whole Italian population of Mount Vernon, where he lived, knew and loved him, the way they turned out at his funeral. It was a state affair for most of them, and they came in hundreds, packing the little brick church, at which he was accustomed to worship, full to overflowing. Matt was there, bandaged and sore, but sorrowful; and Jimmie, artful and scheming in the past, but now thoroughly subdued. He was all sorrow, I think, and sniveled and blubbered and wept hot, blinding tears through the fingers of his dark, leathery hands.

"Misha Buck, Misha Buck," I heard him say, as they bore the body in; and, when they carried the body out of the church, he followed, head down, and as they lowered it in the grave he was inconsolable.

"Misha Buck! Misha Buck! I work-a with him fifteen year."

VANITIES

BY MAUD SPRINGER NESOM

HOW cruel a thing is wrath!
Some farthest, unkind ripple of our rage
Must beat against the one our heart would shield.

How idle a thing is grief!
Since endless tears call back not one small flower
That drifted to its death the summer gone.

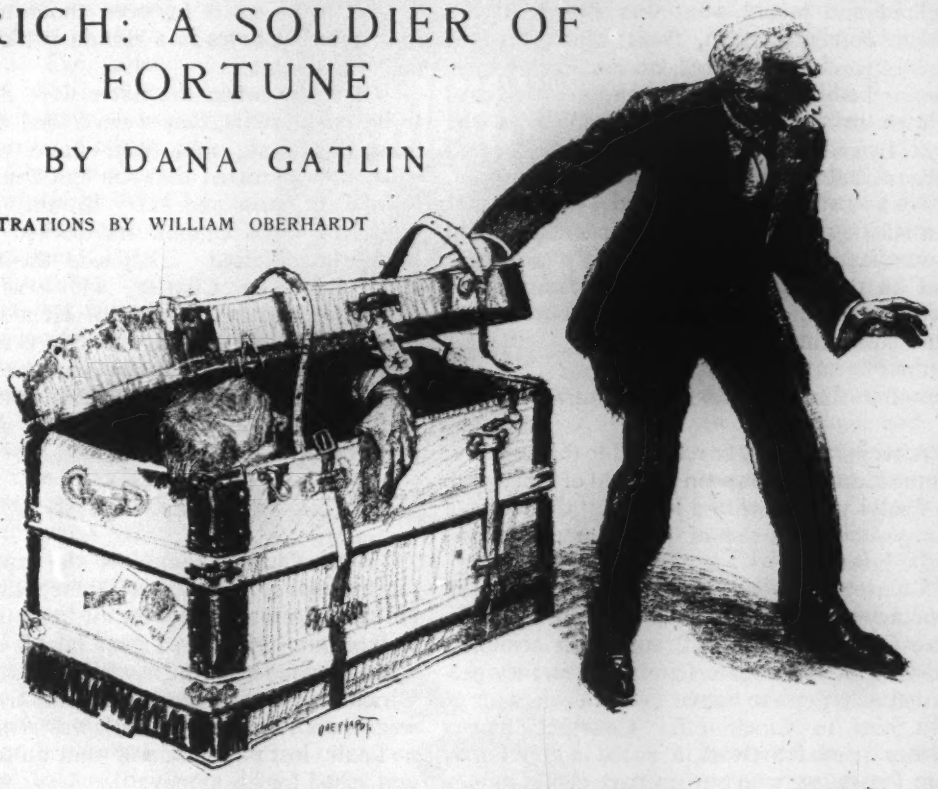
How futile a thing, revenge!
Since, ere our smoldering, heart-hid hate flares high,
All those who wronged us are but still, spent clay.

DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

ULRICH: A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT



"DID I ever tell you about Charley Ulrich?" Burns asked. "Charles F. Ulrich was the greatest counterfeiter the world ever knew until the advent of Taylor and Bredell at Philadelphia. But Ulrich was, perhaps, the most versatile counterfeiter that ever operated. The government itself adopted his method of engraving a national bank note, and has used it ever since. Up to this time, the government had been engraving a complete plate for each bank. Ulrich engraved only one plate, leaving out the title line; he then engraved separately the title lines of the different banks, and combined any one that he wished with the plate of the note. The government at once utilized Ulrich's ingenious device.

"Ulrich came to this country from Germany in 1853. He was a raw young German then, but a real artist. When I knew him he was one of the finest-looking men I ever met — six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with long, curly hair. He was one of the pleasantest and most genial companions in the world, one of the most interesting fellows to talk with on any subject — one of the best posted men I ever knew. He was a gentlemanly fellow, and his principal fault was that he was the best counterfeiter that ever lived.

Ulrich in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava

"There has always been a good deal of mystery about Ulrich's early life, but the criminal records of the day bear out his account to me of his movements after he came to this country. Though he was still only a boy, his fame had preceded him here. After he landed in New York he soon became known as a very talented artist. It was not long before his work caused considerable comment among steel-engravers. They called him the 'young Dutchman.'

"A counterfeiter named Jim Colbert put a shadow on Charley and, finding where he lunched, sat at the same table. He finally got well enough acquainted with him to take him to the theater and show him about the town. At last he induced him to engrave a State bank note, having convinced him that there was a fortune in it. Charley did fine work on the note, but they were both caught and sent to prison for a short term. When Ulrich got out,

the Crimean War was just on, and, falling in with some English recruiting officers, he enlisted in the English army. Charley went to England and joined what was known as the British Foreign Legion, from which he and a few others were selected, on account of their superior bodily and mental equipment, as cavalrymen in the famous body known as the Light Brigade, and he was in the celebrated charge at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson.

"He was struck over the head with a musket by a Russian soldier, his skull was crushed, and he was bayoneted in the side. He was left for dead on the field; but thirty-six hours after, when the English came on the ground, they found him still alive.

How the Counterfeiters Got Charley Again

"After his recovery he returned to this country; but the counterfeiters soon got hold of him again. He finally went in with a fellow by the name of Jimmy Courtney, one of the smartest fellows in the business.

"Charley became acquainted with Jim Courtney through a couple of German girls, Kate Gross and Mary Braun, both criminals and associates of counterfeiters. Courtney persuaded Charley to leave New York and go with him to Cincinnati. Courtney had a partner named Stewart, a noted counterfeiter from Pittsburg, who put up part of the money to buy Ulrich into this deal. But Courtney threw Stewart down at the last moment and took Charley off by himself. He installed him in a little cottage on the Colrain Pike, and there Charley engraved a plate for fifty-cent 'shin-plasters.'

"Stewart found out where Charley was, and put up a job on his old partner. He sent four men out to Cincinnati, who waylaid Charley and Jim Courtney as they were coming into town one day, held them up, told them they were Secret Service officers, and showed them their stars. The bogus sleuths then took the counterfeiters back to their plant, grabbed their plates, took twenty-five hundred dollars away from them, and then let them go. It was a smart job.

"Charley had his share of grit, though. He set right to work and engraved a hundred-dollar-note plate, printed eighteen thousand dollars, gave the counterfeit bills to Kate Gross and Mary Braun, and told them to go out and pass them. The girls acted like a couple of fools. Instead of traveling about, getting the bad money changed for good money in various places, they stopped off in Philadelphia, and bought fourteen thousand dollars' worth of bonds from a woman named Emma Cole, who was the wife of the famous 'Dutch' Cole, a notorious counterfeit promoter. Mrs. Cole deposited the entire fourteen thousand dollars in counterfeit notes in a certain bank in Philadelphia.

"Of course, when the notes were discovered to be counterfeits, they were traced as coming from this bank, and from there to Emma Cole, who admitted that she had bought them from Kate Gross and Mary Braun. After the girls had been caught and locked up, they promptly confessed. They said the notes had been made by Charley, who was then in Cincinnati under the name of Henderson, and that they were just about to ship twenty-eight hundred dollars to him by express. So the Secret Service officers went to Cincinnati, and one of them was installed as clerk in the express office.

Caught in the Express Office

"When Charley came into the express office for his money, he saw a strange clerk there. He said to himself, 'Not for me,' and turned and walked out. He stayed away for ten days; but when he came back the new clerk was still there. Ulrich looked in at the office occasionally for six weeks, and, as the new clerk was always there, he finally lost patience, and went up to the desk and asked for his money.

"'Just wait a moment,' said the clerk; 'we would like to talk with you about this shipment of money.'

"Charley saw that the game was up, and replied: 'I understand the situation thoroughly.'

"He was immediately taken to New York, and placed temporarily in Crow Hill Penitentiary, Brooklyn, where he was put in a cell with a Frenchman who was also under arrest for counterfeiting.

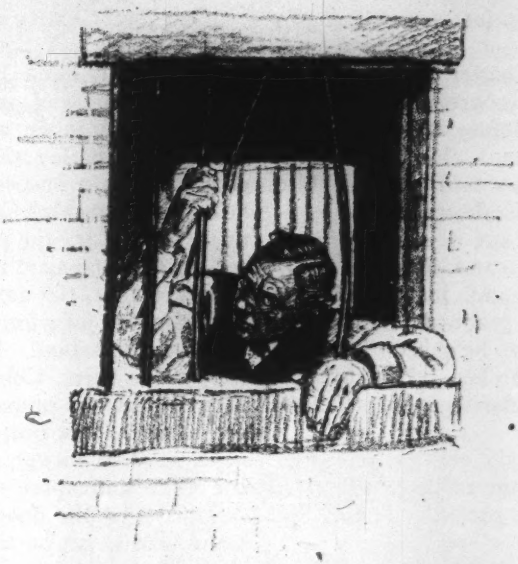
"Even in jail Charley didn't go to sleep. Every day he watched the turnkey lock and unlock his door, until he got every notch in the key fixed in his mind. Then, with a common shoemaker's awl, he cut out a piece of iron from around the wash-place, made a key, opened the door, let himself and the Frenchman out, and they both skipped to Canada.

"In the meantime, his first pal, Jim Colbert, was a fugitive from justice and had already escaped to Canada. Charley found him there, and the three sat around together in the saloons every night. They were not anxious, for there was no extradition in those days. His old pal knew that the officers were wild over Charley's escape, and he decided to turn his partner to good use and ease himself up a bit. He wrote

to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked what could be done for him provided he'd tell where to catch Charley. The Chief wrote back that he'd be allowed to come back to this country. Colbert wrote the Chief to come on over, which he immediately did, taking six or seven men. They rounded Charley up while he was watching a game of billiards. Colbert pointed him out. Charley gave them a good fight, and the result was that the police came running in and arrested them all.

"So there were Charley and the Frenchman in prison again, waiting for their case to be heard, and Charley figuring how he could beat the cell. He did it. They got up on the top corridor, and climbed from there to a little window, pushed the bars aside, and dropped into the yard. Then they found they had a wall to scale. There were a lot of buckets in the yard, and Charley piled them up and held them until the Frenchman got up; then the Frenchman held them down while Charley got up.

"The soldiers outside were marching back and forth, and when they saw Charley and the Frenchman, they fired at them. But the escaped prisoners got to the railroad track, and there they did a very smart thing. They went along the track a good piece, and Charley threw his cap on the ground to put the guards on the wrong scent. Then they sneaked around back the other way, and crossed the river in a rowboat that they stole just above Niagara Falls — they didn't dream how near they were to the Falls.



"THEY GOT UP ON THE TOP CORRIDOR, AND CLIMBED FROM THERE TO A LITTLE WINDOW, PUSHED THE BARS ASIDE, AND DROPPED INTO THE YARD"

"They went to Buffalo, and there Charley bade the Frenchman good-by, and wrote to Jim Courtney at Cincinnati. Courtney had been under arrest for making the hundred-dollar note, but was out on bond, and had all the papers made for getting back into business. He wrote to Charley to come on and meet him in Cleveland. They met there, and Courtney arranged for Ulrich to come on to Cincinnati and get into the business with him.

Betrayed by Another Old Pal

"At Cincinnati Courtney took Charley to the house of a Mrs. Roberts, where Courtney boarded. Courtney then went straight to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked him what he would do to learn the whereabouts of Ulrich. (Poor Charley was the most unfortunate man, in his friends, that I've ever known.)

"'I'll let you off,' said the Chief.

"'All right!' said Jim. 'You can get him at noon to-day. Come to my house and pretend you are searching for him. I will hide him in a chest, so that he won't suspect anything. Then I'll take him down to the C. H. & D. Rail-

road, and you can nail him just as he's going to get on the train.'

"So, at noon, when Charley and Jim were sitting in a room at Mrs. Roberts', in walked the Secret Service officers. Before they got to this room, Jim hid Charley in a chest, and when the Chief came in he was told that his bird had not been there. The officers left.

"'We'll have to clear out in a hurry,' said Jim. 'We'd better try to catch the C. H. & D.'

"They hustled for it, and, just as Charley reached the depot he was grabbed. He seemed to know instinctively that he'd been betrayed again, and he was heartbroken, Charley was, as I've said, one of the most generous fellows I've ever known.

"'If you'll let everybody else go, and wipe the slate clean,' he told the officers, 'I'll plead guilty and turn over my plates.' The officers agreed to this.

Engraved a Portrait on an Old Saw-Blade

"Ulrich was tried, and sent to the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, for fifteen years. He was a model prisoner, and he was allowed to have a little shop in the prison yard. One day he picked up an old circular saw-blade in the yard, and engraved on it a portrait of William Allen, who was at that time the Democratic candidate for Governor. It was one of the most perfect portraits ever engraved.

"When Ulrich had been in prison for seven years, President Hayes pardoned him through the intercession of the warden, Colonel Innis, who thought it a shame that such a clever artist should be shut up. Innis then set him up in an engraving shop in Columbus.

"I was a boy living in Columbus then, and used to watch him go up and down the street, for I'd heard his history and it fascinated me. At times I used to go over to see him, and I little dreamed then how much I was to see of him later.

Charley's Friends Got After Him Again

"When Charley was pardoned, I'm convinced he intended to do what was right. He married, and worked hard. But all through his life his friends were his undoing. After a while old 'Dutch' Cole of Philadelphia came to Columbus to coax him to go to Philadelphia and to engrave a hundred-dollar note. Finally Ulrich was persuaded to go. He took his wife with him. They went to a place outside Philadelphia called Oak Lane, and here Ulrich began to engrave his note, while Cole sat by and jollied him on.

"One day Charley came into town to buy some supplies. A Secret Service man recognized him, followed him home, and made a report. The Chief sent a man out to nail Charley; but, as he was more anxious to get Cole than Charley this time, they agreed to give Charley a suspended sentence, provided he'd help them catch Cole. Charley thought he might as well try the personal-profit game himself, and he arranged to hide two officers in his house, so that, the next time Cole came out to visit him and jolly him up, they might hear the whole conversation. But, one day, when they were to be there, Cole came out unexpectedly. Mrs. Ulrich was preparing dinner, and had set the table for four people. The minute she saw Cole, she had enough presence of mind to grab the table and upset the whole thing — dishes and all — on the floor. Of course she did not want Cole to get on to Charley's relations with the officers.

"'What on earth's the matter?' said Cole, entering.

"'I was trying to fix a caster, and upset the whole thing,' she explained. A little later the officers stepped out and arrested Cole. He was sent to the penitentiary, and died there.

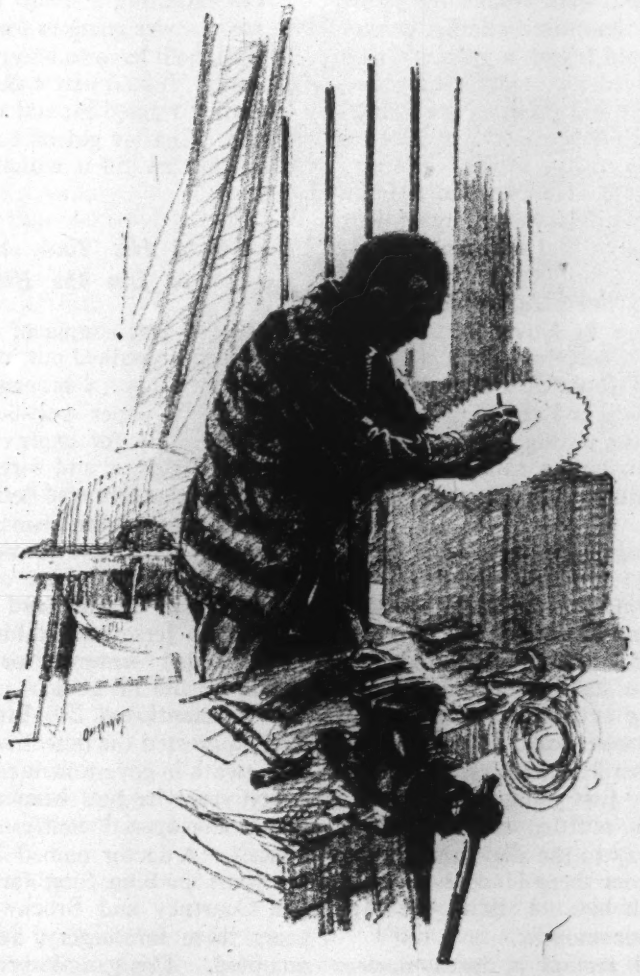
"Charley was given a suspended sentence, and for a time tried to lead an honest life. He went to Trenton, New Jersey, where he was the first man to introduce into this country the painting of pottery. Up to this time it had been done only in Germany. This industry at Trenton has grown to wonderful proportions, and some of the finest pottery is now made there.

Got Away with Nearly $200,000, but His Wife Took in Washing

"Charley, however, finally drifted back to the old gang. Old Bill Brockway and his crowd got after him, and wanted him to engrave some railroad bonds and drafts. Charley refused; but they were so persistent that, rather than mix up in their scheme, he left the country and went back to Germany. This was in the early '80's. While there, he opened a bogus commission house, and a large amount of goods was consigned to him to be sold. He sold the goods and kept the money. He told me he got together nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and was just about ready to leave Germany when they got on to him and sent him to prison. His wife returned to this country, settled in Cincinnati, and took in washing to support her family.

"Our government had determined to keep an eye on Charley, and the German government had promised to let us know when he was

released. But they failed to do so, and Charley came to this country unannounced. Then, when we got word — I was in the service by this time — that he was among us, there was a scurry to locate him.



"ONE DAY HE PICKED UP AN OLD CIRCULAR SAW-BLADE, AND ENGRAVED ON IT A PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR ALLEN"

"Schuyler Donnella was the man who did it. He was watching Mrs. Ulrich's movements. One day she did not go to work as usual. She excused herself later by saying that her husband had just got home. Donnella found this out and reported it to Washington, and I was picked out to go to Cincinnati to work on Ulrich.

How Burns Shadowed Ulrich

"I went to Cincinnati and found out where he was living. There happened to be a little flat for rent directly across the street, but I knew well that Charley had that flat spotted. If a man were mysteriously to move in and lie low, wise Charley would move out the next morning; or, if he did not go, he would behave himself. I was not in Cincinnati to watch Charley behave himself. The very fact that Charley did not report his presence to the government indicated that he didn't intend to keep straight.

"About the first of November, Mrs. Burns and I moved our unpretentious belongings into the flat. The next morning, at six-thirty, I was out with my working-clothes and dinner-bucket, all ready for the eyes of Charley and his wife. I went down the street about two blocks and around the corner, and was thus disposed of for the day for the Ulrich neighbors. But I came in the back way, changed my clothes,

and watched for Charley. When he came out I went out with him — by the back way.

"Charley and his wife watched me each morning as I went to work, and Mrs. Burns watched them. About the fifth morning they did not watch any more. Every morning I'd pick Charley up. He'd walk around the street for blocks, testing to determine whether he was being followed. An old friend, a woman living in Vine Street, received his mail for him, and he'd walk around there and get it. The shadowing had to be done with the greatest care because Charley was unusually crafty. Moreover, he was experienced in the game. He knew most of the tricks of shadow work. However, by patient watching, I was able to find out most of his plans.

"So things went on for a long time," Burns continued. "I began in November, and all through November, December, January, February, and March I took Charley up in the morning and put him to bed at night. Nothing doing. One day I was sitting by the window, armed with my cap, and a sandwich in my pocket, when Mrs. Burns called to me.

Detective Burns "on the Move"

"'I wish you'd bring in some coal,' she said. We had an extra room in the rear that we used only to keep coal in. So I told her to watch that gate across the street, between the two buildings and giving entrance to both, and I took the bucket and went back. I had dropped just one lump in when I heard Mrs. Burns call:

"'There he goes! Just going away!'

"I dropped the scuttle, and ran down through the back way to the alley, and then to the next corner; from there I could go down the street and catch him. I didn't see Mrs. Burns again for four months.

"Charley walked around a dozen squares and down an alley, testing things thoroughly. Finally, he went to the Chesapeake & Ohio ticket office, and I saw him buy a ticket. Just as he stepped out, I ran up to the window.

"'I promised to meet my uncle here right now,' I said. 'He's a big tall man' — here I gave an accurate description of Ulrich. 'Did he get his ticket?'

"'Yes,' said the agent.

"'Give me one just like it.'

"He gave me a ticket to New York. I took a car, and got to the station before Charley, who walked down. I boarded the train that left at twelve-one, and took a seat. Charley never saw me at all, but I could see him standing out there, watching everybody who got on the train. Finally, when it was coming time to close the gate, he went over to the guard.

"'I'm expecting a friend who was to go out with me; he was going to meet me here.'

"'Well, he'll have to hurry. We're going out right away. You'd better get on.'

"Charley walked in, and the guard slammed the gate. Charley got on the train, absolutely certain that he did it without anybody knowing it.

MARY BRAUN

Ulrich Had His Tools and Was on His Way to Join the Brockway Gang

"For the first couple of hours he sat very close; then he walked out into the smoking-car to smoke his pipe. I managed to look over his baggage,— a paper suit-box,— and found a complete outfit for engraving plates. I left them as they were, and wired to Chief William P. Hazen, who arranged to have Operative W. J. McManus meet the train at Philadelphia and go on to New York with me. On the way we determined on our course of action. We concluded to nail Charley, and give him a choice of going to Jersey and taking his fifteen years of suspended sentence, or helping us catch Brockway and his gang.

"I've mentioned Bill Brockway to you before," digressed the detective. "He cut quite a wide swath in government criminal circles. For thirty years he had been a counterfeiter; he took some special courses in Harvard to fit himself. A doctor named Bradford was doing ten years in Sing Sing for malpractice while Jim Courtney and Brockway were doing ten years there for forgery, and they all got acquainted. This gang later got together in New York, and had Sidney Smith engrave a five-hundred-dollar gold certificate. Then they thought it better to have Charley engrave it, and he was on his way to meet them.

"When we arrived, Charley went into a telegraph office and sat down to write a telegram, commencing with the body of the message, without writing the name of the person to whom it was to be sent.

"'Have just arrived,' he wrote, and then realized that somebody was looking over his shoulder. He looked up at me; I looked down at him.

"'Are you interested in this?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Well,' he said, 'maybe you had better write it.'

"'All right; I will.' I took the pen and wrote in the name and address of the fellow the message was to, and signed it with Ulrich's name.

"Charley sat back, looking at me. 'You *are* interested, aren't you?' That was all he said.

"'Yes,' I replied. 'And I want you to come with me.'

"'May I ask your name?'

"'Burns is my name.'

"'Burns?'

"'Yes — Burns.'

"'William J. Burns?'

"'Yes, William J. Burns.'

"'Well, Mr. Burns, I'm very glad to meet you—but not under these circumstances I know of you, but have never seen you before.'

"'Are you quite sure that you never saw me before this?'

"'Never in my life.'

"'Do you remember engraving a picture of Governor William Allen on a circular saw-blade in Columbus?'

"'Yes, I remember that very well—very well.'

"'I used to live in Columbus, and I used to go out to see you there.' And we shook hands.

"'DO YOU WANT TO TAKE THE FIFTEEN YEARS THAT'S COMING TO YOU, OR WILL YOU HELP US ROUND UP THESE CROOKS THAT HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING BUT PLAY YOU FALSE?'"

Burns Told Ulrich His Friends Had Ruined Him

"'Now, Charley,' said I, getting down to business, 'the situation is this. Away back in '56 they landed you and "Key Jim"; and in an effort to get himself out of it, Jim told who the engraver was. You got two years.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You got out, went away to war, came back, and Jim Courtney took you to Cincinnati and gave you up.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You beat it and went to Canada, and were given up there.'

"'By Gott! That's right! That's history.'

"'You beat it again, went to Canada, were given up again, and beat it again. You got back to Cincinnati with Jim, and he gave you up. It was a succession of betrayals, one after another, Charley. There never has been a man who has profited by your work who has ever helped you out. The man who let you do the work has always got big money, while you went to prison to live. Your wife had to come from Europe alone, and wash clothes early and late. When you came home, you found that she had worked hard, had made good friends, and brought up your children well. You, like a big loafer, were willing to sit around and allow your evil friends, who are not friends at all, to get you into trouble again and put you in prison. You never take a thought of those young girls, just becoming women, that your wife has worked so hard for. You don't mind their being pointed out as the daughters of Charley Ulrich, the notorious counterfeiter.' I handed talk like that out to Charley until the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"'What's the use of reminding me of all that?' he cried.

"'Because you need it. I want to ask you a question. Do you want to go to New Jersey and take the fifteen years that's coming to you, or do you want to come in with us,— help us

"'DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU,' I SAID POLITELY. BUT HIS APPETITE WAS GONE"

round up these crooks that have never done anything but play you false,— and live right with God and man and your family?'

"'By Gott! I want to go with you. Mr. Burns, I'll be absolutely loyal to you.'

Charley Helped Burns Run Down the Brockway Gang

"We put him in a carriage and took him up to the St. James Hotel. When the Chief heard of my proposal to Charley, he didn't like it. He didn't mean to let Charley out of his sight. But I pointed out my view of the matter to him. The Chief was the responsible man, and he agreed to take the chance.

"I let Charley roam around and meet the fellows we were after. He and Dr. Bradford had quite a time together. At last I got a letter from Charley telling me that he was with the gang at a place on Ann Street, West Hoboken, and that that was the place to find what I was after. So I went right ahead.

"When we raided the Ann Street place, Charley was there, and they were eating lunch—Charley, Abbie Smith, and a fellow named Wagner. Wagner and Mrs. Smith made the paper for the counterfeit notes by taking two pieces of paper the width and size of the note and putting silk threads between them. Poor Wagner was eating heartily when he caught sight of me.

"'Don't let me disturb you,' I said politely. But his appetite was gone.

"'What do you want?' demanded Mrs. Smith.

"'We're government officers,' I replied. 'I want to notify you that your house is under arrest.'

"Charley kept right on eating. I looked at the woman.

"'What is your name?'

"'Mrs. Abbie Smith.'

"'What is your name?'—I turned to Wagner.

"'Johnson.'

"I looked at Charley. 'What is your name?'

"'Schmidt.'

"'You are a German, aren't you?'

"'Yes, I'm a German.'

"'What are you doing here?' I then asked him.

Before he could answer, Abbie spoke up:

"'He is my uncle and is visiting here.'

"'That's peculiar,' said I. 'One Smith and the other Schmidt.'

"'No,' said Abbie; 'Schmidt is the German for Smith.'

"'Haven't I seen you before?' I asked Charley.

"'Perhaps you have. I live in Boston.'

"Then we began a search. Upstairs we found a complete printing outfit, over two million dollars in counterfeit gold certificates and hundred-dollar notes, and one oil-cloth printing-apron. Perhaps that seems a trifling thing to you, but it resulted in the conviction of Brockway.

"Well, before we got through we had Jimmy Courtney, Dr. Bradford, and, as you know, Bill Brockway. For a whole year, during the time of arrests and trials, I kept Ulrich right with me, day and night. The whole story of the chase after these clever men is too long to tell now. It was the first time the government had

ever got Brockway. Before that he had always escaped punishment by turning up the engraver and surrendering the plates.

"This time Brockway was sentenced to ten years in a New Jersey prison. He served his time and is still living. Dr. Bradford got five years in a New York State prison, but he died before his time was up. After his death $80,000's worth of securities were found in his cell. Jimmy Courtney escaped a sentence on the Brockway case, but we found an indictment against him in Detroit, Michigan, thirty years previous, and he had to stand trial on this. He was convicted, and, after serving a part of his time, he was pardoned. Then he disappeared, and no one has heard of him since.

"To go back to Charley, I must say that he played square with me. As a matter of fact, I became very much attached to him. He stuck close to me, because he knew that was his best protection against his former friends. I took him with me down to Florida, where I had to investigate some Cuban filibuster cases. He lived an honest life from this time on until his death about three years ago.

"So there you have Charley Ulrich's story. He was a fellow of wonderful talent, and one of the best counterfeiters in history. If he had turned his skill and ability to any honest business he might have gone far in the world. With all his cleverness, he'd taken the worst possible way of 'making money.'"

A ROSE IN DECEMBER

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

WELL can I mind your mother; the pity it is she's gone,
An' her sort is lost out of Ireland, women like her there's none!
Blue were the eyes an' kindly, soft an' slow was the tongue;
I mind her words the betther for that, an' the quare ould songs she sung;
She had many a poor one's blessin', an' blessin' she'd give *golor*,
Aye, a rose in December was growin' by her door.

But you were all the daughter she had, an', faith, 'twas just as well!
For if it wasn't for manners, now, straight to your face I'd tell
That two like you is too many, an' one is more than enough,
But rightly I know for an ould man's talk you'll care not a pinch o' snuff;
For looks you were never the peel of her; for l'arnin' — I may be a fool,
But I wouldn't give much for the l'arnin' that's got at the National School.

Young people should be *conducted*, but that's where they're all asthray;
There were none o' this loiterin' home from fairs in Father McCarthy's day.
'Twas he would ha' had their lives for less, so he would then, who but he!
Your mother he called "the flower o' Layde," an' none minds that but me;
An' she had the voice of a song-thrush, but you have the laugh of a jay —
Och, she was a rose in December, but you are a frost in May!

A Citizen of Calais

by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

O mort, vieux Capitaine, il est temps, levons l'ancre,
Le pays nous ennuie, O mort, apparaillons!

—BAUDELAIRE.

JACQUES DE WISSANT stood in his wife's boudoir. It was a strange and beautiful room, likely to linger in the memory of those who knew its strange and beautiful mistress. The walls were draped with old Persian shawls, the furniture was of red Chinese lacquer. Pale blue and faded yellow silk cushions softened the formal angularity of the wide cane-seated couch and low square chairs. There was a deep crystal bowl filled with midsummer flowering roses on the table, laden with books, by which Claire often sat long hours, reading poetry and prose written by authors of whom her husband had only vaguely heard, but of whom he definitely disapproved.

It was nine o'clock in the morning of a hot August day. The window was wide open, and there floated in from the garden, which sloped away to the edge and, indeed, over the low, crumbling cliff, fragrant salt-laden odors, dominated by the clean, sharp scent thrown from huge shrubs of red and white geraniums.

But Jacques de Wissant was unconscious, uncaring of the beauty round him, either in the room or without; and when, at last, he walked forward to the window, his face hardened as his eyes instinctively sought out the spot where, built on the edge of the great expanse of sand to the left, lay the quarters of the Submarine Flotilla. These buildings were actually on his land, and he had eagerly assented to their being placed there; yet now he would have given much — and he was a careful man — to have had them swept away, transferred to the other side of Calais. Down there, within but a few minutes' walk, dwelt Jacques de Wissant's secret foe; for the man of whom he was acutely, miserably jealous was Commander Dupré, the naval officer commanding the Submarine Station.

The owner of the Pavillon de Wissant seldom entered the room where he now stood impatiently waiting for his wife, and he never did so without looking round him with distaste, and remembering with an odd, wistful feeling the room as it had been in his mother's time. Then *le boudoir de Madame* had reflected the tastes and simple interests of an old-fashioned, provincial lady born in the year that Louis Philippe came to the throne. The man standing there greatly preferred the room as it had been to what it was now! Over the low marble mantelpiece, where were arranged a trophy of ancient Chinese weapons sent home by Claire de Wissant's admiral father in 1899, there had hung, in Jacques' own childhood, a large engraving of a painting by Delaroche, showing the Citizens of Calais, each with a halter round his neck, prepared for the great sacrifice. Especially prominent among them — or so the grave little boy had always secretly hugged the thought to himself — was the austere figure of his own ancestor and name-sake, that Jacques de Wissant who, according to tradition, was the first to follow Eustache de St. Pierre in the path of perilous honor.

The engraving, dethroned from its pride of place, now hung in the room where the twin daughters of the house, Clairette and Jacqueline, did their lessons with their English governess.

Clairette and Jacqueline! Jacques de Wissant's lantern-jawed, expressionless face quickened into feeling as he thought of his two little girls. They were the pride, as well as the only

vivid interest and pleasure, of his life. All that he dispassionately admired in his wife was, so he sometimes told himself with satisfaction, repeated in his daughters. They had inherited their mother's look of race, her fastidiousness and refinement of bearing, while lacking — fortunately — Claire's dangerous personal beauty, her touch of eccentricity, and her discontent with life — or, rather, with the life that Jacques de Wissant, in spite of a gnawing ache and longing that nothing could still or assuage, yet found good.

Jacques de Wissant was a narrow-built man of forty-six; his clean-shaven, rather fleshy face was very pale; and on this hot August morning he was dressed in a gray frock-coat and a pale yellow waistcoat. On his wife's writing-table lay his tall hat and lemon-colored gloves.

As Mayor of Calais — a position he owed to his historic name and to his wealth — he had to perform civil marriages, and to-day, it being the eve of the Assumption, there were to be a great many weddings celebrated in the Hôtel de Ville.

Suddenly there broke on his ear the sound of a low, full voice, singing. It came from the next room, his wife's bedroom, and the mournful, passionate words of the old soldier song rang out, full of a desolate pain and sense of bitter loss:

"Je me suis engagé,
Pour l'amour d'une belle —
À cause d'un baiser
Qu'elle m'a refusé ——"

and then the refrain in a minor key:

"À cause d'un baiser qu'elle m'a refusé."

He knocked twice, sharply, on his wife's door.

The song broke short, and there followed a perceptible pause before he heard her say, "Come in."

Claire de Wissant was standing before a long, narrow mirror placed at right angles to a window looking straight out to sea. Her short, narrow, dark-blue skirt and long blue silk jersey silhouetted her slender figure, which remained so supple, so — so young, in spite of her twelve-year-old daughters. There was something shy and wild, untamed and yet beckoning, in the oval face, now drawn with pain and sleeplessness, in the gray, almond-shaped eyes, reddened with secret tears, and in the firm, delicately modeled mouth. She was engaged in tucking up her dark, curling hair under a gray yachting-cap, and for a few minutes she neither spoke nor looked to see who was standing in the door.

When she at last turned away from the mirror and saw her husband, the color, rushing into her pale face, caused an unbecoming flush to cover it.

"I thought it was one of the children," she said, a little breathlessly. And then she waited, assuming — or so her husband thought — an air at once of patience and of surprise which angered him. Her look of strain, of positive illness, also vaguely alarmed him. Could she be grieving so about her younger sister, Marie-Anne, the wife of an Italian officer, who was now ill of scarlet fever at Mantua? Two days ago Claire had implored him to allow her to go and nurse Marie-Anne. He had refused, not unkindly, but quite firmly. Claire's duty lay at Calais with her husband and children, not at Mantua with her sister.

As he said nothing, she again broke silence. "Well?" she said. "Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

Seeing that he still did not answer, she added: "I am lunching with Madeleine, but I shall be home by three o'clock."

Jacques de Wissant frowned. He did not like or approve of Madeleine Guiard. This summer she had hired a furnished villa close to the beach that ran below the Pavillon de Wissant, and there she often entertained the officers of the Submarine Flotilla. From her brother-in-law's point of view, this was very far from "correct" conduct on the part of a young widow.

"I suppose you are on your way to some important town function?" There was a slight, mocking smile on Claire's face. She disliked the town and the town folk, and she hated the vast old family house standing in the market-place, where she had to spend each winter.

"To-day is the fourteenth of August," said Jacques de Wissant, in his deliberate voice, "and I have a great many marriages to celebrate this morning."

"Ah, yes, of course!" Claire de Wissant spoke with the courteous indifference, the lack of interest in her husband's concerns, that she had early schooled him to endure.

But all at once there came a change in her voice, in her manner. "Why, to-day — to-day is our wedding-day! How stupid of me to forget! We must tell Jacqueline and Clairette; it will amuse them."

Jacques de Wissant came forward into the room, and, as he did so, his wife moved abruptly away from where she had been standing, thus maintaining the distance between them. But Claire de Wissant need not have been afraid; her husband had his own strict code of man-

ners, and to this code he ever remained faithful. He had a remarkable mastery of his emotions, and he had always shown so singular a power of self-restraint that his wife, not unreasonably, sometimes doubted if he had any emotions to master, any passionate feelings to restrain. All he now did was to take a shagreen case out of his pocket and hold it out toward her.

"Claire," he said, "I have brought you, in memory of our wedding-day, a little gift which I hope you will like. It is a medallion of the children." And, as she at last came close to him, he pressed a spring and revealed a dull-gold medal on which, modeled in high relief and superposed the one on the other, were Clairette's and Jacqueline's young, delicately pure profiles.

A light came into Claire de Wissant's heavy-lidded eyes. She looked surprised and touched. She held out a hesitating hand, and Jacques de Wissant, before placing the shagreen case in it, took his wife's hand in his, and, bending rather awkwardly, kissed it lightly.

To Claire the touch of her husband's lips was hateful — so hateful, indeed, that she had to make a great effort to hide the feeling of physical repulsion which had suddenly engulfed her in certain dark recesses of memory and revolt.

"It is a charming medallion," she said hurriedly — "a work of art, Jacques; and I thank you for having thought of it! It gives me great, very great pleasure."

And then something happened which was to her so utterly unexpected that she gave a cry of pain, almost, it seemed, of fear.

As she had forced herself to look into his face, the anguish in her own sore heart unlocked the key to his, and she perceived the suffering, the dumb longing, she had never allowed herself to know were there. For the first time since her marriage,— since that wedding-day of exactly thirteen years ago,— Claire de Wissant felt pity for another than herself. She realized that her husband, like herself, was enmeshed in a web of tragic circumstance.

"Jacques!" she cried. "Oh, Jacques!" And, as she so uttered his name twice, there came a look of acute distress, and then of sudden resolution, in her face. "I wish you to know," she said, "that — that — if I were a wicked woman I should perhaps be a better wife." Thanks to the language in which she spoke, there was a play on the word — the word that in French signifies woman as well as wife.

He looked at her fixedly, but he made no comment on her strange speech. At one time — not lately, but many years ago — she had sometimes tried his patience by the odd, unreasonable things she said; and Claire, knowing that this had been so, now told herself, with quick, exultant relief, that Jacques had not understood — that he was, as she had always supposed him to be till to-day, dull and unperceptive. With a nervous smile, she turned again to her mirror, and then Jacques de Wissant, with her words ringing in his ears, left the room.

Ah, yes, he had understood! There are things that all men and all women, when tortured by jealousy, well understand, however dull, however unperceptive they may be. Jacques de Wissant believed that he was now justified in his suspicions. His wife, moved by some obscure desire for self-revelation to which he had no clue, had flung at him the truth. Yes, no doubt she could have made him happy — so little would have contented his hunger for her — had she been one of those light women of whom he sometimes heard, who from their husbands' kisses go to those of their lovers.' He knew nothing of such women. The men of his race had known how to acquire honest wives, ay, and keep them so. There had never been in the de Wissant family any of those ugly scandals that stain other clans, and which are remembered over generations in French provincial towns.

At last he looked at his watch. It was still early. If he started now, at once, he would be at the Hôtel de Ville by ten o'clock, when the first of the marriages he had to celebrate that morning was timed to take place.

As he drove the five miles into the town, keeping his fine horses well in hand, Jacques de Wissant found it impossible to think of any matter but that which for the moment filled his heart to the exclusion of all else — his own relation to his wife, his wife's relation to Commander Dupré. In his distress of mind — for his wife's sudden confidence had outraged his sense of what was decent and fitting, and had increased a thousandfold his jealous misery — he went back to the past. His parents' uneventful happy married life lay spread before him retrospectively. They had been married in the good old way; that is, up to their wedding-day, they had never met save in the presence of their respective parents and relations. And yet, how devoted they had been to each other! So completely one in thought, in interest, in sympathy, that when his father died his mother had not known how to go on living. But Jacques had been difficult to please, and he was already thirty-three when he met Claire de Kergouet at her first ball. She was only seventeen, with but the promise of a beauty that was now in exquisite flower; yet he had decided, there and then, in the course of two hours, that this Demoiselle

de Kergouet was alone worthy of becoming Madame Jacques de Wissant.

And, on the whole, his prudent parents had blessed his choice, for the girl was of the best Breton stock, and came of a famous naval family. It was Claire's grandfather who, at Trafalgar, when both his legs had been shattered by a shell, bade his men place him in a barrel of bran, that he might go on commanding, in the hour of defeat, to the end. She had had no dowry to speak of; but Jacques de Wissant had not allowed his parents to give the matter of Claire's fortune more than a regretful thought; indeed, he had gone further — he had "recognized" a dowry that was non-existent, to save the pride of her family.

But Claire — he could not help thinking of it to-day with a sense of bitter injury — had never seemed grateful, had never seemed to understand all that had been done for her.

In the beginning of their married life he had poured splendid gifts upon her, and, what had been far more difficult to him, within reason he had satisfied all her fantasies. But naught had availed to secure him even a semblance of that steadfast, warm affection, that sincere interest and pride in his concerns, which is all such a Frenchman as Jacques de Wissant expects, or indeed desires, of his wedded wife. Had she been such a woman, his own passion for her would have soon dulled into a reasonable, comfortable liking. But Claire's coldness, her aloofness, had kept alive his hidden fires, the more so — so ironic are the tricks that nature plays — that for many years past he had troubled her but very little with his intimate company.

And yet, not until within the last few months had Jacques de Wissant ever felt jealous of his wife. There had been times when he had been angered by the way in which her young beauty, her indefinable, mysterious charm, attracted the men who came to their house. But Claire, he had always admitted to himself, was no flirt; she was ever perfectly "correct." "Correct" was a word dear to Jacques de Wissant; it was one that he used as a synonym for great things — honor, fineness of conduct, loyalty.

And then — and then there had come a man into the slow, decorous life of the Pavillon de Wissant, and he had brought him there. How bitter it now was to look back and remember how much he had liked — liked because he had respected — Commander Dupré! He had come to hate him, and would have liked to despise him. But that he could not do. Commander Dupré was all that Jacques de Wissant had taken him to be — a brilliant officer, devoted to his profession, already noted in the service as having made an important improvement in the steering-gear of submarine craft.

True, Commander Dupré soon did not trouble him by his material presence at the Pavillon de Wissant: for a long time past the naval officer had come there only when good breeding required him to pay a formal call on his nearest neighbor and sometime host, the Mayor of Calais. But Claire saw him constantly at her sister's house, the Chalet des Dunes; and she was both too proud and too indifferent, it appeared, to her husband's view of what a young married woman's conduct should be, to conceal the fact. This openness on Claire's part was at once her husband's consolation and his opportunity for endless self-torture.

II

It was one o'clock, and the last of the wedding parties had left the great hall of the Calais Hôtel de Ville. Jacques de Wissant took up his hat and gloves — and then a look of annoyance came over his weary face, for he heard the swinging of a door. Probably his clerk was coming back to ask him some useless question. Jacques de Wissant always found it difficult to leave the Hôtel de Ville at the exact moment he wished to do so; for, although all the officials were afraid of the Mayor, they were far more afraid of his cold anger if business of any importance were done without his knowledge and sanction. But it was not his clerk who wished to intercept him on his way out; it was the chief of the employees in the telephone and telegraph department of the building, a forward, pushing young man whom Jacques de Wissant disliked.

"M'sieur le Maire — " The speaker stopped short, daunted by Jacques de Wissant's look of impatient fatigue. "Has M'sieur le Maire heard the news?" He gathered courage; it is always exciting to be the bearer of news, especially of bad news.

Jacques de Wissant shook his head.

"There has been an accident, M'sieur le Maire — a terrible accident! One of the submarines — they don't yet know which it is — has been struck by the Dover steamer. The craft has sunk in the fairway of the Channel, about two miles out!"

Jacques de Wissant uttered an exclamation of horror. "When did it happen?" he asked quickly.

"About half an hour ago, more or less. *I* said that M'sieur le Maire ought to be informed at once of such a calamity; but I was told to wait till the marriages were over."

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But Claire — he could not help thinking of it to-day with a sense of bitter injury — had never seemed grateful, had never seemed to understand all that had been done for her.

In the beginning of their married life he had poured splendid gifts upon her, and, what had been far more difficult to him, within reason he had satisfied all her fantasies. But naught had availed to secure him even a semblance of that steadfast, warm affection, that sincere interest and pride in his concerns, which is all such a Frenchman as Jacques de Wissant expects, or indeed desires, of his wedded wife. Had she been such a woman, his own passion for her would have soon dulled into a reasonable, comfortable liking. But Claire's coldness, her aloofness, had kept alive his hidden fires, the more so — so ironic are the tricks that nature plays — that for many years past he had troubled her but very little with his intimate company.

And yet, not until within the last few months had Jacques de Wissant ever felt jealous of his wife. There had been times when he had been angered by the way in which her young beauty, her indefinable, mysterious charm, attracted the men who came to their house. But Claire, he had always admitted to himself, was no flirt; she was ever perfectly "correct." "Correct" was a word dear to Jacques de Wissant; it was one that he used as a synonym for great things — honor, fineness of conduct, loyalty.

And then — and then there had come a man into the slow, decorous life of the Pavillon de Wissant, and he had brought him there. How bitter it now was to look back and remember how much he had liked — liked because he had respected — Commander Dupré! He had come to hate him, and would have liked to despise him. But that he could not do. Commander Dupré was all that Jacques de Wissant had taken him to be — a brilliant officer, devoted to his profession, already noted in the service as having made an important improvement in the steering-gear of submarine craft.

True, Commander Dupré soon did not trouble him by his material presence at the Pavillon de Wissant: for a long time past the naval officer had come there only when good breeding required him to pay a formal call on his nearest neighbor and sometime host, the Mayor of Calais. But Claire saw him constantly at her sister's house, the Chalet des Dunes; and she was both too proud and too indifferent, it appeared, to her husband's view of what a young married woman's conduct should be, to conceal the fact. This openness on Claire's part was at once her husband's consolation and his opportunity for endless self-torture.

II

It was one o'clock, and the last of the wedding parties had left the great hall of the Calais Hôtel de Ville. Jacques de Wissant took up his hat and gloves — and then a look of annoyance came over his weary face, for he heard the swinging of a door. Probably his clerk was coming back to ask him some useless question. Jacques de Wissant always found it difficult to leave the Hôtel de Ville at the exact moment he wished to do so; for, although all the officials were afraid of the Mayor, they were far more afraid of his cold anger if business of any importance were done without his knowledge and sanction. But it was not his clerk who wished to intercept him on his way out; it was the chief of the employees in the telephone and telegraph department of the building, a forward, pushing young man whom Jacques de Wissant disliked.

"M'sieur le Maire — " The speaker stopped short, daunted by Jacques de Wissant's look of impatient fatigue. "Has M'sieur le Maire heard the news?" He gathered courage; it is always exciting to be the bearer of news, especially of bad news.

Jacques de Wissant shook his head.

"There has been an accident, M'sieur le Maire — a terrible accident! One of the submarines — they don't yet know which it is — has been struck by the Dover steamer. The craft has sunk in the fairway of the Channel, about two miles out!"

Jacques de Wissant uttered an exclamation of horror. "When did it happen?" he asked quickly.

"About half an hour ago, more or less. *I* said that M'sieur le Maire ought to be informed at once of such a calamity; but I was told to wait till the marriages were over."

Looking furtively at the Mayor's face, the young man regretted that he had not interrupted the weddings. There was an old feud between the municipal and the naval authorities,— there always is in a Continental port,— and the Mayor ought certainly to have been among the very first to hear the news of the disaster.

"The Admiral has only just driven by," he observed insinuatingly, "not five minutes ago —"

Jacques de Wissant shook the man off impatiently. He strode out of the hall into the street, and joined the hurrying crowd, which grew denser as it swept down the tortuous, narrow ways leading to the harbor.

The end of the pier was already roped off, only the officially privileged being allowed to go through to the spot where now stood the Admiral de Saint Vilquier, impatiently waiting for the tug that was to take him out to the scene of the disaster. He was a naval officer of the old school, that is, an aristocrat who always went to church, who called his men "my children," and who detested the republican form of government.

As Jacques de Wissant hurried up to him, he turned and stiffly saluted the Mayor of Calais. The old Admiral had no liking for Jacques de Wissant — a cold prig of a fellow, who was married to such a beautiful, such a charming woman, the daughter, too, of one of the Admiral's oldest friends — that Admiral de Kergouet with whom he had first gone to sea a matter of forty years ago. His old friend's daughter was worthy of a better fate than to be the wife of this plain, cold-blooded landsman.

"Do they yet know which of the submarines has gone down?" asked de Wissant. He was full of a burning curiosity edged with a longing and a suspense into whose secret sources he had no wish to thrust a probe.

"Yes, the news has just come in; but it isn't yet to be made public. It's the submarine *Neptune* that was struck — with Commander Dupré, Lieutenant Paritot, and ten men on board. They're eighteen fathoms down."

And then, hearing the other utter an inarticulate cry,— was it of horror or only of surprise? — the Admiral, moved by the Mayor's emotion, relaxed into a confidential undertone: "Poor Dupré! I had forgotten that you know him well. He has, indeed, been pursued by fate. As, of course, you are aware, he applied a short time ago to be transferred to Toulon, and his appointment is in to-day's *Gazette*. In fact, he was actually leaving Calais to-morrow to spend a week with his family before taking up his new command!"

Jacques de Wissant made no comment on what was to him a very surprising piece of information. He was telling himself that if this were true — and of course it was true — he had been mistaken as no man had ever been mistaken before! In a few moments his mind traversed a whole gamut of conflicting emotions, in which relief and a touch of sharp self-condemnation predominated.

The fact that Commander Dupré had applied for promotion (he supposed it to be promotion) was surely a proof that there had been nothing — that is, nothing of any consequence — between the naval officer and Claire.

There came over Jacques de Wissant, as he stood there on the pier, staring out, as all those about him and behind him were doing, at the great expanse of dark blue, foam-flecked sea, a great lightening of spirit. But, all too soon, his mind, his memory, swung back to the tragic business of the moment.

The Admiral went on, addressing himself rather than the silent man by his side. "The devil of it is," he exclaimed, "that the nearest salvage appliances are at Cherbourg! Thank God, the Ministry of Marine are alone responsible for that blunder! Dupré and his comrades have, it seems, thirty-six hours' supply of oxygen — if, indeed, they are still living, which I feel tempted to hope they are not. You see, Monsieur de Wissant, I was at Bizerta when the *Lutin* sank. A man doesn't want to remember two such incidents in his career."

"I suppose it isn't yet known how far the *Neptune* was injured?"

"No; but we shall learn something of that presently. The divers are on their way there. But — but even if the craft sustained no injury, what can *they* do? Ants might as well attempt to pierce a cannon-ball." He shrugged his shoulders, oppressed by the vision his homely simile had conjured up.

And then, suddenly, Jacques de Wissant bethought himself that it was most unlikely that any news of the accident could yet have reached the Chalet des Dunes, the lonely villa on the shore, where Claire was lunching with her sister; but at any moment some casual visitor from the town might come in there with the news. He told himself, uneasily, that it would be well, if possible, to save his wife from such a shock. After all, she and Dupré had been good friends; so much must be admitted — nay, he was now eager to admit it.

He touched the older man on the arm. "I should be grateful, Admiral, for the loan of your motor-car. I have just remembered that I ought to go home for an hour. This terrible affair made me forget it; but I shall not be long — indeed, I cannot be, for there will be all sorts

"CLAIRE DE WISSANT WAS STANDING BEFORE A LONG, NARROW MIRROR PLACED AT RIGHT ANGLES TO A WINDOW"

of arrangements to be made at the Hôtel de Ville. Of course we shall be besieged with inquiries, with messages from Paris, with telegrams ——"

"My car is entirely at your disposal." The Admiral could not help feeling, even at so sad a moment as this, a little satirical amusement. Arrangements at the Hôtel de Ville, forsooth! If the end of the world were in sight, the claims of the municipality of Calais must not be neglected or forgotten.

Not till Jacques de Wissant was actually in the car did he give his instructions to the chauffeur. "Take me to the Chalet des Dunes as quickly as you can drive without danger," he said briefly. "You probably know where it is."

And then, for the first time that day, Jacques de Wissant began to feel pleasantly cool; nay, there even came over him a certain exhilaration.

He remembered with a shamed feeling of distaste his own state of mind and body that very morning. He had then been in the mood to kill Dupré — or, rather, in the mood to welcome the news of his death with fierce joy; and then, simultaneously with his discovery of how groundless had been his jealousy, he had learned the awful fact that the man whom he had wrongly accused lay out there, buried and yet alive, beneath the glistening sea that stretched out, like a great blue pall, to his right!

A bend in the road, and the sea was spread out, an opaque, glistening sheet of steel, before him. He looked out, with a feeling of melancholy and fearful curiosity, to the spot where already a swarm of craft, great and small, marked the place where the *Neptune* lay, eighteen fathoms deep.

He got up and touched the chauffeur on the shoulder. "Stop here," he said. "You needn't drive up to the house. I want you to turn and wait for me at the Pavillon de Wissant. Ask the servants to give you lunch. I may be half an hour, I may be an hour; but I want to get back to Calais as soon as I can."

The house looked singularly quiet and deserted, and Jacques de Wissant became vaguely uneasy. He reconsidered his plan of action. If the two sisters were alone together — as he supposed them to be — he would go in and quietly tell them what had happened. It would be making altogether too much of the matter to send for Claire; she would very properly resent it.

He pulled the rusted bell-handle. How absurd to have ironwork in such a place! There followed what seemed to him a long pause, and he rang again.

At last the door was opened by his sister-in-law, Madame Guiard, herself; and, in the midst of his own agitation and unease, he saw that there was a look of embarrassment on the face that Madeleine tried to make amiably welcoming.

"Jacques!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea that you were coming here to-day. I have sent the servants in to the town to purchase a railway time-table. Claire will have told you that I am starting for Italy to-night. Our poor Marie-Anne is worse, and I feel that it is my duty to go to her; I am thinking of driving to Boulogne."

No, Claire had not told him that Marie-Anne was worse. That, doubtless, was why she had looked so unhappy this morning. He felt hurt and angered by his wife's reserve.

"I am sure you will agree with me, Madeleine," he said stiffly — he was glad to gain a little time — "that it would not be wise for Claire to accompany you. After all, she is still quite a young woman, and poor Marie-Anne's disease is most infectious. I have ascertained, too, that there is a regular epidemic raging in Mantua."

Madeleine nodded her head. Then she turned, with an uneasy side-look at her brother-in-law, and began to lead the way down the short passage. The door of the dining-room was open; it was clear that Madeleine had just finished her luncheon.

"Isn't Claire here?" he asked, surprised. "She said she was going to lunch with you. Hasn't she been here this morning?"

"No — I mean, yes." Madame Guiard spoke confusedly. "She was here for a little while."

"But has she gone home again?"

"Well — she may be home by now, but —" She was opening the door of the little drawing-room.

It was an ugly, common-looking room, the walls hung with Turkey red and ornamented with cheap colored prints. Jacques de Wissant told himself that it was odd that Claire should like to spend so much of her time here, instead of asking her sister to join her each morning or afternoon in her own beautiful house on the cliff.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I can't stay a moment. I really came for Claire. You say I shall find her at home?" He still held his top-hat and his yellow gloves in his hand.

Madeleine looked at once relieved and perplexed; but she knew the slow, sure workings of her brother-in-law's mind. If he found that his wife had not gone home, and that there was no news of her there, he would come back to the Chalet des Dunes for further information.

"No," she said at last; "Claire has not gone

back to the Pavillon. In fact, I know that she has gone into the town; she had something important she wished to do there."

She looked so troubled, so uncomfortable, that Jacques de Wissant leaped to the sudden conclusion that the tidings that he had been at such pains to bring had already been told.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "then I am too late! Ill news travels fast."

"Ill news?" Madeleine repeated affrightedly. "Is anything the matter? Has anything happened to one of the children? Don't keep me in suspense, Jacques — I am not cold-blooded like you!"

"The children are all right," he said shortly. "But there has been, as you evidently know, an accident. The submarine *Neptune* has gone down." He spoke with cold acerbity. How childishly foolish of Madeleine to try and deceive him! But all women of the type to which she belonged made foolish mysteries about nothing.

"The *Neptune* gone down!" There came over Madame Guiard's face a look of measureless terror. Twice her lips opened — and twice she closed them again. At last she uttered a few words — words of anguished protest. "No, no!" she cried. "That can't be — it's impossible!"

Then, as if speaking to herself, she used a phrase that was to linger a long time in Jacques de Wissant's memory. "We have done nothing," she said, "nothing so to provoke the anger of God!"

"You are a good sister," he said ironically, "to take Claire's distress so much to heart. Identifying yourself as entirely as you seem to do with her, I am the more surprised that you did not accompany her into Calais."

"Claire is not in Calais," muttered Madeleine.

"Not in Calais?" He echoed her words in a tone of anger, even of disgust. Was it possible that his wife had had herself rowed to the scene of the calamity? If she had done that, if her sister had allowed her to go alone, or accompanied perhaps by one or another of the officers belonging to the Submarine Flotilla, then he would find it very difficult to forgive Claire. There are things that a woman with any self-respect, especially a woman who is the mother of children, does not do. To this was added a feeling of contemptuous anger for Madeleine Guiard. She ought to have known how to save her sister from such an act of undignified folly.

"Well?" he said sharply. "Well, Madeleine? I am waiting to hear the truth. I desire no explanations — no excuses. I cannot, however, withhold myself from telling you that you ought to have accompanied your sister, even if you found it impossible to control her."

"I was there yesterday," she said, with a pinched, white face, "for over two hours."

"What do you mean?" he asked suspiciously. "Where were you yesterday for over two hours?"

"In the *Neptune*." She stared at him with widely open eyes,— as if she were staring, fascinated, at some scene of unutterable horror,— and there crept into Jacques de Wissant's mind a thought so full of shameful dread that he thrust it violently from him.

"You were in the *Neptune*," he said sternly, "knowing well that it is forbidden for any officer to take a friend on board a submarine without a special permit from the Minister of Marine?"

"It is often done," she said listlessly.

Madame Guiard had now sat down on a low chair, and she was plucking at the front of her colored flowered skirt with a curious mechanical movement of the fingers.

"Did the submarine actually put out to sea with you on board?"

She nodded her head, and then very deliberately added: "Yes, I was out for two hours. They all knew it — the men and officers of the whole flotilla. I was horribly frightened, but — but now I am glad indeed that I went. Yes, I am very glad!"

"Why are you glad?" he asked roughly — and again a terrible suspicion thrust itself insistently upon him.

"I am glad," she said deliberately,—"I am glad because it will make what Claire has done to-day seem natural — a — a simple escapade ——"

There was a moment of awful silence between them.

"Then do all the officers and men belonging to the flotilla know that my wife is out there — in the *Neptune?*" he asked in a low voice.

"No," said Madeleine shamefacedly; "they none of them know — only those who are on board." She hesitated a moment. "That is why I sent the servants away this morning. We — I mean Commander Dupré and I — did not think it necessary that any one should know."

"Then no one — that is, only a harebrained young officer and ten men belonging to the town of Calais — was to be aware of the fact that my wife had accompanied her lover on this life-risking expedition?" Jacques de Wissant asked the question in bitter irony.

"Jacques!" She rose and faced her brother-in-law proudly. "What infamous thing is this that you are harboring in your mind? My

sister is an honest woman — ay, as honest, as high-minded, as was your own mother ——"

He stopped her with a violent gesture. "Do not mention Claire and my mother in the same breath!" he cried.

"Ah, but I will — I must! You want the truth; you said just now you wanted only the truth. Then you shall hear the truth. Yes, it is as you have evidently suspected. Louis Dupré loved Claire, and she"— her voice faltered — "she may have had for him a little sentiment — who can tell? You have not been at much pains to make her happy. But what is true, what is certain, is that she rejected his love. To-morrow they were to part — forever."

Her voice failed a moment, then strengthened and hardened. "That is why he, in a moment of folly,— I admit it was a moment of folly,— asked her to come out on this his last day in the *Neptune*. I was expecting them back any moment. But, Jacques, no one shall know. After all, Admiral de Saint Vilquier will do anything for us Kergouets. I myself will go to him and — and explain."

But Jacques de Wissant scarcely heard her eager words. He had thrust his wife from his mind, and her place had been taken by his honor — his honor, and that of his children, of happy, light-hearted Clairette and Jacqueline. For a moment he said nothing; then, all the anger gone from his voice, he spoke, uttered a fiat.

"No," he said; "you must leave the Admiral to me, Madeleine. You were going to Italy to-night — to Marie-Anne? Well, you must carry out your plan."

She stared at him, her face blotched with tears, a look of bewildered anguish in her eyes.

"You must do this," he went on deliberately, "for Claire's sake, and for the sake of Claire's children. You cannot stay here. You haven't sufficient control of yourself. You need not go farther than Paris; and I will keep you informed hour by hour. Those whom it concerns will be told that Claire has gone with you. It will be always time to tell the truth. The Admiral and I will devise a plan. And perhaps"— he waited a moment —"the truth will never be known, or known only to a very few people — people who, as you say, will understand."

He spoke very slowly, as if weighing his words. "I ask you to do this, my sister,"— he had never before called Madeleine "my sister,"— "because of the children, of Clairette and Jacqueline. Their mother would not wish a slur to rest upon them."

She looked at him piteously, but she knew that she would do what he asked.

III

Jacques de Wissant sat at his desk in the fine old room which is set aside for the Mayor's sole use in the Calais Hôtel de Ville. He was waiting for Admiral de Saint Vilquier, whom he had summoned there on the plea of a matter both private and urgent.

The time that had elapsed since he had parted from his sister-in-law had seemed like years instead of hours; and yet, every moment of those hours had been filled with action. From the Châlet des Dunes he had gone to his house, there to inform the household that Madame de Wissant was even then leaving with her sister for Italy, by way of Boulogne and Paris, and that her luggage was to be sent after her. While that same luggage was being prepared, he had changed his clothes, throwing aside his gala garments with loathing; and then he had returned to Calais, taking the station on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, and from there despatching Claire's trunks to Paris.

At the Hôtel de Ville there had never been, since the day that war was declared by France on Germany, so busy an afternoon. With scarcely a moment's interval, the Mayor was called upon to compose suitable answers to the urgent messages of inquiry and condolence that came pouring in from all over the world.

It was to Jacques de Wissant also that there fell the task of officially announcing to the crowd surging impatiently in the market-place — though room in front was always made and kept for those of the fisher-folk who had relatives in the Submarine Service — that it was the *Neptune* that had gone down. He had seen the effect of that announcement painted on the rough, worn, upturned faces; he had heard the cries of anguish, the groans of despair of the few, and had witnessed the relief, the tears of joy, of the greater number of his auditors. But his heart felt numb, and his cold, stern manner kept the emotions and excitement of those about him in check.

At last there came a short respite. It was explained that, owing to the currents, the divers had had to suspend their work. Jacques de Wissant gave orders that, when the Admiral arrived, they were on no pretext to be disturbed.

He got up and began to walk up and down the room — his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. Any moment the Admiral might be shown in, but he had not yet made up his mind how to word his communication — how much to tell, how much to conceal. He knew well that if the desperate attempts now being

made to raise the *Neptune* were successful, and if its human freight were rescued living, the fact that there had been a woman on board could not be concealed. It would be known to thousands to-night, and to millions to-morrow morning.

Not only would the amazing story provide newspaper readers with a delightful thrill, but it would be perpetuated in every account of subsequent accidents to submarine craft. Already Jacques de Wissant had seen in that afternoon's local paper an elaborate recital of each former disaster; but now he reminded himself grimly that in every future list so printed the accident to the *Neptune* would be specially starred, if only because there had been a woman on board, the wife of the then Mayor of Calais, of Jacques de Wissant, namesake and descendant of one of the famous citizens who had offered their lives for the town!

More intimately, vividly agonizing was the knowledge that the story, the scandal, would be revived when there arose the all-important question of a suitable and happy marriage for Clairette or Jacqueline. He could visualize the scene with absolute distinctness. He could hear the words being whispered: "Yes, dear friend, the girl is admirably brought up, and has a large fortune; also, she and your son have taken quite a fancy to each other. But there is that very ugly story of the mother. Don't you remember that she was with her lover in the submarine *Neptune?*"

Thus the miserable man tortured himself, turning the knife in his wound. And, though he was waiting impatiently for the Admiral, when the old naval officer was at last ushered in, he would have given many years of his life to postpone their interview.

"As you asked me so urgently to do so, I have come here, Monsieur de Wissant, to learn what you have to tell me. But I'm afraid the time I can spare must be short. As you know, I must be at the station in half an hour to meet the Minister of Marine."

The Admiral was annoyed at having been thus sent for to come to the Hôtel de Ville. It was surely Jacques de Wissant's place to have come to him! And then, while listening to the other's murmured excuses, Admiral de Saint Vilquier happened to look straight into the Mayor's wan face, and a change came over his manner; even his voice altered.

"Pardon my saying so, Monsieur de Wissant," he exclaimed, "but you look extremely ill! You mustn't allow this affair to take such hold on you! It is tragic, no doubt, that such things must be, but they are the price of admiralty."

"Admiral," said the wretched man, "Admiral ——"

"Yes? Take your time; I am not really in such a hurry. Pardon my ungraciousness of just now; I am quite at your disposal."

"It is a question of honor," muttered Jacques de Wissant,— "a question of honor."

The Admiral leaned forward.

"The honor of a naval family is involved, Admiral." The Mayor of Calais was speaking in a low, pleading voice.

The Admiral stiffened. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "And they have asked you to intercede with me on behalf of the young scapegrace. Well, who is it? I'll look into the matter to-morrow morning. I really cannot think of anything to-day but of this terrible business of the submarine ——"

"Admiral, it concerns that business."

"The loss of the *Neptune?* In what way can the honor of a naval family be possibly involved in such a matter?" There was a touch of hauteur as well as of indignant surprise in the fine old man's voice.

"Admiral," said Jacques de Wissant deliberately, "there was — there is — a woman on board the *Neptune.*"

"A woman in the *Neptune?* That is quite impossible!" The Admiral got up from his chair. "It is one of our strictest regulations that no stranger be taken on board a submarine without a special permit from the Minister, countersigned by the nearest port-admiral. No such permit has been issued for many months. Commander Dupré was far too conscientious, too loyal an officer, to break this regulation."

"Commander Dupré," repeated Jacques de Wissant, in a bitter tone, "was not too conscientious, too loyal an officer, to break that regulation; for there is — I repeat it — a woman in the *Neptune.*"

The Admiral sat down again. "But this is serious — very serious," he muttered. He was thinking of the effect, not only at home but abroad, of such a breach of discipline.

He shook his head with a pained, angry gesture. "I understand what happened," he said at last. "The woman was, of course, poor Dupré's"— and then something in Jacques de Wissant's face made him substitute, for the plain word he meant to have used, a softer, kindlier phrase —"poor Dupré's *bonne amie,*" he said.

"I am advised not," said Jacques de Wissant shortly. "I am told that the person in question is a young lady."

"Do you mean an unmarried girl?" asked the Admiral. There was great curiosity and a certain relief in his voice.

"I beg of you not to ask me, Admiral! The family have implored me to reveal as little of the truth as possible. They have taken their own measures, and they are good measures, to account for her — her disappearance." Jacques de Wissant spoke with considerable agitation.

"Quite so! Quite so! They are right; I have no wish to show indiscreet curiosity."

"Do you think anything can be done to prevent the fact becoming known?" asked de Wissant; and, as the other waited a moment before answering, his suspense became almost more than he could endure. He got up and instinctively stood with his back to the light. "The family of this lady are willing to make any pecuniary sacrifice, Admiral."

"It is not a question of pecuniary sacrifice," the Admiral said shortly. "Money will never really purchase either secrecy or silence. But honor, Monsieur de Wissant, will sometimes — nay, often — do both. Everything will be done by me — so you can assure your unhappy friends — to conceal the fact that Commander Dupré failed in his duty. Not for his sake, you understand; he, I fear, deserves what he has suffered, what he is perhaps still suffering,"— a look of horror stole over his old, set face,—"but for the honor of the service."

He also got up. "And now I, on my side, must exact of you a pledge." He looked searchingly at the government official standing before him. "I solemnly implore you, Monsieur de Wissant, to keep this fact you have told me absolutely secret — secret even from the Minister of Marine."

Jacques de Wissant bent his head. "I intend to act," he said slowly, "as if I had never heard it."

"I ask it for the honor, the repute, of our country," muttered the old officer. "After all, Monsieur de Wissant, the poor fellow did not mean much harm. We sailors have all at some time or other of our lives had a *bonne amie* whom we found it devilish hard to leave on shore!" The Admiral walked slowly toward the door. To-day had aged him years. Then he turned and looked benignantly at Jacques de Wissant. The man before him might be stiff, cold, awkward in manner, but he was a gentleman, a man of honor.

And, as he drove to the station to meet the Minister of Marine, Admiral de Saint Vilquier's shrewd, practical mind began to deal with the difficult problem that was now added to his other cares. It was simplified in view of the fact — the awful fact — that, according to private information, it was most unlikely that the submarine would be raised within the next few hours. He hoped with all his heart that the twelve men and the woman now lying beneath the sea had met death at the moment of the collision.

Jacques de Wissant sent home word that for the present he would stay in his town house. All that night the restaurants and cafés remained open, and there was a constant coming and going to the beach, where many people, even among the visitors who were not directly interested in the calamity, arranged to stay, staring out at the dark sea, waiting for news.

The Mayor was back at his post in the Hôtel de Ville at eight the next morning, and he spent the whole of that long, dragging day there. All hope that there could be any one still left alive in the *Neptune* was being gradually abandoned; and yet, that evening there ran a rumor through the town that knocking had been heard in the submarine.

Jacques de Wissant himself drew up the official proclamation in which it was pointed out that it was almost certain that all on board had died at the time of the collision, and that, even if any had survived for a few hours, not one of them could be alive now.

And then, one by one, the days of waiting began to wear themselves away, and the world, apart from the town that numbered ten of her sons among the doomed men, relaxed its painful interest in the fate of the French submarine *Neptune*.

But the Mayor of Calais was unceasing in his efforts, especially on behalf of the families of the men who still lay, eighteen fathoms deep, incased in their steel tomb. The townspeople were deeply moved by his evident, if restrained, distress. It became known that he had even put his children, his pretty twin daughters, into deep mourning. This touched the seafaring portion of the population very much.

It was also understood that Jacques de Wissant was suffering from domestic trouble. His sister-in-law was seriously ill in Italy of an infectious disease, and his wife, who had gone away at a moment's notice to help to nurse her, had caught the infection.

The Mayor of Calais and Admiral de Saint Vilquier had not often occasion to meet during those days which each of them spent in entertaining official personages and in composing answers to the messages and inquiries which went on dropping in, both by day and night, at the Hôtel de Ville and at the Admiralty buildings of Calais. But there came a day when the Admiral at last sought out the Mayor.

"I think I have arranged everything satisfactorily," he said briefly, "and you can convey that message to your friends. I do not think,

as matters are now, that there is much fear that the truth will ever be discovered."

The old man did not look into Jacques de Wissant's face as he said the comforting words. He had become aware of many things — of Madeleine Guiard's expedition in the submarine the day before the accident, and of her own and her sister's sudden departure for Italy. But, alone among those who sometimes had speech with the Mayor during those somber days of waiting, he did not ask news of Madame de Wissant, or condole with the anxious husband on the fact that he could not yet leave his post.

Jacques de Wissant sat up in bed. It was the darkest hour of the summer night, but vaguely outlined before him was the short, squat form of an old woman who had entered his mother's service when he was only ten years old, and who now always stayed in his town house. During the last fortnight she had been his only servant, and she had amply fulfilled her master's simple requirements.

"M'sieur l'Admiral de Saint Vilquier desires to see M'sieur le Maire on urgent business," she said. "I have put him to wait in the great drawing-room. It is fortunate that I took all the covers off the furniture yesterday."

Then the moment of ordeal, the moment he had begun to think would never come, had come? The submarine had been finally towed into the harbor. Now was about to begin the work of taking out the bodies.

Jacques de Wissant had put all his trust in the Admiral, and in the arrangements that the Admiral was making to avoid discovery; but now there came over him a frightful sensation of doubt and fear. How would it be possible for Admiral de Saint Vilquier, unless backed by governmental authority, to elude the vigilance, not only of the Admiralty officials and all those who were directly interested, but also of the journalists who, however much the public interest had slackened in the disaster, still stayed on at Calais in order to be present at the last act of the tragedy?

These thoughts jostled each other in Jacques de Wissant's mind as he rapidly dressed himself.

Together the two men went out into the deserted market-place. "This is the quietest hour in the twenty-four," observed the Admiral abruptly; "and, though I anticipate a little trouble with the journalists, I think everything will go off quite well. By the way, I have had to tell Dr. Tarnier." And, as Jacques de Wissant uttered a stifled exclamation of dismay, "Of course I had to tell him," he said impatiently. "He has most nobly offered to go into the submarine alone — though in doing so he will run considerable risk."

Admiral de Saint Vilquier waited a moment, for the quick pace at which his companion was walking made him rather breathless. "I have simply told him that there was a young woman on board. He imagines her to have been a Parisienne, a person of no importance, you understand, who had come to spend the holiday with poor Dupré. But he quite realizes the vital necessity that the fact should never come to light." He spoke in a dry, matter-of-fact tone. "There will not be room on the pontoon for more than four or five officials, including ourselves. Doubtless some of our newspaper friends will be disappointed,— if one can speak of disappointment in such a connection,— but they will have plenty of opportunities of being present to-morrow and the following nights. I have arranged with the Minister of Marine that the work is to be done only at night."

The *Neptune* had been towed into the old harbor — the harbor digged out by the English in the days when they held Calais; and, as the Admiral and the Mayor of Calais emerged on the quay, Jacques de Wissant became aware that the news had leaked out, for there were groups of men standing about, talking in low, hushed tones and staring at the middle of the harbor.

Apart from the others, and almost dangerously close to the unguarded edge, below which was the black, shallow water, stood a line of women shrouded in deep black; and from them there came no sound.

As the Admiral and his companion approached the little group of officials who were apparently waiting for them, the old naval officer whispered to Jacques de Wissant, using for the first time the familiar expression, *mon ami*, "Do not forget, *mon ami*, to thank the harbor master and the pilot. They have had a very difficult task, and they will expect your commendation."

Jacques de Wissant said the words required of him. And then, at the last moment, just as he was on the point of going down the steps leading to the flat-bottomed boat that was about to be rowed to the pontoon, there arose a discussion. The harbor master had promised the representatives of two Paris papers that they should be present when the submarine was first opened.

But the Admiral angrily asserted his supreme authority. "In such matters I can allow no favoritism! It is doubtful if any bodies will be recovered to-night, gentlemen, for the tide is already turning. I will see if other arrange-

ments can be made to-morrow. If any of you had been in the harbor of Bizerta when the *Lutin* was raised, you would now thank me for not compelling you to view the sight that we may be about to see."

And so the weary, disappointed journalists, who had spent long days waiting for this one hour, realized that they must content themselves with what could be seen from the quay.

It will, however, surprise no one familiar with the remarkable enterprise of the modern press that by far the most accurate account of what occurred during the hour that followed was written by a cosmopolitan war correspondent, and appeared the next morning in an Anglo-American paper:

None of those who were there will ever forget what they saw in the old harbor at Calais that summer night.

The scene, lighted by the searchlight of a destroyer, was at once sinister, somber, and magnificent. Below the high, narrow pontoon, on the floor of the harbor, lay the wrecked submarine. And those who gazed down at the *Neptune* felt as though they were gazing at what had been a once sentient being done to death, ripped open in three places by some huge Goliath of the deep.

Dr. Tarnier, the official physician of the town of Calais,— a man who is much beloved and respected by all the population of the place,— stood ready to begin his dreadful task. We all knew that he had obtained permission to go down alone into the hold of death — an exploration attended with considerable physical risk. He was clad in a suit of india-rubber clothing, and over his arm was folded a large tarpaulin sheet lined with carbolic wool, one of half a dozen such sheets lying at his feet.

The difficult work of unsealing the conning-tower or periscope was at once proceeded with in the presence of Admiral de Saint Vilquier, whose prowess as a midshipman is still remembered by British Crimean veterans, and of the Mayor of Calais, Monsieur Jacques de Wissant, who has been indefatigable throughout, and who is, it is interesting to note, directly descended from one of the famous Citizens of Calais who are commemorated in the sculptor Rodin's best-known work.

At last there came a guttural exclamation of "*Ça y est!*" and Dr. Tarnier entered the tower, to emerge but a moment later with the first body, obviously that of the gallant Commander Dupré, who was found, as it was expected he would be, at the helm. Once more the doctor's burly figure disappeared; once more he emerged, tenderly bearing a lighter burden, the boyish form of Lieutenant Paritot, who was found close to Commander Dupré. The tide was rising rapidly, but two more bodies — this time with the help of a webbed band cleverly designed by Dr. Tarnier with a view to this purpose — were lifted from the inner portion of the submarine. The four bodies, rather to the disappointment of the crowd that had gathered gradually on the quay, were not taken directly to the shore, to the great hall where Calais is to mourn her dead sons; one by one, they were reverently conveyed, by the Admiral's orders, to a barge which was once used as a hospital ward for sick sailors, and which is close to the mouth of the harbor. Thence, when all twelve bodies have been recovered,— that is, in three or four days, for the work is only to be proceeded with at night,— they will be taken to the Salle d'Armes, there to await the official obsequies.

On the morning following the night during which the last body was lifted from within the submarine, there ran a curious rumor through the fishing quarter of the town. It was said that thirteen bodies — not twelve, as declared the official report — had been taken out of the *Neptune*. It was declared, on the authority of one of the seamen — a Gascon, be it noted — who had been there on that first night, that five, not four, bodies had been conveyed to the hospital barge. But the rumor, though it found an echo in the French press, was not regarded as worth official denial, and it received its final quietus on the day of the official obsequies, when it was, of course, at once seen that the number of ammunition-wagons heading the great procession was twelve.

As long as tradition endures in the life of a town, Calais will remember the *Neptune* funeral procession.

Through the long line of soldiers, each man with his arms reversed, walked the official mourners, while from the fortifications there tolled the minute-gun.

First came the President of the French Republic, with, to his right, the Minister of Marine; close behind him paced the stiff, still vigorous figure of old Admiral de Saint Vilquier, and by his side Jacques de Wissant, Mayor of Calais — so mortally pale, so what the French call *défait*, that the Admiral felt fearful lest his companion should be compelled to fall out. But Jacques de Wissant was not minded to fall out.

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SOUTH STREET FROM MAIDEN LANE, 1834

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

WALL STREET

THE CITY BANK: THE FEDERATION OF THE GREAT MERCHANTS

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

WALL STREET, going east from Broadway, left the section of the importing dry-goods merchants. Two thirds of its length down, it dipped and sloped to the East River. Here were the merchants of the raw materials. Down Pearl Street, to the south, the cotton brokers spread their white samples on their blue-topped tables; to the north were the merchants of tobacco and spice; and down the slope of Wall Street the great East and West India merchants of tea and coffee and sugar sat in their dismal red-brick counting-houses. Below them, at the end of the street, they saw the spars of their square-riggers moored along South Street, which ran like a long piazza in front of old New York.

Half way down Wall Street, on top of the hill behind the foreign merchants, lay the New York stock market of 1850. It was a small affair at that time; an hour and three quarters a day was enough time for all its business. It was small for the reason that New York City did not spend its money building railroads. Other sections did that — particularly New England. New York laid aside its money, and, when hard times came, it bought bankrupt railroads low for cash, and, one by one, it brought them down to Wall Street. Now it has practically all of them. This has been done by the New York merchants, the men who know how to handle money.

The merchant, in the old meaning of the word in New York fifty years ago,— a meaning that still persists in London,— was the last and greatest figure in commercial life. He handled money, or staple goods — food and drink and clothing — that were continually and readily turned into money. He was a silent, aggressive, domineering figure; hard experience on

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land and sea had hammered him into the highest form of arbitrary and self-reliant individualism in the world. The first article of his creed was, Mind your own business; the second, Always keep your capital where you can put your hand on it: if you don't you will surely get into trouble; if you do, you can get incredible bargains when the squeeze comes.

Infant Communism and the Merchants

This railroad business was certainly a strange, new, experimental thing. Hundreds of thousands of people all over this country and Europe put in the money that built these roads, in small sums. The people who contributed most of this had nothing at all to say about managing these roads; they were merely creditors — holders of bonds. Everybody and everything owned the stock, which had the voting power — towns and counties, and mortgaged farmers, and sharp promoters and blacklegs. If everybody's business was nobody's business, as Americans were taught with their catechism, this helpless, accidental infant communism was the craziest business organization on the face of the earth. Certainly no sane merchant cared to embark in such an enterprise.

There was one stock, though, that a merchant could buy — the stock of banks. Here was an investment as good as first-class merchandise, and better. You could stop any time and close out your loans; and there was your money in your hand again. If you ran a bank right, alone or with other sound men, you got the use of still more ready money, and you had a still greater instrument of safety and profit in the day of financial disaster.

Half a century ago and more the situation was clearly laid out. Here were the public, the mortgaged farmers, and the mortgaged towns, and the mortgaged counties, and the holders of bonds in Europe; here were New England and Pennsylvania and the South — all with their capital nailed up tight in this railroad equipment, this stuff you could neither eat not wear nor sell when you most wanted to. And here were the merchants of New York in the normal position of experienced men — their capital where it could readily be reached, their surplus capital invested in banks. Even then they had the ready money, and the others had the stock.

The Banks of the Merchants

At the foot of Wall Street on South was the great West India house of G. G. & S. Howland, known throughout civilization and far beyond. The last and possibly the greatest of the great New York merchants — Moses Taylor — served his apprenticeship there. He was born, learned his trade, and spent his whole business life within a block or two of Wall Street. He was brought up in the strictest traditions of the merchants, his father being confidential agent for that great old trader, John Jacob Astor. In 1832, when Taylor was twenty-six years old, he started in the West India business himself; in 1856 he became president of the old City Bank, the bank of the merchants in raw materials.

The New York merchants all had their banks, each merchant according to his kind. To the north of Wall Street, toward the East River, where the tan-yards lay in "the Swamp," were the banks of the leather merchants. The banks of the great dry-goods trade — the Park, the Chemical, and later the Importers' and Traders' Bank — kept near these merchants as they edged up Broadway. For many years they were, quite naturally, the greatest banks of the place, for the importing dry-goods trade was enormous. The leading bank of the raw materials — the City — stayed where it was first founded in 1812, in the old center, the ancient banking row on the north side of Wall Street. It did not grow so fast as the banks of the dry-goods merchants. But in a new country, a continent of raw materials, it was destined at last to grow a great deal larger.

To start with, Moses Taylor was the chief figure in the great raw-sugar trade. The rich Cuban planters deposited their money with him, and left him with the reams of United States government bonds into which they had put their savings against the long-expected time of Cuban revolution. In the second place, it was a strong cotton bank, the financial institution that moved a good share of the largest, safest, and most valuable American crop going abroad. In the third place, it was the bank of such houses as the great importing metal firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company, which was always represented on its board of directors. It was — what a strong bank must be — a federation of interests still greater and stronger than itself.

Moses Taylor, too, had his own idea of a bank. First of all, it must be strong; his pride was his cash reserve. The City Bank was always run on the formula, not of the ordinary commercial bank, but of the richest and most conservative old-time merchant, with a great holding of surplus cash. Whenever there was a panic, the bank grew. A panic is a time when everybody puts his money in the safest place he knows. It is the day of reckoning, the time of the survival of the fittest, in the world of business. Moses Taylor's bank was safe and strong; with every panic it grew stronger.

The Beginnings of Wall Street

The panic of 1857 came. Down went the railroads, smashed to pieces, and many of the speculative merchants who had gone into them. Moses Taylor had looked into a new field of raw materials — the anthracite-coal region a couple of hundred miles west of New York; it seemed to him that there was sense in it. He took his money in his hand and went out and bought the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroad, exactly as he would buy a horse and a delivery-wagon. He paid cash for it; he never bought on margin. But, by waiting, he paid $5 a share — less than any ordinary margin. Seven years later the stock of the road was worth $240 a share to him.

Wall Street was still a small and provincial stock market in 1857. There were only 24,000 miles of railway in the country — about a tenth of the mileage of to-day; and on the New York stock market appeared only a dozen little local roads, none of them over 400 miles long, and most of them not built by New York capital. On the great day of the panic of 1857, October 13, the current records showed sales of less than 5,000 shares of railroad stocks in the two New York exchanges, about one per cent of an ordinary day of recent years, and all these were in thirteen little railroads. Vanderbilt had not come into railroads yet. Moses Taylor, with his coal road, with three and a half million dollars capital, was the greatest railroad magnate in New York. He took his railroad and went back to his bank and operated it. And so another big business in raw materials — anthracite coal and iron — came into the federation about the City Bank.

Taylor's mercantile business was now brought upstairs at 52 Wall Street, over his bank; he bought largely into the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company; made it depositary and trustee for the mortgages on his railroad; established the offices of the coal road in the second story above it; and put his man, Samuel Sloan, in charge of the destinies of the railroad and the trust company. He himself sat in his City Bank, a big, ruddy, side-whiskered autocrat, on a platform in the rear — always arriving, on foot, at nine o'clock.

Moses Taylor and His Institutions

Below him, down the aisle, he could watch his clerks at work (clerks were nothing but irresponsible day-laborers in those days), and see every customer who came into the bank. Depositors were not solicited; they came, hat in hand, to be taken in; and they came to Moses Taylor. It was a one-man institution — Moses Taylor's. He would not even mail dividends to his stockholders. He made them come in and take their money out of his hands.

Commodore Vanderbilt arrived, and dragged his captured country railroads into Wall Street. He was a depositor in Moses Taylor's bank; but never would Moses Taylor become a stockholder in Vanderbilt's railroads. There was not room enough in one railroad for Vanderbilt and Taylor, and Taylor knew it. So Moses Taylor went his own way, with his own enterprises. He bought largely into the railroads of the South, where his bank's cotton business came from — in Georgia and in Texas; his portrait went on Southern railroad bonds — an assurance to timid investors. He bought, for cash, at a great bargain, the majority control of the greatest gas company in New York — held it and operated it. He early developed and controlled the coal-and-iron business around his Lackawanna Railroad.

And all these interests — railroads and coal companies and gas companies, and the banks where they put their money — came into the great general federation of merchants that centered where he sat on his platform in the old City Bank at 52 Wall Street. Occasionally he would go out to attend to his other enterprises, or visit the office of his coal road. And the clerks would look up from their desks, in the narrow lane of Exchange Place, to hear the laughter of the august, side-whiskered financial presences, as John Brisbin, the fat superintendent of the road, told Gargantuan tales to Moses Taylor and Samuel Sloan in the office of the Delaware & Lackawanna.

The Wall Street of 1882

But at length, in 1882, in the fulness of his years, the last of the great merchant princes died. The tow-headed boy who had watched the ships come in, from the pretty residential park on the Battery, when New York had been the low, red-brick town of the sea traders, had lived to the day of the great modern corporation, and to head the greatest federation of merchants which controlled these great business structures. Around the City Bank were assembled still the sugar merchants, the cotton brokers, the metal merchants, the strongest of the interests of anthracite coal, the greatest of the New York gas companies, and a variety of Southern railways, and, by a growing affiliation of interests, the resources of the Vanderbilts, the greatest railroad fortune of the day. Behind it all stood the enormous fortune of Moses Taylor himself, almost entirely in stocks, and

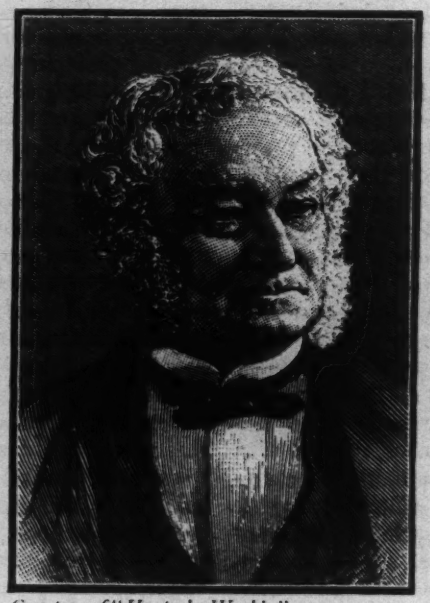
estimated, at the prices of that day, at some $50,000,000.

Wall Street in 1882 was scarcely greater, relatively, than in 1857. There were some 114,000 miles of railroad in the United States then, nearly half as many as now. But comparatively few were dominated in New York. What were there had been dragged in — as all roads to New York have been — by thorough unbelievers in the much-advertised, theoretical democracy of modern corporations.

Things were going badly with the irresponsible, headless, popularly owned railroads. The promoter had arrived and captured them, and was looting them or driving them recklessly into a disastrous future. But the time had not yet arrived for the conservative autocrats of ready money to take them and bring them into New York. It was impossible to get the right grip on them.

The Vanderbilts had brought in their chain of the chief railroads of New York State, and the extension through Chicago into Omaha. Gould had put his blighting hand on the Union Pacific, and had taken and patched together the Wabash through the Middle West. J. Pierpont Morgan, that arch-merchant and son of a merchant, was beginning to invade Pennsylvania and bring in the main coal roads, through his alliances with the big Philadelphia house, the Drexels. But Philadelphia still controlled the coal roads, and the Pennsylvania, the greatest railroad in America. Baltimore still had the great Baltimore & Ohio. New England still controlled its own railroads, and the strong roads of the Middle West and beyond the Mississippi which the courage and enterprise of her old merchant class had built. And the great Southern Pacific and Central Pacific roads were still held by the daring California merchants who had built them. The Wall Street market, though always noisy and spectacular, was still a small thing compared with the solid, silent influences that clustered about such institutions as the City Bank.

But now, in 1882, the great man was gone — the strong personality that had built up this great commercial federation; and his son-in-law reigned in his stead. Percy R. Pyne, a kindly, gentle man, who had had charge of the old Taylor mercantile business upstairs, came down to the gloomy room below, with little heart for ruling this great banking machine. For nine years he sat at the president's desk, occupied with his own account books, while his cashier ran the bank. Then, one day, he had his stroke. He came back about his work again, a pitiful figure, not long for life. And another merchant and great leader of merchants came to rule the City Bank — James Stillman.



Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly"

MOSES TAYLOR, MERCHANT

James Stillman — Merchant

A strange figure, James Stillman, not understood clearly by any man, except for his one main governing characteristic, which is very clear. He stands today, with one other man alone,— J. Pierpont Morgan,— as the chief, most uncompromising survival of the beliefs, enthusiasms, and prejudices of the old merchant class. His father, like so many of the old New York merchants, was a New Englander; a resident, like Morgan's father, of Hartford, Connecticut. Stillman himself, as it happened, was born in 1850 at Brownsville, that far lower end of Texas, where his parents had gone, so that his father, a cotton dealer, could look after a great tract of land that he had purchased for a song.

Young Stillman was a shy, reticent child, trained from the first to the virtues and accomplishments of the merchant class. One of his earliest playthings, which he still preserves, was a toy bank, across the front of which he had printed "City Bank," his father being even then associated with the City Bank interests and Moses Taylor. He was sent to a boys' school up the Hudson; he was prepared for college, when his father was stricken with paralysis, and he was thrown into business at the age of seventeen. He started in the cotton business on South Street, near Wall, in New York. The older partner in the business was a close attendant of the reign of Moses Taylor in the City Bank; his younger partner was William Woodward, a thick-set, aggressive man from Baltimore.

Mechanics' Ass'n Manhattan Merchants' No. America America Bank N. Y. City Bank

THE BANKS OF WALL STREET, 1862

Stillman did not care for routine business. His reticence, which amounts almost to an idiosyncrasy, made the bargaining of buying and selling highly distasteful to him. His work was principally with the financial end of the firm. He was a great deal at his place in Newport, and on his yacht — a rich man, and a rich man's son, who didn't have to apply himself to business detail; always silent, yet always with a gift for being with men of power and financial knowledge. And all this time he was under preparation for his great work of associating the chief commercial interests of the country.

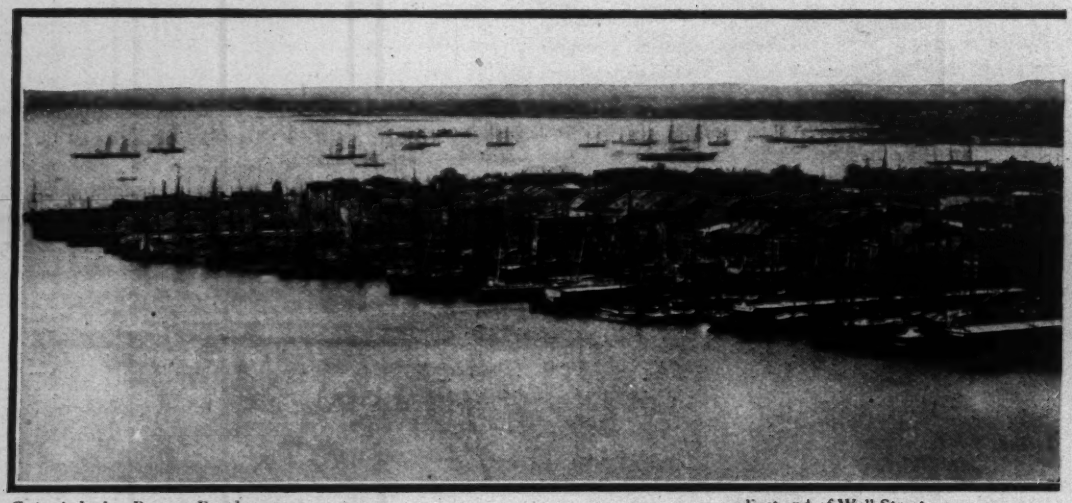
Stillman and William Rockefeller

It was in the '80's that he laid the foundations for the great commercial federation which he was to establish. By this time the American merchants of food products and raw materials had grown to stupendous proportions in two lines — the handling of meats and oils. The men at the head of these two enterprises, the Armours and the Rockefellers, had exactly the same business formula as the old-time merchants of New York, magnified by the size of their operations: mind your own business, in silence; keep your money where you can get your hand on it. The cash accumulations of the Standard Oil Company in particular were astonishingly great.

In the early '80's the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, seeking, as railroads are always compelled to do, the alliance and the assistance of the class with ready money, placed on its board of directors William Rockefeller, James T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National Bank of New York, and James Stillman. Philip D. Armour, as the magnate of the Middle West, was also a member of the board.

Woodward and Stillman represented a good financial connection in the Hanover Bank. In 1876 William Woodward, Stillman's partner in the cotton business, had bought, with his brother, James T. Woodward, a dry-goods merchant, the interest of two other dry-goods merchants, J. & J. Stewart, which held a managing control of this bank. Stillman was supposed to be financially interested in the bank from the first, but he was not director until 1883. The bank was very strong in the South, where the Woodwards' personal and business connections were. In 1885 William Rockefeller was made a director of the institution. And from that time on the Stillman and Rockefeller interests have been closely tied together. The bond, as such bonds are apt to be, has been quite largely a personal one between William Rockefeller and Stillman. John D. Rockefeller has never been in close alliance with Stillman. He has rarely, if ever, put his foot inside the City Bank. But William Rockefeller and he are personal friends, as well as business associates, and their own friendship has been cemented by the marriage of their children.

When James Stillman was elected president of the City Bank in 1891, there were two chief reasons for it: first, there was no one else in sight; and, second, he was a man of ability, sure to represent, to some extent, the traditions of the institution. He had been familiar, in both a personal and business way, with the bank since his youth. But no one realized, what was actually the case, that the choice of Stillman



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East end of Wall Street

NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN 1878; SHOWING THE

meant the choice of a banking genius, and the tying together of the two interests in which an identical policy had reached the highest success in America — the City Bank, with its various interests, and the Standard Oil Company.

The most successful merchants of the country, the men who were at that time beginning to astonish and frighten the country with their new "trusts," had always held to the identical old formula of Moses Taylor—personal control, silence, and ready money. They lent their money out to Wall Street. The Arbuckles, merchants of coffee, lent millions; and many a Wall Street man can still remember going in for his loans to the dingy offices of the American Sugar Refining Company on eastern Wall Street, passing over the sticky floor, and having his $50,000 or $100,000 check handed out to him from the little window into the office, where he pushed through his bundles of collateral in exchange.

The Standard Oil concern had grown because of its silence and its enormous hoards of cash —in fact it owed its very existence to these qualities. For it alone had stores of money large enough to save and buy the tremendous quantities of that remarkable natural product, petroleum, which without the presence of masses of ready capital for storing it would be entirely lost; but which can be bought for cash by the interest having money and machinery prepared for taking it, on a basis exactly similar to buying gold dollars for fifty cents.*

William Rockefeller had been for twenty-five years in charge of the financial office of the Standard Oil Company in New York — really a great bank. No living man knew better the use of ready money as a tool, or what tremendous profits it would bring of its own power against men who were on the verge of ruin for not having it. Stillman, the silent, undemonstrative, broadly observant man of business, who had passed through life without any great enthusiasms, was now aroused, his imagination touched by the unbounded power of that wonderful instrument — the great bank.

The Stillman-Rockefeller Banks

So James Stillman, merchant in cotton, and William Rockefeller, merchant in oil, went out, in the early '90's, exactly as Moses Taylor had done half a century before, and established themselves firmly at the foundations of the financial system of New York. Moses Taylor had taken absolute control of the National City Bank. These men did exactly the same thing on a much greater scale. They put together an aggregation of the largest and soundest banks in New York. It was no temporary arrangement, likely to be overthrown. They and their close associates held or bought them; that is, with one exception, they bought a majority of the stock of these banks. And they now own it.

The City Bank is owned, through an absolute majority holding of their stock, by the Taylor estate, held in the hands of trustees, and James Stillman. William Rockefeller is a large stockholder. The Taylor estate, Stillman, and William Rockefeller own an absolute majority of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. Stillman and Rockefeller together own a very large percentage, though not an actual majority, of

* See "The Standard Oil Company—Bankers," McClure's Magazine for March, 1911.

Trinity Church, west end of Wall Street

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SHIPPING ALONG SOUTH STREET ON THE EAST RIVER

the United States Trust Company. The Woodward family and James Stillman own an actual majority of the Hanover Bank.

These are the strongest, most conservatively managed banks and trust companies in New York to-day. They preserve the best practices and traditions of the old commercial class. Eighteen years ago the Stillman-Rockefeller combination was in practical control of them. Around them were not only these banks, but the Standard Oil Company, the Taylor estate, and many of the greatest and most conservative fortunes and enterprises of America.

They had not gone out and invested great sums of money in these things. They were simply in the midst of a large, cumulative power. Most of the fortunes and companies had grown from nothing in the past quarter century. The stock of the banks, held from the beginning, or bought at a comparatively early date, had required relatively little investment, compared to the resources they held. But there were tens of millions of dollars of ready resources in the ownership of these interests or under their control. They were in a position almost unique in America. And then the panic of 1893 came.

1893—the Creation of Wall Street

General disaster, threatening for at least a decade, came at once upon the great, headless, exploited, popular experiments — the railroads of America. A third of them, including many of the largest, went bankrupt; that is, the value of their stock was wiped out. Even the value of their bonds was cut into. In the stock market down on Broad Street, a couple of blocks from the old City Bank, and in the various markets of other large cities in the country, the world seemed to be coming to an end with a loud noise. The great promoters who had built or taken up the railroads of the country clung desperately to the vanishing stock equities by which they held them.

Old Collis P. Huntington had a typical experience. The market value of his great holding of Southern Pacific stock fell straight down. He took his better stocks around from bank to bank and pledged them for loans. Stocks fell lower still. He pledged his miscellaneous securities. They fell again. He pledged his real estate, his pictures, the very furniture in his house. When it was all in — every dollar he had in the world — he went upstairs, sat down in his private room, and sent down word to his servants to tell every man who called to see him on business to "go to hell." His courage and the very greatness of his obligations saved him. The banks dared not let him fail. And, little by little, stocks came up again, and he was saved.

But Huntington was a marked exception — an exceptional promoter and an exceptional man. The rank and file of railroad managers, small and great, lost their properties in and about this time. The irresponsible idealist, playing with other people's money, the man who took up a property to gut it and throw it down again — all passed with the crash. The great popular rule of railroad corporations went down in a confused mass; and the merchants of New York reached out and took them with an iron hand, and dragged them down to Wall Street.

Before the '90's scarcely a third of the railroads had their main headquarters in New York.

Five years after the panic almost all of them were there. It was the creation of Wall Street as we know it now — the establishment of a single central stock market for the continent. There is often unnecessary wonder at the control of Wall Street. Wall Street was controlled before it existed, by the very terms of its making.

It was J. P. Morgan who first took these railroads, reorganized them, and brought them under individual control. He and his chief lieutenant, Charles H. Coster — a graduate, like Moses Taylor, of an old South Street importing firm — were the principal figures engaged in dragging in the local roads from Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore to New York. Each one they took they held under an absolute power of rule — the voting trust, which put the properties in the management of their trustees for a term of years, or until the roads paid dividends again.

Morgan largely represented English capital. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, Speyer & Company, and other Hebrew firms, who, after him, took the most considerable part in the reorganization of American railroads at this time, represented the investments of Germany. These sources had contributed a large proportion of the actual money for building American railroads, through their purchases of bonds. The foreigners, when the period of depression began, had their money very largely in these bonds; when it ended, they still held bonds. The merchants of New York held the stock.

Two Groups of Railroad Owners

It was, in fact, a very surprising spectacle when the American railroads emerged from bankruptcy in the late '90's and early 1900's. They had gone in under a variety of stock control, well spread out over the United States. They came out practically entirely under the control of two small groups of men, formed, or forming, about two banking combinations in New York. Morgan had piled up, under his temporary control of the voting trust, about a fifth of the railroads of the country. Many of these he still holds, under these same trusts; he saw to it that the rest did not go back to the vagaries of popular rule or the tender mercies of promoters. Before their voting trusts expired, he had bequeathed them by stock sale, at the nominal prices of the day, to a group of men he trusted, and of which he soon became the center. This combination might be called the railroad banking combination.*

The second group, which took the greater and more profitable of the two parts of railroad ownership, was the group of the great merchants of raw materials and foods, gathered around the National City Bank. Stillman had, one by one, associated them with his bank; by his success in building up the institution to its extraordinary power and serviceability to their needs, he had made it almost an essential to their enterprises. Ten years after the panic, he had created the federation of merchants on his directorate as it practically exists to-day, holding the representation of the greatest industrial corporations in the world — the Standard Oil, the United States Steel Company, the American Sugar Company, Armour & Company, and the International Harvester Company.

This group were the cash buyers of America. They had systematized a great new power — the power of always being able to buy when everybody else has to sell. In a period when very many sound railroad stocks were worth from a fifth to a tenth of what they were to be worth ten years later, they had both the power and the business sagacity to buy almost indefinitely. They already controlled the greatest of the industrial concerns, and in buying their railroad stock they bought the future management of a great portion of American railways — and with their management, as is the case in any business, a large share of their future profits.

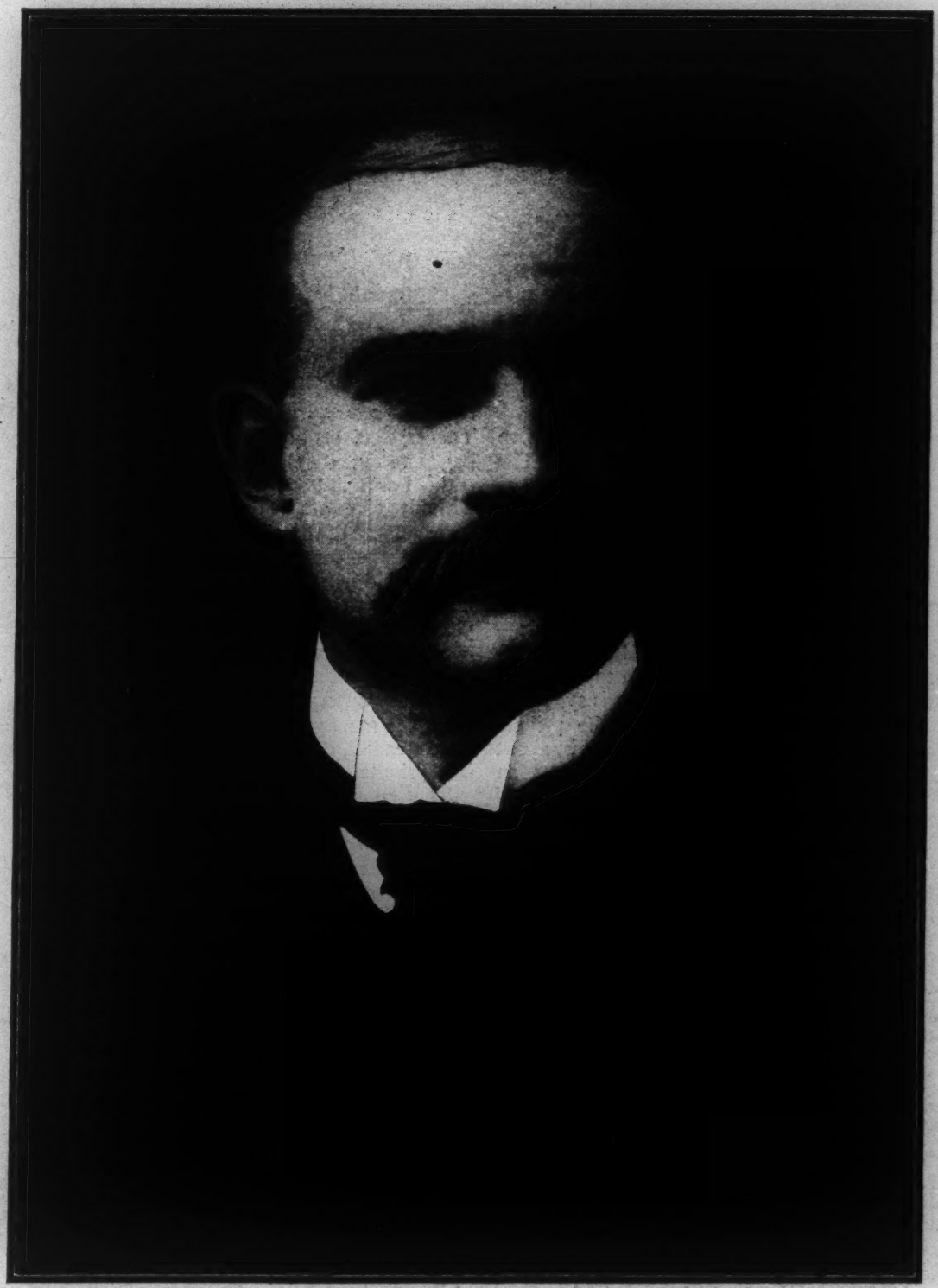
The Union Pacific Comes In

The City Bank grew by leaps and bounds after the panic of 1893. In 1891, when Stillman first became president of the bank, it had about $12,000,000 deposits; in 1892 it had $16,000,000; before the end of the panic year it had $31,000,000. Men, as usual at such times, went hurrying with their money to the safest place they knew. In 1891 there were several New York banks with double the deposits of the City; two years later it was the greatest bank in New York, and the greatest reservoir of cash in America.

For this reason the bank added to its federation, in 1897, an interest that was to become even greater than the Standard Oil Company; that is, the Union Pacific Railroad. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the private bankers who reorganized the road, had had no previous affiliations with the City Bank, or the Taylor-Stillman-Rockefeller interests behind it. They came to it simply because the Union Pacific reorganization — with its payment of $45,000,000 to the United States government — was the greatest cash transaction of its kind; and the City Bank was the natural instrument for making it.

This new alliance, which was built up in the

*The history of this combination will be given in the next article of this series.



JAMES STILLMAN

next few years, was with exactly the same old type of men — Jacob H. Schiff, head of the former firm of clothing merchants, Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Henry C. Frick, the former steel and coke maker; Edward H. Harriman, the former stock broker. These, with James Stillman and William Rockefeller, were soon the managers and practical owners of the Union Pacific Railroad.

There were no railroad men in this aggregation, although Harriman afterward became a very great one. But the time had arrived when the merchants and their legitimate successors, the New York bankers, would own the railroads, and hire the railroad men to operate them. This would seem odd in other kinds of business. In railroads it was not only natural, it was inevitable.

The City Bank group did not own the Union Pacific at first; they gradually acquired it. The reorganization syndicate got millions of stock as a fee; Harriman and others bought millions more at between $20 and $30 a share; and finally, after the object-lesson of their conflict with the Morgan-Hill alliance over the Northern Pacific road, their syndicate bought outright a quarter of the stock of the Union Pacific — raising most of the money needed by hypothecating it on the usual margin with the financial institutions of New York. From this syndicate the holding went naturally into the private ownership, where it now remains; that is, about a third of the stock — which constitutes an absolutely controlling interest in a property of this kind — went into the hands of William Rockefeller, James Stillman, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and E. H. Harriman.

The Union Pacific, as is generally known, was as much a bank as a railroad. It kept and handled great cash resources with all the skill of the interests back of it, the best skill and tradition that exists in this country. In a decade, through the brilliant management and speculations of Harriman and the solid backing of the City Bank group behind him, it had rolled up a billion and a half of railroad capital, in its own system. In company with the central Stillman-Rockefeller interest behind the City Bank, it held a working control of two billion more.

Meanwhile the huge industrial fortunes behind the bank — in a market where everything, from kerosene to railroads, was rising — were rolling over and over for investment. William Rockefeller and his friends had a working control of the St. Paul road; John Rockefeller, together with the decadent management of Jay Gould's estate, had control of the big Gould system, and had large investments in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which dominates New England. The Rockefellers, the Taylor estate, and Stillman controlled the Lackawanna. The Vanderbilts and J. P. Morgan — somewhat less closely allied at that time — added the control of nearly all of the remaining strong railroad groups in the country to the federation about the bank. Between them all they held a practical control of three quarters of the railroads in the country.

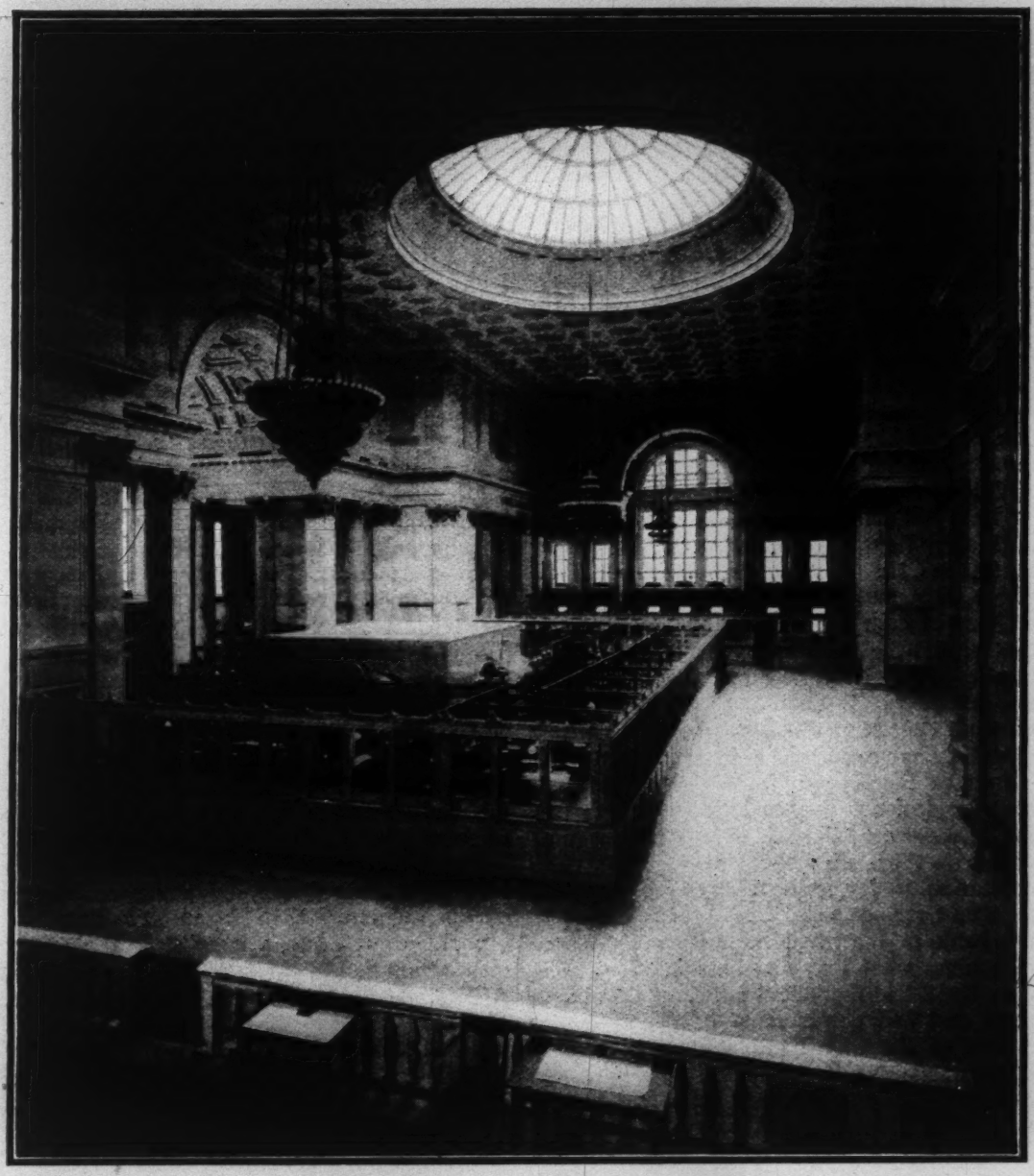
The Triumph of Individualism

The world had moved a great way since Moses Taylor started the great federation of the City Bank in 1856. Thousands of little enterprises owned by small capitalists had grown into great industrial enterprises, in the private hands of a few inconceivably successful men. The careless communism that had built and begun to operate the railroads had come to an end. For hundreds of thousands of owners, without adequate knowledge or voice in the management of these enterprises, had been substituted the control and management of the fiercest and most aggressive type of individualism in the world. It had been a duel for ten years between a loose and inefficient industrial democracy and a keen and highly trained autocracy. And although every surface indication and every outcry had been in favor of democracy, the management of industrial affairs had gone steadily, and toward the last very rapidly, into private hands.

The greatest of the industrial enterprises were either in the family ownership or the control of a few men. The railroads, tied together into large systems, were held largely by two small federations of capitalists on a very simple plan, worked out by half a century's experience. These men owned from a quarter to a third of the stock of the great central railroad systems. The bonds that made three fifths of the railroad capital of the country, and the other two thirds or three quarters of the railroad stock, were scattering more and more widely into the ownership of the public. But the controlling interests remained in private hands. And now these individual owners were seen to be gathering more or less clearly about the banking interests of Wall Street. There was a loud public outcry. For what good reason was the concentration of corporate wealth in single hands to be concentrated once again? What was this Wall Street, this "money power," this City Bank?

The Rise of the "Money Power"

Now, before the panic of 1893 there was no "money power." There was none because



THE MAIN BANKING ROOM OF THE CITY BANK

there was no Wall Street, no central continental stock market, as there is to-day. The greatest banks of New York City and the country were not Wall Street banks; they were the banks of the dry-goods and textile merchants, like the Park and the Importers' and Traders'. The greatest of them had barely touched $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 in deposits. The modern trust company had not arrived. Then the railroad panic came, the formation of the great new industrial combinations, the great corporate development of the '90's. The merchants took charge of Wall Street, and established and built up, through a period of fabulous expansion, their old favorite investment and business instrument — the conservative and aggressive bank.

In 1890, in the combination that came together three or four years later in the Stillman-Rockefeller banking alliance — that is, in the City and Hanover, banks, and in the Farmers' Loan and United States Trust companies — there were only $125,000,000 of resources, all told; less, that is, than half of the present resources of the City Bank alone.

Times revived; a series of great crops, accompanied by European famine, built up the re-

sources of the West; money was accumulating throughout the country. That money more and more centered in New York: first, by the public contribution of capital to the vast improvements, against which the railroad managements were issuing bonds; second, by the huge surpluses piled up by industrial enterprises.

The money raised for railroad improvements was generally stored in the New York banks until it was needed. The great industrial corporations placed their surpluses there. Country banks sent in their balances to lend on stock collateral. It was a financial revolution. With the creation of modern Wall Street, and the final centralization of the corporate life of the country about it, those huge new structures, the financial banks, began to mount up out of the old banking level, like the skyscrapers out of the old commercial town of New York.

James Stillman started at once to construct in the City Bank the greatest institution on the continent. He had, as deposits — or could secure when mutually profitable — the tens of millions of cash reserves of the Standard Oil Company; the cash resources of the Union Pacific during its earlier period were tens of millions more. The bank became, and still is, the chief depositary of the city of New York — often holding $10,000,000 of its money at a time.

In 1891 the deposits in the City Bank had been $12,000,000; they had risen with the panic to $31,000,000 in the last of 1893; they grew again, in 1897, with the Union Pacific reorganization, to $95,000,000. By 1900 they had touched $120,000,000. The total resources of the bank in that year were $190,000,000 — nine times what they had been in 1890. The City Bank had liquidated one large downtown bank and had got most of its deposits; the owners of the City Bank had bought half a dozen smaller New York banks by 1900 or 1901; the owners of the Hanover Bank had bought two more. In all, the resources of the New York banks in the Stillman-Rockefeller group had reached $450,000,000 in 1900. The growth of the great corporations and fortunes that stood behind them had been greater still.

The City Bank now occupied, in the mind of the American public,— together with the Standard Oil Company,— the distinction of being the leading institution of the "money power." But James Stillman was not concerned by the attacks on the growing power of his bank and its alliances. Far from being an occasion for apology, they were a matter of deep pride to him. His whole training and tradition taught him that the greatest possible service to mankind, rich and poor, was the establishing of sound financial institutions at the foundation of business. He had taken in 1891 a bank of $1,000,000 capital, which had been raised to $10,000,000 in 1901. In 1902 — in the midst of the unsound development of the trust-company craze — he determined to make an institution strong enough to carry any possible strain, and he established the first bank with $25,000,000 capital in America.

The capital of the City Bank was made $25,000,000, its surplus $15,000,000. That is, it had $40,000,000 working capital of its own before a dollar of deposits was taken into account. In the nine years since 1902, it has added an annual sum, growing into more and more millions every year, until to-day the bank's own working capital is $60,000,000. There are only eight States in the Union whose entire banking capital is larger than this.

The foundation of the bank was safe beyond any possible strain, and would be in the future. James Stillman's further ambition was to make it the greatest and most efficient banking instrument in America. Very early he had secured the strongest possible banking connections through Europe, and established a great business in foreign exchange. He did the banking of the strongest corporations in the country; he could offer corresponding banks valuable business in their own towns in return for what they could give him in New York. Some eighteen hundred of the seven thousand national banks in the United States are now the City Bank's correspondents.

The bank, within ten years after Stillman took it, was no longer, by any possibility, a one-man enterprise. Stillman saw this, and brought around him a large staff of younger men, whom he had either educated or taken in, the latter very largely from the Middle West. Frank A. Vanderlip, now president of the bank, was one of these Western men, and his ability and previous experience as a financial journalist and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury contributed much to broaden the outlook and field of the institution.

The work of adding corresponding banks was pushed, the entire United States being covered by agents to get this business. Stillman bought a large interest in the Riggs National Bank, of Washington, opposite the Treasury Department, and arranged for it to act as Washington agent for the City Bank's correspondents throughout the country. A bond department was built up, which takes issues of bonds in blocks of millions or tens of millions, and sells them to banks and other investors.

In 1908 the City Bank moved into its new $5,000,000 banking house, just across Wall Street from its location of the preceding century. The old custom house — formerly the Mer-

WILLIAM AND JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

From a photograph taken in 1907

chants' Exchange, in which sixty years ago the Wall Street stock market occupied a small corner for less than two hours a day — was remade into a building covering one of the irregular blocks of the old city. Two thirds of this is occupied by the bank itself, and in the heart of it, 188 feet long, 124 feet wide, and occupying a height of four ordinary stories, is the magnificent main banking room — the great central temple of American money.

The Great Money Plant

Yet it is not as a piece of architecture that the new bank is most interesting, but as a wonderfully equipped plant for handling money and securities. In the center of it is the two-storied steel vault, about the size of a workingman's cottage. In this there is generally at least $500,000,000 in cash and actual securities. The cash ranges from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000. There are from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 worth of securities held as collateral against loans, and $250,000,000 or $300,000,000 of American securities held as agent for foreign owners — largely financial or brokerage houses. An elaborate system of protection surrounds the vault. Should it be attacked by a mob, there is an apparatus by which live steam could be thrown out, enveloping the whole vault, and scalding to death any one approaching it.

Around the vault is a high marble inclosure, behind which, in a score of bronze cages, the various clerks and tellers do their business with the public. At the left, the vice-presidents and cashiers sit behind a low railing. At the rear is the office of the president, Frank A. Vanderlip. Every arrangement is made to promote the accessibility of these men to anybody who has legitimate business with them. Upstairs, above the office of the president, is James Stillman,— now chairman of the directors,— out of immediate contact with the public: a silent, swarthy, melancholy-eyed man, planning, in the retirement of a big, isolated room, the policies of his bank. Much of his time he spends in Paris; but he is never out of touch with his bank.

In this extraordinary plant is every possible equipment for a banking business. A telegraph and cable room connects directly with every part of the world; there is every type of machine for carrying papers, and for talking or writing messages; there is a big library; there is a kitchen, and a dining-room accommodating one hundred and fifty people at a time, where the bank serves luncheon free of charge to its employees every day; there is a suite of two bedrooms for the use of officers kept in the bank for some sudden necessity, such as a crisis in a great panic; and in the basement there is a big club-room for the clerks of the establishment.

Four hundred and fifty men are needed to operate this great work-shop. Forty messengers carry the drafts and general business of the institution through the city; roomfuls of clerks sort checks and drafts and keep the records of correspondents' accounts; a special department keeps filed away the information relating to the tens of thousands of individuals and enterprises that have applied to the bank for loans.

Throughout the twenty-four hours of the day this financial plant is never stopped. A small force of clerks goes on at the end of the regular working day, and stays until midnight. From midnight until eight o'clock half a dozen clerks are sorting the mail — receiving then a great part of all that comes in from out of town. There are from three to five thousand out-of-town letters every day, containing from fifteen to twenty thousand checks. They must be ready by ten o'clock for presentation at the clearing-house, or the clients of the banks will lose a full day's interest on their money. In an institution that has presented total demands as great as $75,000,000 in a single day at the clearing-house, carelessness or delay in handling checks and drafts might easily mean a daily loss of hundreds or even thousands of dollars. The daily interest on $10,000,000 at four per cent is over a thousand dollars.

At half past eight or nine o'clock the messengers go out through the city, taking the hundreds of drafts to business houses for acceptance; at ten the settlement at the clearing-house is made, and the regular public banking day begins again at the bank. The great plant is running, full of life and energy, at high speed again.

It needs to be. Here, by the growth of Wall Street, the centralization of corporations in New York, the necessity of banks to find a temporary place for the use of surplus money, is the center of the ready resources of the country — a volume of money always fluctuating, often very violently. The training of half a century has gone to evolve in this and other Wall Street banks the highest possible development of a system for keeping assets liquid. The deposits of this bank have varied $15,000,000 in a day. It is necessary to be everlastingly ready.

The total deposits of the City Bank now run about $250,000,000; its total resources are about $310,000,000. Of this sum $60,000,000 are in cash. This is the first line of reserve. The second line is call loans of some $75,000,000. The third line is some $35,000,000 in bonds. All of the $170,000,000 or more in these three items is in cash and the nearest equivalents that can be carried profitably.

The call loan, of all these three, is the most significant of the New York financial bank. Practically the only place in the country that makes real call loans — that is, loans on collateral, which are made on an absolutely impersonal basis and can be called at any time, regardless of the borrower's feelings — is Wall Street.

Across the center of the long desk where the loan clerks of the City Bank stand, in a little channel under a glass, runs the constantly moving tape of Wall Street quotations. An average fall of one point in the market will mean a decline of $1,500,000 or $2,000,000 in the value of the securities pledged for loans with the institution. Four clerks can stand and watch this momentous moving strip of paper, in case of panic. In drawers around them are arranged the names of every borrower, with their loans and collateral, recorded on cards arranged in alphabetical order; in other drawers are addressed envelops, in the same card-catalogue order. A call for more collateral can be sent out immediately. Loans for $25,000,000 can be called in fifteen minutes through the bank messengers.

The City Bank Group

The City Bank, always ready, sits at the center of the financial operations of the country — perpetuating the most successful traditions of the old trading merchants of New York. There are $300,000,000 of resources always in its hands. It buys and sells money, and credit, and securities, exactly as it would buy and sell cotton or sugar or coal. Upon it, and its alliances, has been concentrated the tremendous power that has accrued to it as custodian of the greatest central body of available cash and quick assets of the country.

Behind this City Bank, in the second line of strength in this section of the so-called "money power," are the various other Stillman-Rockefeller banks — tied to it by common ownership. The resources of these banks and trust companies, including the City, were $700,000,000 at the beginning of 1911.

Behind these, in the third line, are the personal fortunes allied closely with the bank: the fortune of William Rockefeller, estimated several years ago by one of his most intimate associates at $400,000,000; of John D. Rockefeller, his brother, considered the richest man in the world; the Taylor and Harriman estates, estimated at $100,000,000 each; the Armour property, now estimated at $100,000,000; the fortunes of such men as Jacob Schiff, James Stillman, and the Vanderbilts and J. P. Morgan. No one but the owners themselves can estimate how great their accumulations are. They go high into the hundreds of millions. Together they very likely pass the billion mark.

Back of these, in the fourth line, are the huge enterprises that these men control. That central and almost identical group — the Stillman-Rockefeller banks, the Standard Oil Company, and the Union Pacific system — embody corporate property worth four or five billion dollars. There were only seven States in the Union whose property, by the census of 1904, exceeded four billion dollars. In addition, the close, but in 1906 not identical, interests on the board of the City Bank — like the Vanderbilts and Armours and J. P. Morgan — certainly controlled as much more capitalization in industries and railroads.

Financial groups are not fixed, accomplished things; they are organisms still in process of formation. In 1906 — as far as the control of the railroads and the greatest industrial enterprises and the large financial institutions of the United States were concerned — there were two groups quite clearly defined.

The first of these was the one gathered around the City Bank, founded on the most tried and successful principles of the traders in merchandise and ready money. It possessed a tremendous and cumulative power — the power of buying for cash when everybody else has to sell, and of buying to a practically unlimited extent. These operations, based on an exact mathematical certainty of growth,— a certainty as sure as the recurrence of business fluctuations,— were backed by individual fortunes that had already accumulated to the size of the wealth of large cities, and by corporate properties that had accumulated to the wealth of great States.

The second group, formed, on a very similar principle, around other New York banking institutions, will be described in the next article of this series.

Rodania the Magic Mare

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

ON a rainy afternoon that interfered with the pursuit of his peace-disturbing trade, came Keddash, the fruit-huckster, who was Arab, to the shop of Sewaya the Syrian. For, though Keddash could not comprehend the neat black lettering that announced

ALL KINDS OF METTAL — BY OR SELL
ALL REPAIR IN GOLD SILVER BRASS
COPPER TIN & IRON QUIK DONE HERE

he could read the gay red Arabic above this comprehensive announcement.

In his hand he bore a broken bit which he loudly proclaimed was "bust," and he bargained shrewdly for the repairs thereof. That delicate stroke of diplomacy consummated, he sat down amicably in the back of the junk-shop to watch the work; for Sewaya was an honest craftsman, and the mending of the bit was no trifling thing. It meant no hasty soldering of the rusty iron. It began with the ceremonious building of a wee charcoal fire, by the aid of bellows as wheezy and brown and wrinkled as the ancient workman himself; it proceeded with a nice adjustment of the somewhat primitive tools and a patient handling of the heated metal; and it would be concluded with a grave inspection of a thing perfectly accomplished.

With his patriarchal white head bent over his task, the tinker listened politely to the scolding monologue of his customer, the burden of whose complaint was a bitter execration of American harness in general and American bits in particular.

In the delicious metallic clutter of the doorway were playing Sewaya's grandchildren, Nazileh, dusky-eyed and lovely, and wee Antar, her brother. The little girl was patiently trying to teach the baby the proper way to greet his grandsire.

"Abu Asaad," she coaxed softly, under the clink of the tool against the iron.

"Bah — saad-ad!" sputtered the infant, chuckling adorably.

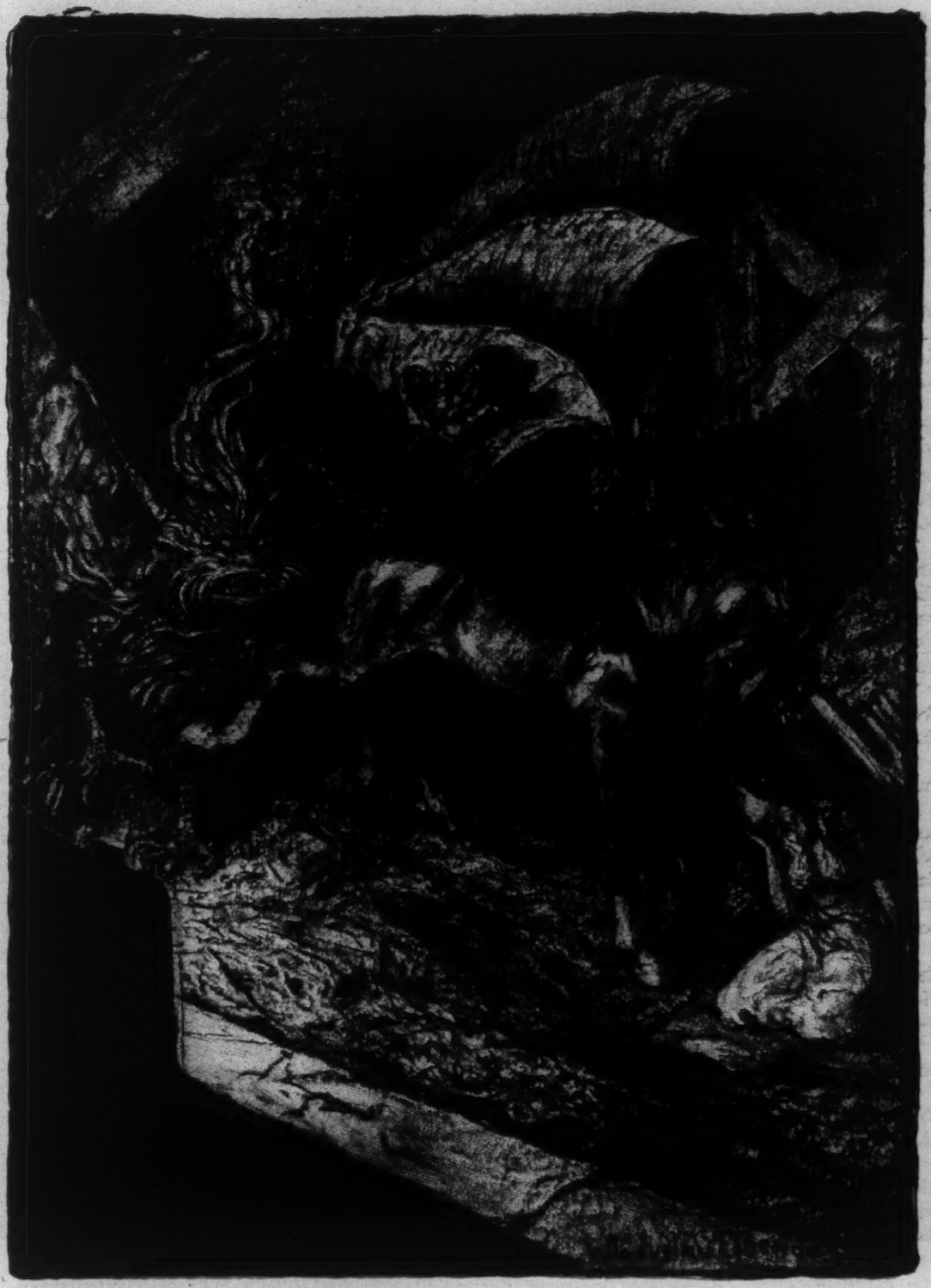
Nazileh sighed and gave it up. She leaned her curly head against the door-panel and listened idly to the hoarse voice of Keddash.

"Whad kin you es-spec'?" he was demanding rhetorically. "Thees Ameercan, whad do they know of 'orse? Bah! They ri-ide onlee een a soobway or a rallroad train, or some een a squawkin' aut'mobeel! They know notheeng of the 'orse, an' they know nod 'ow to ma-ak a bit for heem."

He rolled a cigarette industriously.

"Onlee time thad I haf 'ear of any Ameercan efen talk of a 'orse — eet ees a crazee woman. She ma-ak a mooch of trouble for me, thad one. You know that brothaire of a donkey I get — whad they call th' brunco? May the man thad ees train heem be forgeeve of Allah — nevaire weel I forgeeve heem! Thad 'orse, one day, ees possess of a devil. Me, I take the whip an' beat heem good! Thad crazee ladee — she go tell th' S-pee-c-ah — Bah! They ma-ak me pay fine — one doll'r!"

Nazileh leaned forward with great interest. She, too, had heard of the S. P. C. A. Had not a stern-faced woman spoken in the schoolroom to them all about this strange thing? The



"'THE MARE EES TRAMPLE WEETH HER HOOF, AN' SHE EES GNASH WEETH HER TEETH, AN' SHE EES DESTROY THAD GHOUL!'"

child drew her brows together in a straight little Asiatic frown as she tried to remember. It had been something about always giving dogs a drink, and never going off to the country and leaving your cat to starve.

"Please — yes," Nazileh had vaguely replied, at that time. "My mothaire ees nod haf a dog to geeve water — an' my mothaire ees nod goin' ad any othaire country but Br-rooklyn — an' we haf nod a cat — no; we haf a nice, swee-eet babee!"

The class-room had resounded with uproarious laughter; Nazileh blushed as she recalled it. And this strange S. P. C. A. would not let Keddash beat his wicked horse! Nazileh glowed with sympathy for the abused man.

"'Oo can tell me, Keddash, 'ow shall I rule my 'orse?" demanded the Arab. "Keddash, of the tribe of Anazeh! Me, 'oo haf rule th' 'orse evaire since thad I was a leetle child." He leaned back more comfortably and watched the cigarette smoke drift out into the rain.

"Clink — clink — clink!" jingled the tools. The baby babbled softly as he played with a glittering bit of tin. Nazileh leaned forward, quite breathless, her thick lips parted, her dark eyes shining; for when Keddash talked of his childhood there was sometimes a story coming.

"Of a truth, Abu Asaad," he continued reflectively, "I haf een my time ri-ide more 'orse than I haf evaire see een Ameerca! When thad I am a leetle boy my fathaire feerst teach me 'ow to care for th' day-ol' foal — to feed heem a feeg soak een salt. When thad I am a youth he ees teach me 'ow to ri-ide the two-year mares. When thad I am a suitable age — ah!" — Keddash bent forward and his voice dropped reverently, — "when thad I am of suitable age I am permeet to ri-ide — Rodan-ee-ah!"

The hot iron glowed in the dingy light of the shop; Abu Asaad looked up with a gleam of interest in his deep-set eyes. He, too, loved a story.

"Ees Rodan-ee-ah the mare of thy fathaire?" he asked adroitly.

"Efen so!" responded Keddash proudly. "Ah — she was a mare, thad one! She was *shareb-er-rehl* — a very air-drinker!"

Keddash swayed himself like one in the saddle, his eyes half closed in ecstasy as he recalled the glories of the mare. He sang her praises like the cadences of a song.

"Th' leetle ears of her — leeke th' antelope, startle een th' 'erd!"

He sighed rapturously.

"Th' forehead of her — eet ees cover weeth seelky hair!

"Th' color of her — eet ees ches'nut — leeke the mares of the Nedj!

"Th' tail of her — eet ees leeke unto the veil of a bride!

"An' she go — ah! she go leeke th' rushin' of the south wind!"

Nazileh drew a long breath of delight.

"Me — I leeke thad 'orse!" she sighed. "Me — I lofe thad 'orse!"

"She haf nod a trouble hair on her," boasted Keddash, "an' she haf one white ear — thad ees ver' lucky!"

"Ees she of good blood, also?" suggested Abu Asaad slyly.

"Blood?" ejaculated Keddash, his voice rising shrill once more. "You ask eef Rodan-ee-ah ees of good blood!" He flung out his arms.

"Leesten ad me! Rodan-ee-ah ees Keheilan Ajuz! She ees bred by Ibn Rodan of the Roala, an' the Keheilet Ajuz are all descend from the El Khamsa — the five faithful mares of the Prophet! An' El Khamsa, as you well know, ees descend from Bint el Ahwaz — the daughters of the crooked — those wonderful mares of Ishmael heemself! An' you ask me ees Rodan-ee-ah of good blood! Rodan-ee-ah — a Keheilan Ajuz!"

His voice rolled out triumphantly. He was no longer Keddash, the fruit-huckster; he was Keddash, a son of the desert!

"Let me tol' you more," he added eagerly, "'ow lucky a mare ees thees Rodan-ee-ah. On a time, a maiden of th' Roala tribe ees pursue of a ghoul — efery night thees speerit ees chase after her, an' would carry her many miles to a country of scorpions. Goes thees maiden to a witch-woman, an' thad wise one ees tell her she shall be safe onlee weeth a mare — a ches'nut mare weeth nod a trouble hair on her, an' weeth one white ear! Goes th' maid, thad night, to the tent of her fathaire. Outside ees tie Rodan-ee-ah, then just a leetle one-year mare. Th' maid she hide by th' sleepin' mare. Comes th' ghoul at midnight, an' up starts thad mare! An' she ees trample weeth her hoof, an' she ees gnash weeth her teeth, an' she ees destroy thad ghoul! An' thad maiden — she ees forevaire safe!"

"Ah!" breathed Nazileh, her dark eyes glistening and her little breast heaving tempestuously. "Thad ees an angel 'orse!"

"My fathaire — Allah keep hees soul!" continued Keddash dreamily, — "he ees win thad mare from th' Roala een battle, an' thad mare ees th' mos' bes' 'orse he had. But one day an En'leesch ladee ees safe my fathaire of deeth of a fever, an' my fathaire ees swear an eternal brothairehood weeth th' 'usband of miladee, an' he ees geeve them — Rodan-ee-ah! Th' reech En'leesch ladee, she take thad mare to

En'land; an' thad ees 'ow," he ended grandiloquently, "eet 'appen thad th' En'leesch know sometheeng more of th' 'orse than thees stupid Ameercan!"

"Oxcuse thad I ask," cried Nazileh softly. "Me — I leeke thad I see thad mare!"

Keddash stared down at the child, and then he brushed the unashamed tears from his eyes.

"*Bismallah!*" he muttered. "I leeke thad I see!"

When he took the rusty bit from Sewaya's wrinkled fingers, he twisted the metal thing in his hands and laughed harshly.

"An' I — 'oo haf ri-ide Rodan-ee-ah," he wailed, "I — 'oo haf rush leeke the wind through th' desert — I dri-ive a brunco— th' brothaire to th' ass!"

He shrugged his shoulders passionately as he hurried out into the rain; and a moment later the "brother to the ass" was running more angrily than he had ever run in all his life, while in his leathery mouth the mended bit sawed itself viciously back and forth, to the ferocious satisfaction of Keddash the Arab.

Nazileh sat quite still until her grandfather roused her from her revery.

"Wrap thy brother warm," he commanded, "and I will carry him for thee to the house of thy mother."

"Thad Rody 'orse," mused Nazileh, forgetting, as she so often did in these days, to speak to her grandfather in Arabic, "eet ees a nice lucky 'orse, thad one."

"So Keddash says," responded Abu Asaad grimly; "but, eef of a truth thad mare was a Keheilan Ajuz — 'oo can blame heem thad he boast!"

In the evening, when Antar was asleep, Nazileh told her mother of the lucky horse. Umn Antar listened, smiling with childish delight at the tale.

"Thad 'orse ees th' mos' bes' kin' of 'orse," she nodded wisely. "I bet thad ghoul nod goin' to fool aroun' a mageeck 'orse any more."

The little girl sighed thoughtfully.

"NAZILEH PEERED CURIOUSLY THROUGH THE GRATING"

"Me — I leeke thad I haf a mare."

"*Mashallah!*" exclaimed her mother, in mock horror. "Jus' one leetle ge-url haf a beeg 'orse!"

Nazileh did not laugh. In all seriousness she reiterated her plaintive wish, and added:

"Eef thad I haf a mare, nod anytheeng can evaire geet Antar."

"Notheeng goin' to geet thad babee," answered her mother teasingly; "nobody goin' to wan' sooch a bother."

Nazileh's slender hands clenched themselves and her slow black eyes flashed angrily.

"Nobody ees better try," she cried shrilly, "or — or — I goin' to keeck them jus' leeke thad mare, an' gnash weeth my teeth jus' leeke thad mare — so!"

She pranced about the room like a little whirlwind of wrath; her clumsy shoes clattered until Antar awoke, whimpering. She knelt quickly over his rug, cooingly contrite, until he had closed his sleep-heavy eyelids once more.

"*Aie!*" she whispered shamefacedly, her dark eyes lifted to the glint of laughter in her mother's. "He ees so sweet, thees one — many a one would weesh for heem!"

The story of the magic mare proved a source of endless delight to the story-loving little girl for many days to come. Antar was favored with many big-mouthed, wide-eyed versions of the tale; Tommy O'Brien and the small Cassettlys listened awe-stricken to a breathless account of the Arab maid's adventures.

"Huh!" said Tommy. "That's nothin'! I know a nigger down in Adams Street that's got a cross-eyed dog that bit a feller that tried to nab th' coon."

"But thad ees nod mageeck," protested Nazileh. "A ghoul ees nod a fellow, Tommee-oó-breen; eet ees a theeng" — her voice lowered with the horror — "eet ees a speerit of a dead one, a ghoul ees, an' eet would carry away

maidens an' shildrens an'" — she shuddered — "swee-eet leetle ba-bees!"

The Cassettlys corroborated this description of a ghoul as authentic, and even added a few hair-raising details of their own. Tommy at last comprehended the supernatural characteristics, and paled under his spatter of freckles.

"None o' Syria for mine!" he ejaculated, "if dey lets many o' dem around loose! Dat's de limit!"

When the Cassettlys had departed, in answer to a guttural command from their father, Tommy edged closer to Nazileh.

"Say, Nuzli," he suggested, "j'ever see de horse up de street in de stable dat opens off de corner? My fader hears it cost *one t'ousand dollars!*"

Nazileh was not in the least awed.

"Th' mare of Abu Keddash," she rejoined, with dignity, "ees cos' mor' than a thousan' doll's; eet ees worth many, many camels!"

But, when she took Antar for his afternoon outing, she pushed the battered perambulator down the street to the stable, and peered curiously through the grating.

It was a dignified doorway with grilled gates, distinguished by much-involved monograms and quaint side-lights; over the queer old bell-handle was a sign:

ENTRANCE TO RESIDENCE
AROUND THE CORNER
AT 81 JARDEEN STREET

The little Syrian sighed with delight. This marvelous doorway straightway became the cover of a delectable picture-book. She hung about the place like one entranced. For within the stable were mysterious wonders shrouded in dusty muslin — a barouche, a surrey, a cumbrous old brougham, and oddly curving sleighs with bells that trembled, when the horses stamped, into little jingles so faint that they seemed like the ghosts of forgotten winters.

The stalls were almost empty, but Nazileh could see a bobbed tail above a pair of pony's hoofs that pounded impatiently, and a glorious swishing tail above a pair of brown legs.

"Beeg 'orse for me!" she whispered rapturously. "Leetle young 'orse for thee, Antar!"

Peering more closely into the shadowy depths, she saw a small doorway that opened into a sunlit yard beyond, where a stately gray-haired woman sauntered beneath the ailanthus trees.

"Thad ees a mooch reech ladee," sighed the little girl. "See 'ow she walks so grand an' tall, Antar!"

But a moment later the children fled incontinently; for Joe Saunders, the stableman, opened the harness-room door with a bang.

Joe was a gruff New Englander who had grown old in his mistress' service. His life jogged along with the even regularity of a battered old kitchen clock. Every morning he groomed his two charges; every day he drove his mistress to market in the fat pony's cart; every afternoon at four he harnessed the mare to the least antiquated vehicle, and drove sedately around the corner to take the gray-haired lady for her drive; and when it was evening, he bedded his charges, and, having hid the key in the door-jamb, departed.

His mistress grew more sternly disdainful every year of the noisy foreigners and their broods of little ones who were creeping closer and closer to her old home. She fought against them with an intensity that vastly amused her youthful relatives.

"I shall never be able to pretend to have any interest in the creatures," she declared stiffly to her niece. "Mary Elderson was here, the other day, to ask me to contribute to some absurd Fresh Air Fund; said this unusually hot June weather was increasing the infant mortality. I told her plainly that I never went into the country until July myself, and I didn't see why I should send other people in June. Furthermore, I really see no reason for prolonging the existence of these undesirable aliens — I'd far rather contribute to a fund for the exclusion of immigration."

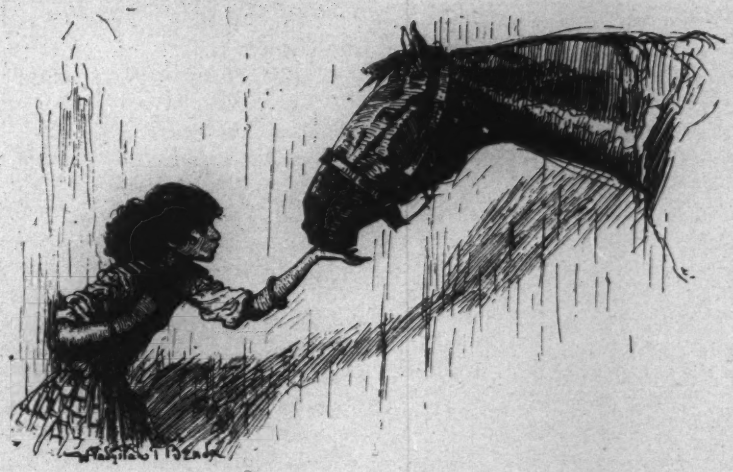
Joe Saunders thoroughly advocated his mistress' point of view. He, too, railed at the annoying proximity of what he termed "danged furriners." Whenever Tommy O'Brien or the Cassettlys or the Dutch baker lady's children encroached on his domains, he drove them away with the stubbly stable broom.

"Heathen! I can't stand them heathen!" he would grumble, as he rubbed the fat mare; "they ought to be a lawr ag'in' 'em, they ought!"

But, somehow, when the little Syrian, with her darkly fringed eyes raised trustfully to his, crept timidly one morning to the stable, and begged to see the horses, Joe Saunders simply grunted. And when she tuggingly lifted her chubby brother so that he could see "th' lofely leetle 'orse," Joe Saunders pretended to be busy in the harness-room, so that Antar wriggled his fingers around the pony's pink nostrils to his heart's content.

"Me — I leeke thad I see thad mor' beeg 'orse," coaxed Nazileh sweetly, when Joe returned.

"Can't be bothered bringing her out," Joe replied gruffly; "she was rubbed down afore



"NAZILEH STRETCHED OUT HER HAND TOWARD THE QUIVERING NOSTRILS AND SHUT HER EYES IN RAPTURE"

you came. Stand by lest you get hit by this door sliding!" And, the door having slid, the story-book closed for that day, and Nazileh and Antar went back to the workaday world of Dix Street.

Patiently, day by day, the little Syrian hung about the doorway; yet, somehow, she was never rewarded with a closer view of the mare. Joe Saunders found it very amusing to listen to her pretty coaxing.

"She's a very waluable hoss," he would say, "and my orders is to take extra good care of her — they's no call for me to be showing her to every little dago that comes along!"

Nazileh sighed wearily.

"Me — I ees nod a dago," she explained, with the spiritless intonation of one who has reiterated the racial fact to many persons. "Me — I ees come from Beirut, Syreeah. An' I leeke ver' mooch thad my brothaire Antar shall see th' lofely beeg 'orse!"

At last there came the eventful day when a quick shower made Joe Saunders so far unbend as to pull the perambulator into the shelter of the entrance. Nazileh was actually seated on a faded carriage-cushion, almost breathless with delight. She eyed Joe Saunders shrewdly when he had finished grooming the pony.

"Thees day you ees so kin'," she drawled sweetly; "thees ees a ver' good day thad Antar shall see thad beeg 'orse — please!"

Joe grinned.

"You're th' divil of a teaser, you are," he laughed; "hain't ye 'feard she might bite him?"

"No, seer — or madame," replied Nazileh eagerly. "'Orse they nod bite good ge-url or a swee-eet babee!" She paused to lavish a moist caress on Antar's fuzzy little head. "I bet you thad nice 'orse leeke to see thees nice babee!"

Her eyelashes drooped slyly; the corners of her mouth lifted in a little smile.

"Antar," she whispered adroitly, "I mos' guess we ees goin' to see that 'orse — thees man ees so kin'."

Joe laughed uproariously.

"Ye're a cute little wheedler," he said. "I guess he is."

Nazileh sat quite still, her thick lips parted and her eyes shining wonderfully.

"Ah," she sighed, "I mooch obleege." She waited, star-eyed, until the patter of the pony's hoofs subsided and the heavy thud of bigger shoes was heard.

The pretty mare came around the corner of the stall-posts with her head coquettishly high; she curvetted and pranced, sniffing the rain-sweet air. Her sweeping mane and tail shone, her satiny sides gleamed, and her nostrils quivered as she nuzzled at Joe's hands for the anticipated sweet.

For a full moment Nazileh held her delighted breath as she stared, and then, as she caught sight of the mare's curiously marked white ear, the child fell forward in a deep Oriental salaam.

"*Aie! Aie!*" she screamed in terror-stricken joy. "Eet ees thad Rodan-ee-ah! Eet ees th' mageeck 'orse!"

Joe Saunders looked down upon this Eastern abandon, very much perplexed.

"Name's Molly," he objected. "She hain't no mageeck 'orse — she's an A-rab!"

Nazileh lifted her prostrate self to her knees. Her eyes were glistening and her breath came in excited gasps. Nothing could shake her ardent belief in the miracle she perceived before her.

"A-rab!" she nodded, her words falling gutturally. "Me — I know; Keddash haf tol'

Abu Asaad. See thou th' ear so white — see thou th' tail so long — " She got up and walked warily around the horse, looking eagerly over the satiny coat for any whorl of hairs. "*Aie!*" she ended triumphantly, when she found it not, "she haf nod a tr-rouble hair — eet ees Rodan-ee-ah!"

Suddenly she rushed back to the carriage-cushion and caught up Antar.

"See thad mare, Antar?" she cried. "See thad 'orse, heart of my hearts? Eet ees thad mageeck 'orse!"

Antar clapped his dusky hands, as he always did when he heard the excited thrill in Nazileh's voice.

"'Orse! 'Orse!" he echoed proudly.

Nazileh hugged him rapturously; she was almost too happy for speech.

"You see, kin' man," she faltered, "thees babee, he too, he know thees 'orse!"

Joe fondled the mare's white nose, and laughed.

"Gee, what a fuss!" he chuckled. "But you come here an' see what she'll do to this lump o' sugar when you give it to her."

Nazileh took the proffered bit shyly; she stretched out her slender hand toward the quivering nostrils. A pink tongue flashed out, velvet-soft lips touched her fingers, and then the mare bobbed her head with her usual gesture of thanks. She was so close that Nazileh could feel her breath. The child shut her eyes in rapture.

"Rodan-ee-ah!" she sighed. "Me — I jus' lofe thee!"

The days that followed were filled with the new delight. Every day strengthened her faith that the horse was in truth the horse of the fairy tale. She babbled constantly of the wonder.

"'Urry, my mothaire," she would plead, early in the morning, while the breakfast broth was steaming. "Me — I mus' 'urry weeth Antar to see Rodan-ee-ah. We shall feed her th' sugaire of th' kin' man."

Umn Antar would smile into her little daughter's eager face.

"Pretty little fool," she sighed once. "There is no magic in this weary land!"

"There ees Rodan-ee-ah!" Nazileh stoutly protested. "Rodan-ee-ah — 'oo ees thad mageeck 'orse!"

Then, suddenly, these days of blissful delight came to an abrupt end; for there rose a strange new danger, more awesome than any of those that had yet troubled the little Syrian. On a sticky, humid day came Geraldine Schmidt, the Dutch baker lady's daughter, wailing out her noisy Teutonic grief.

"Mine brother! They takes mine brother!" she howled.

Nazileh clutched Antar closely.

"'Oo takes heem?" she demanded, cold dread in her heart. If "they" would take a stupid Dutch baby like Adolph Schmidt, would not "they" take Antar?

"The Fresh Air Fund," wailed Geraldine. "They takes him off mit a train!"

Nazileh's eyes widened with horror. The very name of the monster was terrifying; she mouthed it with bated breath.

"Freeschairfun'!" she whispered. This was a terror more to be feared than the ghouls and jinns of far-off Syria. She pushed the battered perambulator home so fast that its rattling wheels almost lost their spokes. She did not dare confide this dreadful terror to her mother, but lingered within doors, starting nervously at every strange sound in the noisy hallways. She used cunning, inventing excuses for staying inside, when her mother bade her take the whimpering baby to the street; and, when these availed not, she scuttled into doorways whenever a stranger passed.

To be sure, after a few days the first sharpness of her fright slid easily into a somewhat secure sense of a thing past; but always a new note of danger sang itself through the noisy song of her life. She argued adroitly with herself that some moments were obviously safe moments for Antar to appear in public. Not even a jinn or a ghoul would dare approach while Father Shiskim's broad back was within vision; and she followed him, half a block or more behind, on his daily journeys through his parish.

But one evening, while this unconscious protector stood in plain sight from the corner where she had stationed herself, Antar let out a sudden cry, as the heat-rash chafed his dusky skin. When Nazileh flew to comfort him with gentle scratches, she saw that two women were stooping over the dilapidated hood of the cart. One, with odd little bonnet-ties beneath her chin, was smiling at the baby pityingly.

"Has the baby been sick very long?" she asked.

"He ees nod seeck," answered Nazileh patiently. "Eet ees more hot than he leekes, an' he cries also of th' bite of th' muskeet."

"Poor little soul," said the woman thoughtfully, with one cool hand on Antar's wrist. "His temperature is 'way up. Where do you live, dear?"

"Forty-neen of Deex Street, please," answered Nazileh.

The other woman wrote something in a little book, straining her eyes in the flickering glare of the arc-light.

"'I NOD GOIN' TO RUN WEETH THEES NICE 'ORSE!' SHE ASSURED THE STERN-FACED WOMAN"

"I'm afraid it won't be any use, Miss Bonner," she said regretfully. "Every one of the south district's tickets are gone, and unless you can get a transfer stub from the Bridge Street Fresh Air Fund ——"

Without a second's pause, the two startled women found themselves staring down the street after a child who ran stumblingly but fleetly — a child who was pushing a rickety cart before her with all the strength of her frightened little self; and within the cart a baby crowed happily over the joy of the sudden jolting. The flying legs and wabbly wheels were lost in the depths of a yawning doorway before the charity visitors could even cry out.

"Heart of my hearts!" whispered Nazileh, in rapid Arabic, with one grimy little hand over Antar's thick lips, "not so loud — *bass baqua!*" Her breath came in uneven jerks; she was shivering with terror.

"Oh, thad Freeschairfun'!" she moaned softly. "I leeke thad eet was dead, dead, dead! I weesh" — she paused in grim delight of the deadly American oath she was about to utter — "*I weesh a gosh on eet!*"

Antar screamed lustily in the darkness of the doorway. A man from the floor above sharply bade Nazileh to take herself away; and the little girl, tugging bravely at the cart-handles, slipped cautiously out into the street once more. Breathless from a perilous journey to her own doorway, she paused, a new dread in her heart. She remembered that she had told the women where Antar lived. She gave a startled cry, and deliberately fled down Dix Street, without so much as glancing up the familiar stairway.

A little breeze came up from the river; the stars came out, and then the languorous summer moon. The Cassettly children went indoors, weary from the heat of the day. Presently even Tommy O'Brien had left his beloved street, and was curled comfortably on the pillows his mother had piled on the fire-escape for him. Another hour, and Dix Street was fairly quiet; for all the children were asleep, save a wailing infant or two, and only the deeper-toned adult noises were heard.

Umn Antar called fretfully from her window; she was very tired. But her usually obedient little daughter made no answer. After a while Umn Antar called again, this time crossly. Presently she shuffled her worn Oriental slippers wearily across the hall to her neighbor. And, when her neighbor could suggest nothing, they both hurried into the street.

Dix Street did not forget for some time the wailings of Leila, the mother of Antar and Nazileh, for her lost children. Most of Dix Street could not understand her guttural Arabic cries and her extravagant methodical beating of her thin breast; but all of Dix Street could interpret the frightened light in her gleaming eyes and the meaning of her empty, outstretched arms.

Up and down stairways, under rotting back-yard sheds, in the shadows of the billboards of a vacant lot, they searched in vain. A big policeman from the station and the watchman from the warehouses led the way, patiently rousing children who knew the little Syrians; but none could tell where Nazileh Sewaya had gone. Exhausted from the excitement, Umn Antar collapsed in the arms of the women who tried to comfort her, and alternately sobbed and scolded out her hysteria.

It was not until midnight that Tommy O'Brien, awakened by the flickering lanterns in the yard below him, tumbled out of his summer bed, digging his fists into his scared, sleepy eyes; and he looked down upon the wailing woman and heard her broken cries.

"'SEE THAD MARE, ANTAR? EET EES THAD MAGEECK 'ORSE!'"

"A jinn or a ghoul haf carry them——"

A glimmer of sense flashed through the quick Irish brain, and he was off down the street, dragging the policeman after him. Around the corner to the Jardeen Street house he raced, waiting impatiently while the officer roused the household; and then presently they were all hurrying through the ailanthus shadows to the stable door—the policeman, Tommy, the stately lady, and her pretty niece.

The horses whinnied nervously at the disturbance. Tommy's voice quavered as he called, first timidly, then shrilly.

"Nuzli! Nuzli!" he entreated. "Come out of it, kiddo—your mudder's t'rowing fits! Nuzli! Give us a holler!"

Peering into harness closets, poking around carriages, his heart beat with a sense of futility.

"Sure she could get in," he argued impatiently, when the officer showed him the locked door; "she knows where th' man sticks th' key, an' she hangs aroun' here lots!"

The lady's voice was very stern.

"I'm sorry the children are lost," she said, "but I think this boy is mistaken; they couldn't be here."

But Tommy had caught a glimpse of something white in the corner of the big box-stall, and he was dancing up and down excitedly. The policeman slapped the fat mare to make her stand aside; but she reared and showed her teeth. She would not budge for her mistress until the familiar voice grew insistently sharp in its command.

Even in her terror-stricken slumber, Nazileh still held Antar. Their curly heads were cuddled close together in the straw. Secure in the magic protection of the white ear, they slept, and the mare was guarding them faithfully.

The gray-haired woman waved the men aside, and walked firmly to the sleeping children.

"Wake up!" she commanded shortly. "Wake up, little girl!"

Miss Emily put out a protesting hand.

"Aunty dear," she faltered, "you mustn't frighten the poor things!"

"Frighten them?" queried Mrs. Grayson. "Haven't they frightened every one else? It's perfectly preposterous! Wake up!" she ordered brusquely.

And Nazileh awoke. Her lovely dusky eyes shone in the gleam of the lifted lantern.

"Oxcuse!" she murmured drowsily. "Oxcuse, dear ladee!" Her words trembled at first, but then they came more bravely.

"Me—I nod goin' to run weeth thees nice 'orse—ah, no!" she assured the stern-faced woman. "Me—I jus' goin' to stay at thees place." She bent protectingly over the baby, her face lifted appealingly. "Thees ees a mageeck 'orse, as well you know." Her words were coming in a tempestuous rush. "An evil

speerit — thad bad Freeschairfun' — ees pursue; eet would carry away thees babee to a far-off country — deed nod thees 'orse protec'!"

She spoke bravely, but her eyes were dim with frightened tears.

For a full moment they stared at each other, the stately lady and the little kneeling Syrian; and then the anger in the woman's eyes melted into a whimsical smile at the child's absurd faith. When she spoke again her tones had lost their harshness.

"Will you come if I promise not to let the spirit harm you?" she asked.

Nazileh rose awkwardly; Antar was very heavy when he slept.

"Yes, ladee."

The horse whinnied softly as they passed, rubbing her pink nose against them. Nazileh leaned her cheek toward the mare.

"Rodan-ee-ah," she whispered shyly, "I mooch obleege ad you!" And then she stepped straight into her mother's eager arms. Unconscious of all the rest, the child patted the sobbing woman protectingly.

"Do nod weep, leetle mothaire of my heart," she sighed. "Th' Freeschairfun' haf nod geet our babee — ah, no! Me an' Rodan-ee-ah haf guard heem through th' night! An' thees kin' ladee — she weel protec'!"

The motley group faded away like the climax to some grotesque dream — Tommy and Nazileh trotting obediently ahead; the big policeman carrying the sleeping baby, with Umn Antar clinging to one dimpled little fist; and the others pattering noisily over the flag-stones under the ailanthus shadows. Their excitable voices died away in the distance, Nazileh's gutturally sweet tones echoing faintly through the star-lit garden.

"An' Rodan-ee-ah — an' thad kin' ladee —"

The stately lady flushed with honest shame.

"Absurd little heathen!" she said abruptly, but her voice was gentle.

SONG OF THE SHROUD

(SUNG WHILE SPINNING IT)

A Roumanian folk-song

THOU snow-white apple-blossom,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

Snow-white as thou art, so shall be my shroud;
Yea, white as apple-blossoms,
White as a bridal wreath.
Thou wilt be soft for me, my gentle shroud;
Say, wilt thou not? nor chafe my limbs, when I
Have fallen asleep, and know nothing more;
Whilst in the village houses, round about,
They light the fire without me, and draw near
To tell their tales and spin?
But whilst I sit and spin thee, winding-sheet,
Shall I not tell thee, too, some fairy-tale?

Thou snow-white apple-blossom,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

X

MEANWHILE, in the room upstairs, Alice Puttenham, lying with her face pressed against the back of the chair into which she had feebly dropped, heard Hester run down the steps — tried to call, or rise, and could not. Since the death of Judith Sabin she had had little or no sleep, and much less food than usual, with, all the while, the pressure of a vague, corrosive terror on nerve and brain. The shock of that miniature in Hester's hands had just turned the scale: endurance had given way.

The quick footsteps receded. Yet she could do nothing to arrest them. Her mind floated in darkness.

Presently out of the darkness emerged a sound, a touch, a warm hand on hers.

"Dear — dear Miss Puttenham!"

"Yes."

Her voice seemed to herself a sigh — the faintest — from a great distance.

"The servants said you were here. Ellen came up to knock, and you did not hear. I was afraid you were ill — so I came in — you'll forgive me."

"Thank you."

Silence for a while. Mary brought cold water, chafed her friend's hands, and rendered all the services that women in such straits know how to lavish on a sufferer. Gradually Alice mastered herself, but more than a broken word or two still seemed beyond her, and Mary waited in patience. She was well aware that some trouble of a nature unknown to her had been weighing on Miss Puttenham for a week or more; and she realised too, instinctively, that she would get no light upon it.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mary went to open it. The servant whispered, and she returned at once.

"Mr. Meynell is here," she said, hesitating. "You will let me send him away?"

Alice Puttenham opened her eyes.

"I can't see him. But, please — give him some tea. He'll have walked — from Markborough."

Mary prepared to obey.

"I'll come back afterwards."

Alice roused herself further.

"No — there is the meeting afterwards. You said you were going."

"I'd rather come back to you."

"No, dear — no. I'm — I'm better alone. Good night, kind angel. It's nothing"— she raised herself in the chair —"only bad nights! I'll go to bed; that'll be best. Go down — give him tea. And Mrs. Flaxman's going with you?"

"No. Mother said she wished to go," said Mary slowly. "She and I were to meet in the village."

Alice nodded feebly.

"Just time. The meeting is at seven."

Then, with a sudden movement: "Hester! — is she gone?"

"I met her and the maid — in the village — as I came in."

A silence — till Alice roused herself again. "Go, dear. Don't miss the meeting. I — I want you to be there. Good night."

And she gently pushed the girl from her, putting up her pale lips to be kissed, and asking

that the little parlour-maid be sent to help her undress.

Mary went unwillingly. She gave Miss Puttenham's message to the maid, and, when the girl had gone up to her mistress, she lingered a moment at the foot of the stairs, her hands lightly clasped on her breast, as if to quiet the life within.

Meynell, expecting to see the lady of the house, could not restrain the start of surprise and joy with which he turned towards the incomer. He took her hand in his, pressing it involuntarily. But it slipped away; and Mary explained, with her soft composure, why she was there alone — that Miss Puttenham was suffering from a succession of bad nights and was keeping her room, that she sent word the Rector must rest a little before going home, and allow Mary to give him tea.

Meynell sank obediently into a chair by the open window, and Mary ministered to him. The lines of his strong, worn face relaxed. His look returned to her again and again, wistfully, involuntarily, yet not so as to cause her embarrassment.

She was dressed in some thin grey stuff that singularly became her; and with the grey dress she wore a collar or ruffle of soft white that gave it a slight Puritan touch. But the tumbling red-gold of the hair, the frank dignity of expression, belonged to no mere cloistered maid.

Meynell heard the news of Miss Puttenham's collapse with a sigh — checked at birth. He asked few questions about it — so Mary reflected afterwards. He would come in again on the morrow, he said, to enquire for her. Then, with some abruptness, he asked whether Hester had been much seen at the cottage during the preceding week.

Mary reported that she had been in and out as usual, and seemed reconciled to the prospect of Paris.

"Are you — is Miss Puttenham sure that she hasn't still been meeting that man?"

Mary turned a startled look upon him.

"I thought he had gone away?"

"There may be a stratagem in that. I have been keeping what watch I could; but at this time — what use am I?"

The Rector threw himself back wearily in his chair, his hands behind his head. Mary was conscious of some deep throb of feeling that must not come to words. Even since she had known it, the face had grown older — the lines deeper, the eyes finer. She stooped forward a little.

"It is hard that you should have this anxiety too. Oh, but I *hope* there is no need!"

He raised himself again with energy.

"There is always need with Hester. Oh, don't suppose I have forgotten her! I have written to that fellow, my cousin. I went, indeed, to see him, the day before yesterday; but the servants at Sandford declared he had gone to town, and they were packing up to follow. Lady Fox-Wilson and Miss Alice, here, have been keeping a close eye on Hester herself, I know; but, if she chose, she could elude us all!"

"She couldn't give such pain — such trouble!" cried Mary indignantly.

The Rector shook his head sadly. Then he looked at his companion.

"Has she made a friend of you? I wish she would."

"Oh, she doesn't take any account of me," said Mary, laughing. "She is quite kind to me: she tells me when she thinks my frock is hideous — or my hat's impossible — or she corrects my French accent. She is quite kind, but she would no more think of taking advice from me than from the sofa-cushion."

Meynell shrugged his shoulders.

"She has no bump of respect — never had!" And he began to give a half-humorous account of the troubles and storms of Hester's bringing up. "I often ask myself whether we haven't all — whether I in particular — haven't been a first-class bungler and blunderer all through with regard to Hester. Did we choose the wrong governesses? They seemed most estimable people. Did we thwart her unnecessarily? I can't remember a time when she didn't have everything she wanted!"

"She didn't get on very well with her father?" suggested Mary timidly.

Meynell made a sudden movement, and did not answer for a moment.

"Sir Ralph and she were always at cross purposes," he said, at last. "But he was kind to her — according to his lights; and — he said some very sound and touching things to me about her — on his death-bed."

There was a short silence. Meynell had covered his eyes with his hand. Mary was at a loss how to continue the conversation, when he resumed:

"I wonder if you will understand how strangely this anxiety weighs upon me — just now."

"Just now?"

"Here am I preaching to others," he said slowly, "leading what people call a religious movement, and this homely, elementary task seems to be all going wrong. I don't seem to be able to protect this child confided to me."

"Oh, but you will protect her!" cried Mary. "You will! She mayn't seem to give way —

when you talk to her; but she has said things to me — to my mother, too ——"

"That show her heart isn't all adamant? Well, well! — you're a comforter, but ——"

"I mean that she knows — I'm sure she does — what you've done for her — how you've cared for her," said Mary, stammering a little.

"I have done nothing but my plainest, simplest duty," he said impatiently. "I have made innumerable mistakes; and if I fail with her — it's quite clear that I'm not fit to teach or lead anybody."

They said no more of Hester. Mary's hunger for news of the Reform movement could not be hid. It was clear she read everything she could, and fed upon it in a loneliness and under a constraint that touched him profoundly. The conflict in her between a spiritual heredity — the heredity of her father's message — and her tender love for her mother had never been so plain to him. He could not feel that he was abetting any disloyalty in allowing the conversation. She was mature. Her mind had its own rights!

So the craving in her led him on, once again, as it had done on their first meeting. His fatigue passed away under the charm of the girl's refined and noble personality. He drew for her the progress of the campaign — its astonishing development, the kindling on all sides of the dry bones of English religion.

The new — or rewritten — liturgy of the Reform was, it seemed, almost completed. From all parts — from the universities, from cathedral cloisters, from quiet country parishes, from the clash of life in the great towns — men had emerged, as if by magic, to bring to the making of it their learning and their piety, the stored passion of their hearts. And the mere common impulse, the mere release of thoughts and aspirations so long repressed, had brought about an extraordinary harmony, a victorious selflessness, among the members of the Commission charged with the task. The work had gone with rapidity, yet with sureness, as in those early years of Christianity that saw so rich and marvellous an upgrowth from the old soil of humanity. With surprising ease and spontaneity the old had passed over into the new, just as, in the first hundred years after Christ's death, the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of the later Judaism had become, with but slight change, the psalms and hymns of Christianity, and a new sacred literature had flowered on the stock of the old.

"At last we have a marriage service that is not an offence! — and a burial service that keeps the Pauline poetry, while it cuts away the Pauline philosophising. To-night — here! — we submit them both to the Church Council. And the same thing will be happening, at the same moment, in all the churches of the Reform — scattered through England."

"How many churches now?" she asked, with a quickened breath.

"Eighteen in July — this week more than a hundred."

But in his aspect, as he spoke, there was no trace of any mere triumph in success; and the emotion which it momentarily betrayed was instantly replaced by the practical note of the organiser, as he went on to describe some of the developments of the preceding weeks — the founding of a newspaper, the collection of propagandist funds, the enrolment of teachers and missionaries, in connection with each Modernist church. Yet, at the end of it all, feeling broke through again.

"They have been wonderful weeks! — *wonderful!* Which of us could have hoped to see the spread of such a force in this dusty modern world! You remember the fairy story of the prince whose heart was bound with iron bands — and how, one by one, the bands gave way? I have seen it like that, in life after life!"

"And the fighting?"

She had propped her face on her hands, and her eyes, with their eager sympathy, their changing lights, rained influence on the man beside her — an influence insensibly mingling with and colouring the passion for ideas which held them both in its grip.

"Has been hot! — will be, of course, infinitely hotter still! But yet, again and again, with one's very foes one grasps hands! They seem to feel with us the 'common wave' — to be touched by it — touched by our hope. It is as though we had made them realise, at last, how starved, how shut out, we have been — we, half the thinking nation! — for so long!"

"Don't — don't be too confident!" she entreated. "Aren't you? Isn't it natural you should miscalculate the forces against you? Oh, they are so strong!" She drew in her breath — and he understood her.

"Strong indeed," he said gravely. "But —" Then the vivid smile that was the charm of his face broke in:

"Have I been bragging? You see some signs of swelled head? Make me tell you, then, what the other side are doing. That chastens one! There is a conference of bishops next week — there was one a week ago. The English Church Union has an Albert Hall meeting — it will be magnificent. A 'League of the Trinity' has started against us, and will soon be campaigning all over Eng-

land. The orthodox newspapers are all in full cry. Meanwhile, the bishops are only waiting for the decision of my case — the test case — in the lower court to take us all, by detachments. Every case, of course, will go to the Supreme Court — the Privy Council. A hundred cases! That will take time. Meanwhile, from us, a monster petition — first to the bishops for the assembling of a full Council of the English Church; then to Parliament, for radical changes in the conditions of membership of the Church, clerical and lay."

Mary drew in her breath.

"You *can't* win! You *can't* win!"

And he saw in her clear eyes her sorrow for him, and her horror of the conflict before him.

"That," he said quietly, "is nothing to us. We are but soldiers under command."

He rose; and, suddenly, she realised with a fluttering heart how empty that room would be when he was gone. He held out his hand to her.

"I must go and prepare what I have to say to-night."

"To your Church Council?"

"Yes. Some thirty people — two thirds of them miners."

"Oh! but they *can't* understand you!"

"Come and see!"

Then he paused, a little embarrassed; the words had slipped out. Mary coloured and looked down.

"I — I am coming!"

His start of pleasure was evident.

"I'm glad! — I want you to hear some of these men."

"And — my mother is coming with me."

Her voice was constrained. Meynell — in his great surprise — hesitated a moment.

"I don't think — there will be anything to hurt — or wound her. At any rate — for her — there will be nothing strange or unexpected."

"Oh, no!" Then, after a moment's awkwardness, she said: "We shall soon be going away."

His face changed and quivered.

"Going away? I thought you would be here for the winter!"

"No. Mother is so much better — we are going to our little house in the Lakes — in Long Whindale. We came here because Mother was so ill — and Aunt Rose begged us. But ——"

"Do you know,"— he interrupted her impetuously,—"that, for six months, I've had a hunger for just *one* fortnight — up there — among the fells — and by the streams."

"You love them?" she said eagerly, her face flushing like a child's. "You love the mountains?"

He smiled.

"It doesn't do to think of them, does it? You should see the letters on my table! But I may have to take a few days' rest sometime. Should I find you in Long Whindale — if I dropped down on you — over Goat Scar?"

"Yes — from December till March. Oh, do come!" Then she checked herself. "It's always beautiful."

"Even when it rains? And how it rains! And everybody pretends it doesn't matter. The lies one tells!"

She laughed.

They stood looking at each other. What did it signify what they said? Words were nothing. But an atmosphere seemed to have sprung up round them in which every tone and movement had suddenly become magnified and strangely significant.

Then Meynell recovered himself. He stepped back from her, conscious of a stab of self-reproach, and held out his hand. She gave hers shyly; he scarcely dared to press it, before he turned away.

But he had scarcely reached the door before she made a startled movement towards the open window.

"What is that?"

There was a sound of shouting and running in the street outside. A crowd seemed to be approaching. Meynell ran out into the garden to listen. By this time the noise had grown considerably, and he thought he distinguished his own name among the cries.

"Something has happened at the colliery!" he said to Mary, who had followed him.

And he hurried towards the gate, bareheaded, just as a grey-haired lady in black entered the garden.

"Mother!" cried Mary, in amazement.

Catherine Elsmere paused — one moment. She looked from her daughter to Meynell. Then she hurried to the Rector.

"You are wanted," she said, struggling to get her breath. "A terrible thing has happened. They think four lives have been lost. Some accident to the cage — and people blame the man in charge. They've got him shut up in the colliery office — and declare they'll kill him. The crowd looks dangerous, and there are very few police. I heard you were here — some one, the postman, saw you come in. You must stop it. The people will listen to you!"

Her fine, pale face, framed in her widow's veil, did not so much ask as command. He replied by a gesture — then by two or three rapid enquiries. Mary, bewildered, saw them for an instant as allies and equals, each recognising the other. Then Meynell ran to the gate, and

was at once swallowed up in the moving groups that had gathered there, and seemed to carry him back with them towards the colliery.

Catherine Elsmere turned to follow — Mary at her side. Mary looked at her in anxiety, dreading the physical strain for one, of late, so frail.

"Mother darling! — ought you?"

Catherine took no heed whatever of the question.

"It is the women who are so terrible," she said in a low voice, as they hurried on. "Their faces were like wild beasts'. They have telephoned to Cradock for police. If Mr. Meynell can keep them in check for half an hour, there may be hope."

They ran on, swept along by the fringe of the crowd till they reached the top of a gentle descent at the farther end of the village. At the bottom of this hill lay the colliery, with its two huge chimneys, its shed and engine-houses, its winding-machinery, and its heaps of refuse. Within the enclosure, from the height where they stood, could be seen a thin line of police surrounding a small shed — the pay-office. On the steps of it stood the manager; and the Rector, to be recognised by his long coat and his bare head, had just joined him. Opposite to the police, and separated from the shed by about ten yards and a wooden paling, was a threatening and vociferating mob, which stretched densely across the road and up the hill on either side — a mob largely composed of women — dishevelled, furious women — their white faces gleaming amid the coal-blackened forms of the miners.

"They'll have 'im out," said a woman in front of Mary Elsmere. "Oh, my God! — they'll have 'im out! It was he caused the death of the boy — yo' mind 'im — young Jimmy Ragg — a month sen — though the crowner's jury did let 'im off, more shame to them! An' now they say as how he signalled for 'em to bring up the men from the Albert pit afore he'd made sure as the cage in the Victory pit was clear!"

"Explain to me, please," said Mary, touching the woman's arm.

Half a dozen turned eagerly upon her.

"Why, you see, Miss, as the two cages is like buckets in a well — the yan goes down as the other cooms up. An' there's catches as yo' mun knock away to let 'un go down. An' this banksman — ee's a devil! — he niver so much as walked across to the other shaft to see — and there was the catches fast, and, instead o' goin' down, there was the cage stuck, and the rope uncoilin' itsel', and fallin' off the drum, and foulin' the other rope. An' then, all of a sudden, just as them poor fellows wor nearin' top, the drum began to work t'other way — run back'ards, you un'erstan'? And the engineman lost 'is head, and niver thowt to put on t' brakes — an'— oh, Lord save us! — whether they was drownt at t' bottom i' the sump, or killt afore they got there — theer's no one knows yet — they're getten of 'em up now."

And, as she spoke, a great shout which became a groan ran through the crowd. Men climbed up the railings at the side of the road, that they might see better. Women stood on tiptoe. A confused clamour came from below, and in the colliery yard there could be seen a gruesome sight — four stretchers, borne by colliers, their burdens covered from view. Beside them were groups of women and children, and in front of them the crowd made way. Up the hill they came, a great wail preceding and surrounding them, behind them the murmurs of an ungovernable indignation.

As the procession neared them, Mary saw a grey-haired woman throw up her arm, and heard her cry out in a voice harsh and hideous with excitement:

"Let 'im as murdered them pay for 't! What's t' good o' crowner's juries? Let's settle it oursels!"

Deep murmurs answered her.

"An' it's this same Jenkins," said another fierce voice, "as had a sight to do wi' bringing them blacklegs down here, in the strike last autumn. He's been a great man sence, has Jenkins, wi' the masters; but he sha'n't murder our husbinds an' sons for us, while he's loafin' round an' playin' the lord — not he! Have they got 'un safe?"

"Aye, he's in the pay-house, safe enoof," shouted another — a man. "An' if them as is defendin' of 'un won't give 'un oop, there's ways o' makin' them."

The procession of the dead approached — all the men baring their heads, and the women waiting. In front came a piteous group — a young half-fainting wife, supported by an older woman, with children clinging to her skirts. Catherine went forward, and lifted a baby of two that was being dragged along the ground. Mary took up another child, and they both joined the procession.

As they did so, there was a shout from below.

Mary, white as her dress, asked an elderly miner beside her, who had shown no excitement whatever, to tell her what had happened. He clambered up on the bank to look, and came back to her.

"They've beaten 'un back, Miss," he said in her ear. "They've got the surface men to help, and Muster Meynell, he's doing his best. If there's anybody can hold 'em, he can, and

there's some of his Church Council fellows got to him by now; but there's terrible few on 'em. It is time as the Cradock men came up. They'll be trying fire before long, an' the women is like devils."

On went the procession into the village, leaving the fight behind them. In Mary's heart, as she was pushed and pressed onward, burnt the memory of Meynell on the steps — speaking, gesticulating — and the surging crowd in front of him.

There was that to do, however, which deadened fear. In the main street the procession was met by hurrying doctors and nurses. For those broken bodies, indeed,— young men in their prime,— nothing could be done, save to straighten the poor limbs, to wash the coal-dust from the strong faces, and cover all with the white linen of death. But the living — the crushed, stricken living — taxed every energy of heart and mind. Catherine, recognised at once by the doctors as a pillar of help, shrank from no office and from no sight, however terrible. But she would not permit them to Mary, and they were presently separated.

Mary had a trio of sobbing children on her knee, in the living-room of one of the cottages, when there was a sudden tramp outside. Everybody in Miners' Row, including those who were laying out the dead, ran to the windows.

"The police from Cradock!"— fifty of them.

The news passed from mouth to mouth, and even those who had been maddest half an hour before felt the relief of it.

Meanwhile, detachments of shouting men and women ran clattering at intervals through the village streets. Sometimes stragglers from them would drop into the cottages alongside — and, from their panting talk, what had happened below became roughly clear. The police had arrived only just in time. The small band defending the office was worn out. The Rector had been struck. The palings had been torn down, and in another half hour the rioters would have set the place on fire and dragged out the man of whom they were in search.

The narrator's story was broken by a howl: "Here he comes!" And once again, as though by a rush of muddy water, the street filled up, and a strong body of police came through it, escorting the banksman who had been the cause of the accident. A hatless, hunted creature, with white face and loosened limbs, he was hurried along by the police, amid a grim silence that had suddenly succeeded to the noise.

Behind came a group of men, officials of the colliery, and to the right of them, amid a small crowd of miners who were clearly his bodyguard, walked the Rector, bareheaded as before, a bandage on the left temple. His eyes ran along the cottages, and he presently perceived Mary Elsmere standing at an open door, with a child that had cried itself to sleep in her arms.

Stepping out of the ranks, he approached her. The people made way for him, a few here and there with sullen faces, but in the main with a friendly and remorseful eagerness.

"It's all over," he said in Mary's ear. "But it was touch and go. An unpopular man — suspected of telling union secrets to the masters last year. He was concerned in another accident to a boy, a month ago; they all think he was in fault, though the jury exonerated him. And now, a piece of abominable carelessness! — manslaughter, at least. Oh, he'll catch it hot! But we weren't going to have him murdered on our hands. If he hadn't got safe into the office, the women alone would have thrown him down the shaft. By the way, are you learned in 'first aid'?"

He pointed, smiling, to his temple, and she saw that the wound beneath the rough bandage was bleeding afresh.

"It makes me feel a bit faint," he said, with annoyance; "and there is so much to do!"

"May I see to it?" said her mother's voice, behind her. And Catherine, who had just descended from an upper room, went quickly to a nurse's wallet that had been left on a table in the kitchen, and took from it an antiseptic dressing and some bandaging.

Meynell sat down by the table, shivering a little from shock and strain while she ministered to him. One of the women near brought him brandy; and Catherine deftly cleaned and dressed the wound. Mary looked on, handing what was necessary to her mother, and, in spite of herself, a ray of strange sweetness stole through the tragedy of the day.

In a very few minutes Meynell rose. They were in the cottage of one of the victims. The dead lay overhead, and the cries of wife and mother could be heard through the thin flooring.

"Don't go up again!" he said peremptorily to Catherine. "It is too much for you — and the children want you." He pointed to the huddled group about the doorway. Then, to Mary:

"Gather some of the people, if you can, outside. I want to speak to them when I come down. I must give a notice about the church to-night." Then he mounted the cottage stairs. Violent sounds of grief broke out overhead, and the murmur of his voice could be heard between.

Mary quietly sent a few messengers into the street, and when the Rector descended there was a small crowd waiting outside.

Meanwhile evening had fallen — a late September evening, shot with gold and purple.

Behind the village the yellow stubble stretched up to the edge of the Chase, and drifts of bluish smoke from the colliery chimneys hung in the still air.

Meynell, standing on the raised footpath above the crowd, gave notice that a special service of mourning would be held in the church that evening. The meeting of the Church Council would, of course, be postponed.

During his few words Mary found herself at the farther edge of the gathering, looking over it towards the speaker. Behind him ran the row of cottages, and in the doorway opposite she saw her mother, with her arm tenderly folded round a sobbing girl, the sister of one of the dead. The sudden tranquillity, the sudden pause from tumult and anguish, seemed to draw a "wind-warm space" round Mary; and she had time, for a moment, to think of herself and the strangeness of this tragic day.

How was it her mother was here at all? How was it she had suddenly proposed to come — nay, insisted on coming — to this meeting of the Reform that was to have been held in the village that evening? As a spectator, of course, and with the general public; but how it must have troubled her! It was strange — inexplicable.

The name of Richard Meynell had scarcely been mentioned, of late, between mother and daughter; and it often seemed to Mary as if the silent antagonism in her mother's mind had reached to terrifying heights.

And yet, at the same time, she had been constantly aware of reactions in the noble woman beside her — of passing moments of weakness in the strong will. And she would say to herself, piteously, "It is because she loved my father so!" And then hope would rise, only to be crushed again by indications of another sort.

How beautiful was the lined face, so pale in the golden dusk, amid its heavy frame of black! Mary could not take her eyes from it. It betrayed an animation, a passion of life, that had been foreign to it for months. In these few crowded hours, when every word and action had been simple, instructive, inevitable,— love to God and man working at their swiftest and purest,— through all the tragedy and the horror, some burden seemed to have dropped from Catherine's soul. She met her daughter's eyes, and smiled.

When Meynell had finished, the crowd silently drifted away, and he came back to the Elsmeres. They noticed the village fly coming towards them — saw it stop in the roadway.

"I sent for it," Meynell explained rapidly. "You mustn't let your mother do any more. Look at her! Please, will you both go to the Rectory? My cook will give you tea — I have let her know. Then the fly will take you home."

They protested in vain — must, indeed, submit. Catherine flushed a little at being so commanded, but there was no help for it.

"I would like indeed to come and show you my den!" said Meynell, as he put them into the carriage. "But there's too much to do here."

He pointed sadly to the cottages, shut the door, and they were off.

During the short drive Catherine sat rather stiffly upright. Saint as she was, she was accustomed to have her way.

They drove into the dark shrubbery that lay between the Rectory and the road. At the door of the little house stood Ann, in a white cap and clean apron. But the white cap sat rather wildly on its owner's head; nor would she take any interest in her visitors till she had got from them a fuller account of the tumult at the pit than had yet reached her, and assurances that Meynell's wound was but slight. But, when these were given, she pounced upon Catherine.

"Eh, but you're droppin'!"

And, with many curious looks at them, she hurried them into the study, where a hasty clearance had been made among the books, and a tea-table spread.

She bustled away to bring the tea-pot.

Then exhaustion seized on Catherine. She submitted to be put on the sofa, after it had been cleared of its pile of books; and Mary sat by her a while, holding her hands. Death and the agony of broken hearts overshadowed them.

But then tea came in, and with it the dogs, discreet at first, but presently, at scent of buttered toast, effusively friendly. Mary fed them all, and Catherine watched the color coming back to her face and the dumb sweetness in the grey eyes.

Presently, while her mother still rested, Mary took courage to wander round the room, looking at the books, the photographs on the walls, the rack of pipes, the carpenter's bench, and the panels of half-finished carving. Timidly, yet eagerly, she breathed in the message it seemed to bring her from its owner — of strenuous and frugal life. Was that half-faded miniature of a soldier his father — and that sweet, grey-haired woman his mother? Her heart thrilled to each discovery.

Then Ann invaded them, for conversation; and while Catherine, unable to hide her fatigue, lay speechless, Ann chattered about her master. Her indignation was boundless that any hand could be lifted against him in his own parish. "Why, he strips 'imself bare for them, he does!"

And — with Mary unconsciously leading her — out came story after story, in the racy West-

Cumbrian vernacular, illustrating a good man's life, and those hidden, "unremembered acts" which attest and consecrate it.

As they drove slowly home through the sad village street, they perceived Henry Barron calling at some of the stricken houses. The Squire was always punctilious, and his condolences might be counted on. Beside him walked a young man with jaunty step, a bored sallow face, and a long moustache which he constantly caressed. Mary supposed him to be the Squire's second son, "Mr. Maurice," whom nobody liked.

Then the church, looming through the dusk, lights shining through its fine Perpendicular windows, and the sound of familiar hymns surging out into the starry twilight.

Catherine turned eagerly to her companion. "Shall we go in?"

The emotion of one to whom religious utterance is as water to the thirsty spoke in her voice. But Mary caught and held her.

"No, dearest, no! Come home and rest." And, when Catherine had yielded and they were safely past the lighted church, Mary breathed more freely. Instinctively she felt that certain barriers had weakened before the tragic tumult, the human appeal, of the day. Let well alone!

And, for the first time, as she sat in the darkness, holding her mother's hand and watching the blackness of the woods file past under the stars, she confessed her love to her own heart — trembling, yet exultant.

Meanwhile, in the crowded church, men and women, who had passed that afternoon through the extremes of hate and sorrow, unpacked their hearts in singing and prayer. The hymns rose and fell through the dim red sandstone church — symbol of the endless plaint of human life, for ever clamouring in the ears of Time; and Meynell's address, as he stood on the chancel steps, almost among the people,— the disfiguring strips of plaster on the temple and brow sharply evident between the curly black hair and the dark hollows of the eyes,— sank deep into grief-stricken souls. Written down, it might not have satisfied an expert in religious eloquence. But it was the utterance of a man with the prophetic gift, speaking to human beings to whom, through years of chequered life, he had given all that a man can give of service and of soul. He stood there as the living expression of their conscience, their better mind, conceived as the mysterious voice of a divine power in man; and in the name of that power, and its direct message to the human soul embodied in the tale we call Christianity, he bade them repent their blood-thirst and take comfort for their dead. He spoke amid weeping; and from that night forward one might have thought his power unshakeable — at least, among his own people.

But there were persons in the church who remained untouched by it. In the left aisle, Hester sat a little apart from her sisters, her hard, curious look ranging from the preacher through the crowded benches. She surveyed it all as a spectacle — half thrilled, half critical. And, at the western end of the aisle, the Squire and his son stood during the greater part of the service, showing plainly, by their motionless lips and folded arms, that they took no part in what was going on.

Father and son walked home together in close conversation.

And two days afterwards the first anonymous letter in the Meynell case was posted in Markborough, and duly delivered the following morning to an address in Upcote Minor.

XI

"WHAT on earth can Henry Barron desire a private interview with me about?" said Hugh Flaxman, looking up from his letters, as he and his wife sat together after breakfast in Mrs. Flaxman's sitting-room.

"I suppose he wants subscriptions for his heresy hunt? The Church party seem to be appealing for funds in most of the newspapers."

"I should have thought he knew I am not prepared to support him," said Flaxman quietly.

"Where are you, old man?" His wife laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "I don't really quite know."

Flaxman smiled at her.

"You and I are not theologians, are we, darling?" He kissed the hand. "I don't find myself prepared to swear to Meynell's precise 'words' any more than I was to Robert's. But I am ready to fight to prevent his being driven out."

"So am I!" said Rose, erect, with her hands behind her.

"We want all sorts."

"Ye-es," said Rose doubtfully. "I don't think I want Mr. Barron."

"Certainly you do! A typical product — with just as much right to a place in English religion as Meynell — and no more."

"Hugh! You must behave very nicely to the Bishop to-night."

"I should think I must! — considering the *omnium gatherum* you have asked to meet him. I really do not think you ought to have asked Meynell."

"There we must agree to differ," said Rose firmly. "Social relations in this country must be maintained — in spite of politics, in spite of religion, in spite of everything."

"That's all very well — but if you mix people too violently you make them uncomfortable."

"My dear Hugh! how many drawing-rooms are there?" His wife waved a vague hand towards the folding doors on her right, implying the suite of Georgian rooms that stretched away beyond them. "One for every *nuance*, if it comes to that. If they positively won't mix, I shall have to segregate them. But they will mix." Then she fell into a reverie for a moment, adding at the end of it: "I must keep one drawing-room for the Rector and Mr. Norham ——"

"That, I understand, is what we're giving the party for. Intriguer!"

Rose threw him a cool glance.

"You may continue to play Gallio if you like. *I* am now a partisan."

"So I perceive. And you hope to turn Norham into one."

Rose nodded. Mr. Norham was the Home Secretary, the most important member in a Cabinet headed by a Prime Minister in rapidly failing health; to whose place, either by death or retirement, it was generally expected that Edward Norham would succeed.

"Well, darling, I shall watch your manoeuvres with interest," said Flaxman, rising and gathering up his letters. "And, *longo intervallo*, I shall humbly do my best to assist them. Are Catherine and Mary coming?"

"Mary certainly — and, I think, Catherine. The Fox-Wilsons of course, and that mad creature Hester, who goes to Paris the day after to-morrow — and Alice Puttenham. How that sister of hers bullies her — horrid little woman! *And* Mr. Barron!" — Flaxman made an exclamation — "and the deaf daughter — and the nice elder son — and the unpresentable younger one — in fact, the whole menagerie."

Flaxman shrugged his shoulders.

"A few others, I hope, to act as buffers."

"Heaps!" said Rose. "I have asked half the neighbourhood — our first big party. And as for the week-enders, you chose them yourself." She ran through the list, while Flaxman vainly protested that he had never in their joint existence been allowed to do anything of the kind. "But to-night you're not to take any notice of them at all. Neighbours first! Plenty of time for you to amuse yourself to-morrow. What time does Mr. Barron come?"

"In ten minutes!" said Flaxman, hastily departing — only, however, to be followed into his study by Rose, who breathed into his ear:

"And if you see Mary and Mr. Meynell colloguing — play up!"

Flaxman turned round with a start.

"I say! is there really anything in that?"

Rose, sitting on the arm of his chair, did her best to bring him up to date. Yes; from her observation of the two, she was certain there was a good deal in it.

"And Catherine?"

Rose's eyebrows expressed the uncertainty of the situation.

"But such an odd thing happened last week! You remember the day of the accident — and the Church Council that was put off?"

"Perfectly."

"Catherine made up her mind suddenly to go to that Church Council — after not having been able to speak of Mr. Meynell, or the Movement, for weeks. *Why* — neither Mary nor I know. But she walked over from the cottage — the first time she has done it. She arrived in the village just as the dreadful thing had happened. Then, of course, she and the Rector took command. Nobody who knew Catherine would have expected anything else. And now she and Mary and the Rector are busy looking after the poor survivors. 'It's propinquity does it,' my dear!"

"Catherine could never — never — reconcile herself."

"I don't know," said Rose doubtfully. "What did she want to go to that Council for?"

"Perhaps to lift up her voice?"

"No. Catherine isn't that sort. She would have suffered dreadfully — and sat still."

"What Meynell will be going through presently he is not likely to ask other people to share," said Flaxman gravely.

Rose shook her head thoughtfully, as if to indicate that the veins of meditation opened up by the case were rich and various, and went slowly away.

Then Hugh was left to his *Times*, and to speculations on the reasons why Henry Barron — a man whom he had never liked and often thwarted — should have asked for this interview in a letter marked "Private." He made an agreeable figure, as he sat pondering by the fire, while the *Times* gradually slipped from his hands to the floor. And he was precisely what he looked — an excellent fellow, richly endowed with the world's good things, material and moral. He was of spare build, with grizzled hair, long-limbed, clean-shaven, and grey-eyed. In general society he appeared as a person of polished manners, with a gently ironic turn of mind. His friends were more numerous and more devoted than is generally the case in middle age, and his family were rarely happy out

of his company. Certain, indeed, of his early comrades in life were inclined to accuse him of a too facile contentment with things as they are, and a rather Philistine estimate of the value of machinery. He was absorbed in "business," which he did admirably. Not so much of the financial sort, although he was a trusted member of important boards. But for all that unpaid multiplicity of affairs — magisterial, municipal, social, or charitable — which make the country gentleman's sphere, Hugh Flaxman's appetite was insatiable. He was a born chairman of a County Council, and a heaven-sent treasurer of a hospital.

And no doubt this natural bent, terribly indulged of late years, led occasionally to "holding forth"; at least, those who took no interest in the things that interested Flaxman said so. And his wife, who was much more concerned for his social effect than for her own, was often nervously on the watch lest it should be true. That her handsome, popular Hugh should ever, even for a quarter of an hour, sit heavy on the soul even of a youth of eighteen was not to be borne; she pounced on each incipient harangue with mingled tact and decision.

But, though Flaxman was a man of the world, he was by no means a worldling. Tenderly, unflinchingly, with a modest and cheerful devotion, he had made himself the stay of his brother-in-law Elsmere's harassed and broken life. His supreme and tyrannical common sense had never allowed him any delusions as to the ultimate permanence of heroic ventures like the "New Brotherhood"; and as to his private opinions on religious matters, it is probable that not even his wife knew them. But, outside the strong affections of his personal life, there was at least one enduring passion in Flaxman which dignified his character. For liberty of experiment and liberty of conscience, in himself or others, he would gladly have gone to the stake. Himself the loyal upholder of an established order, which he helped to run decently, he was yet in curious sympathy with many obscure revolutionists in many fields. To brutalize a man's conscience seemed to him worse than to murder his body. Hence a constant sympathy with minorities of all sorts, which no doubt interfered often with his practical efficiency. But perhaps it accounted for the number of his friends.

"We shall, I presume, be undisturbed?"

The speaker was Henry Barron; and he and Flaxman stood for a moment surveying each other after their first greeting.

"Certainly; I have given orders. For an hour, if you wish, I am at your disposal."

"Oh, we shall not want so long."

Barron seated himself in the chair pointed out to him. His portly presence, in some faultlessly new and formal clothes, filled it substantially; and his colour, always high, was more emphatic than usual. Beside him Flaxman made but a thread-paper appearance.

"I have come on an unpleasant errand," he said, withdrawing some papers from his breast pocket; "but — after much thought — I came to the conclusion that there was no one in this neighbourhood I could consult upon a very painful matter with greater profit — than yourself."

Flaxman made a rather stiff gesture of acknowledgment.

"May I ask you to read that?"

Barron selected a letter from the papers he held, and handed it to his host.

Flaxman read it. His face changed and worked as he did so. He read it twice, turned it over to see if it contained any signature, and returned it to Barron.

"That's a precious production! Was it addressed to yourself?"

"No — to Dawes, the colliery manager. He brought it to me yesterday."

Flaxman thought a moment.

"He is — if I remember right — with yourself, one of the five aggrieved parishioners in the Meynell case?"

"He is. But he is by no means personally hostile to Meynell. Quite the contrary. He brought it to me in much distress, thinking it well that we should take counsel upon it, in case other documents of the same kind should be going about."

"And you, I imagine, pointed out to him the utter absurdity of the charge, advised him to burn the letter and hold his tongue?"

Barron was silent a moment. Then he said, with slow distinctness:

"I regret I was unable to do anything of the kind."

Flaxman turned sharply on the speaker.

"You mean to say you believe there is a word of truth in that preposterous story?"

"I have good reason, unfortunately, to know that it cannot at once be put aside."

Both paused, regarding each other. Then Flaxman said, in a raised accent of wonder:

"You think it possible — *conceivable* — that a man of Mr. Meynell's character — and transparently blameless life — should have not only been guilty of an intrigue of this kind twenty years ago, but should have done nothing since to repair it — should actually have settled down to live in the same village side by side with the lady whom the letter declares to be the mother of his child — without making any attempt to

marry her — though perfectly free to do so? Why, my dear sir, was there ever a more ridiculous, a more incredible tale!"

Flaxman sprang to his feet, and, with his hands in his pockets, turned upon his visitor, impatient contempt in every feature.

"Wait a moment before you judge," said Barron drily. "Do you remember a case of sudden death in this village a few weeks ago? — a woman who returned from America to her son, John Broad, a labourer living in one of my cottages — and died forty-eight hours after arrival, of brain disease?"

Flaxman's brow puckered.

"I remember a report in the *Sentinel*. There was an inquest, and some curious medical evidence?"

Barron nodded assent.

"By the merest chance, I happened to see that woman the night after she arrived. I went to the cottage to remonstrate on the behaviour of John Broad's boys in my plantation. She was alone in the house, and she came to the door. By the merest chance, also, while we stood there, Meynell and Miss Puttenham passed in the road outside. The woman — Mrs. Sabin — was terribly excited on seeing them, and she said things which astounded me. I asked her to explain them, and we talked — alone — for nearly an hour. I admit that she was scarcely responsible; that she died, within a few hours of our conversation, of brain disease. But I still do not see — I wish to Heaven I did! — any way out of what she told me, when one comes to combine it with — well, with other things. But whether I should finally have decided to make any use of the information I am not sure. But, unfortunately,"— he pointed to the letter still in Flaxman's hand,— "that shows me that other persons — persons unknown to me — are in possession of some, at any rate, of the facts — and therefore that it is now vain to hope that we can stifle the thing altogether."

"You have no idea who wrote the letter?" said Flaxman, holding it up.

"None whatever," was the emphatic reply.

"It is a disguised hand," mused Flaxman, "but an educated one — more or less. However, we will return presently to the letter. Mrs. Sabin's communication to you was of a nature to confirm the statements contained in it?"

"Mrs. Sabin declared to me that having herself, independently, become aware of certain facts, while she was a servant in Lady Fox-Wilson's employment, that lady — no doubt in order to ensure her silence — took her abroad, with herself and her young sister Miss Alice, to a place in France she had some difficulty in pronouncing — it sounded to me like Grenoble; that there Miss Puttenham became the mother of a child, which passed thenceforward as the child of Sir Ralph and Lady Fox-Wilson, and received the name of Hester. She herself nursed Miss Puttenham, and no doctor was admitted. When the child was two months old, she accompanied the sisters to a place on the Riviera, where they took a villa. Here Sir Ralph Wilson, who was terribly broken and distressed by the whole thing, joined them, and he made an arrangement with her by which she agreed to go to the States and hold her tongue. She wrote to her people in Upcote — she had been a widow for some years — that she had accepted a nurse's situation in the States, and Sir Ralph saw her off from Genoa for New York. She seems to have married again in the States, and in the course of years to have developed some grievance against the Fox-Wilsons which ultimately determined her to come home. But all this part of her story was so excited and incoherent that I could make nothing of it. Nor does it matter very much to the subject — the real subject — we are discussing."

Flaxman, who was standing in front of the speaker, intently listening, made no immediate reply. His eyes, half absently, considered the man before him. In Barron's aspect and tone there was not only the pompous self-importance of the man possessed of exclusive and sensational information: there were also indications of triumphant trains of reasoning behind that outraged his listener.

"What has all this got to do with Meynell?" said Flaxman abruptly.

Barron cleared his throat.

"There was one occasion," he said slowly, "and one only, on which the ladies at Grenoble — we will say it was Grenoble — received a visitor. Miss Puttenham was still in her room. A gentleman arrived, and was admitted to see her. Mrs. Sabin was bundled out of the room by Lady Fox-Wilson. But it was a small wooden house, and Mrs. Sabin heard a good deal. Miss Puttenham was crying and talking excitedly. Mrs. Sabin was certain from what, according to her, she could not help overhearing, that the man ——"

"Must one go into this back-stairs story?" asked Flaxman with repulsion.

"As you like," said Barron impassively. "I should have thought it was necessary." He paused, looking quietly at his questioner.

Flaxman restrained himself with some difficulty.

"Did the woman have any real opportunity of seeing this visitor?"

"When he went away, he stood outside the house, talking to Lady Fox-Wilson. Mrs. Sabin

was at the window, behind the lace curtains, with the child in her arms. She watched him for some minutes."

"Well?" said Flaxman sharply.

"She had never seen him before, and she never saw him again until — such, at least, was her own story — from the door of her son's cottage, while I was with her, she saw Miss Puttenham — and Meynell — standing in the road outside."

Flaxman took a turn along the room, and paused.

"You admit that she was ill at the time she spoke to you — and in a distracted, incoherent state?"

"Certainly I admit it." Barron drew himself erect, with a slight frown, as tacitly protesting against certain suggestions in Flaxman's manner and voice. "But now let us look at another line of evidence. You, as a newcomer, are probably quite unaware of the gossip there has always been in this neighbourhood, ever since Sir Ralph Wilson's death, on the subject of Sir Ralph's will. That will in a special paragraph committed Hester Fox-Wilson to Richard Meynell's guardianship in remarkable terms; no provision whatever was made for the girl under Sir Ralph's will, and it is notorious that he treated her quite differently from his other children. From the moment, also, of the French journey, Sir Ralph's character and temper appeared to change. I have cautiously enquired of a good many persons as to this — of course, with absolute discretion. He was a man of narrow Evangelical opinions,"— at the word "narrow" Flaxman threw a sudden glance at the speaker,— "and of strict veracity. My belief is that his later life was darkened by the falsehood to which he and his wife committed themselves. Finally, let me ask you to look at the young lady herself — at the extraordinary difference between her and her supposed family; at her extraordinary likeness — to the Rector."

Flaxman raised his eyebrows at the last words — his aspect expressing disbelief and disgust even more strongly than before. Barron glanced at him, and then, after a moment, resumed in another manner, loftily explanatory:

"I need not say that personally I find myself mixed up in such a business with the utmost reluctance."

"Naturally," put in Flaxman drily. "The risks attaching to it are simply gigantic."

"I am aware of it. But, as I have already pointed out to you, by some strange means,— connected, I have no doubt, with the woman Judith Sabin, though I cannot throw any light upon them,— the story is no longer in my exclusive possession, and how many people are already aware of it, and may be aware of it, we cannot tell. I thought it well to come to you in the first instance, because I know that — you have taken some part lately — in Meynell's campaign."

"Ah!" thought Flaxman, "now we've come to it!"

Aloud he said:

"By which I suppose you mean that I am a subscriber to the Reform Fund, and that I have become a personal friend of Meynell's? You are quite right. Both my wife and I greatly like and respect the Rector." He laid stress on the words.

"It was for that very reason — let me repeat — that I came to you. You have influence with Meynell; and I want to persuade you, if I can, to use it." The speaker paused a moment, looking steadily at Flaxman. "What I venture to suggest is that you should inform him of the stories that are now current. It is surely just that he should be informed. And then — we have to consider the bearings of this report on the unhappy situation in the diocese. How can we prevent its being made use of? It would be impossible. You know what the feeling is — you know what people are. In Meynell's own interest, and in that of the poor lady whose name is involved with his in this scandal, would it not be desirable in every way that he should now quietly withdraw from this parish, and from the public contest in which he is engaged? Any excuse would be sufficient: health, overwork — anything. The scandal would then die out of itself. There is not one of us — those on Meynell's side or those against him — who would not in such a case do his utmost to stamp it out. But if he persists — both in living here and in exciting public opinion as he is now doing — the story will certainly come out! Nothing can possibly stop it."

Barron leant back and folded his arms. Flaxman's eyes sparkled. He felt an insane desire to run the substantial gentleman sitting opposite to the door, and dismiss him with violence. But he restrained himself.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your belief in the power of my good offices," he said, with a very frosty smile, "but I am afraid I must ask to be excused. Of course, if the matter became serious, legal action would be taken very promptly."

"How can legal action be taken?" interrupted Barron roughly. "Whatever may be the case with regard to Meynell and her identification of him, Judith Sabin's story is true. Of that I am entirely convinced."

But he had hardly spoken before he felt that

he had made a false step. Flaxman's light blue eyes fixed him.

"The story with regard to Miss Puttenham?"

"Precisely."

"Then it comes to this. Supposing that woman's statement to be true, the private history of a poor lady who has lived an unblemished life in this village for many years is to be dragged to light — for what? In order — excuse my plain speaking — to blackmail Richard Meynell, and to force him to desist from the public campaign in which he is now engaged? These are hardly measures likely, I think, to commend themselves to some of your allies, Mr. Barron!"

Barron had sprung up in his chair.

"What my allies may or may not think is nothing to me. I am, of course, guided by my own judgment and conscience. And I altogether protest against the word you have just employed. I came to you, Mr. Flaxman, I can honestly say, in the interests of peace! — in the interests of Meynell himself."

"But you admit that there is really no evidence worthy of the name connecting Meynell with the story at all!" said Flaxman, turning upon him. "The crazy impression of a woman dying of brain disease — some gossip about Sir Ralph's will — a likeness that many people have never perceived! What does it amount to? Nothing! — nothing at all! — less than nothing!"

"I can only say that I disagree with you." The voice was that of a rancorous obstinacy at last unveiled. "I believe that the woman's identification was a just one — though I admit that the proof is difficult. But then, perhaps I approach the matter in one way, and you in another. A man, Mr. Flaxman, in my belief, does not throw over the faith of Christ for nothing. No! Such things are long prepared. Conscience, my dear sir, conscience breaks down first. The man becomes a hypocrite in his private life before he openly throws off the restraints of religion. That is the sad sequence of events. I have watched it many times."

Flaxman had grown rather white. The man beside him seemed to him a kind of monstrosity. He thought of Meynell,— of the eager refinement, the clean idealism, the visionary kindness of the man,— and compared it with this "muddy vesture," this gross embodiment, mental and physical, of Meynell's prosecutor.

Nevertheless, as he held himself in with difficulty, he began to perceive more plainly than he had yet done some of the intricacies of the situation.

"I have nothing to do," he said, in a tone that he endeavoured to make reasonably calm, "nor has anybody, with generalisation of that kind, in a case like this. The point is, could Meynell, being what he is, what we all know him to be, have not only betrayed a young girl, but have then failed to do her the elementary justice of marrying her? And the reply is that the thing is incredible!"

"You forget that Meynell was extremely poor and had his brothers to educate ——"

Flaxman shrugged his shoulders in laughing contempt.

"Meynell desert the mother of his child — because of poverty — because of his brothers' education! *Meynell!* You have known him some years, I only for a few months. But go into the cottages here — talk to the people — ask them, not what he believes, but what he *is* — what he has been to them. Get one of them, if you can, to credit this absurdity!"

"The Rector's intimate friendship with Miss Puttenham has long been an astonishment — sometimes a scandal — to the village!" exclaimed Barron doggedly.

Flaxman stared at him in a blank amazement, then flushed. He took a turn up and down the room, after which he returned to the fireside, composed. What was the use of arguing with such a disputant? He felt as if the mere conversation were an insult to Meynell, in which he was forced to participate.

He took a seat deliberately, and put on his magisterial manner, which, however, was much more delicately and unassumingly authoritative than that of other men.

"I think we had better clear up our ideas. You bring me a story — a painful story — concerning a lady with whom we are both acquainted, which may or may not be true. Whether it is true or not is no concern of ours. Neither you nor I have anything to do with it, and legal penalties would probably follow the diffusion of it. You invite me to connect with it the name of a man for whom I have the deepest respect and admiration; who bears an absolutely stainless record; and you threaten to make use of the charge in connection with the heresy trials now coming on. Now, let me give you my advice — for what it may be worth. I should say,— as you have asked my opinion,— have nothing whatever to do with the matter! If anybody else brings you anonymous letters, tell them something of the law of libel — and something, too, of the guilt of slander! After all, with a little good will, these are matters that are as easily quelled as raised. A charge so preposterous has only to be firmly met to die away. It is your influence, and not mine, which is important in this matter. You are a permanent resident, and I a mere bird of passage. And" — Flaxman's countenance kindled

— "let me just remind you of this. If you want to strengthen Meynell's cause, if you want to win him thousands of new adherents, you have only to launch against him a calumny which is sure to break down — and will certainly recoil upon you!"

The two men had risen. Barron's face, handsome in feature, save for some thickened lines and the florid tint of the cheeks, had somehow emptied itself of expression while Flaxman was speaking.

"Your advice is no doubt excellent," he said quietly, as he buttoned his coat, "but it is hardly practical. If there is one anonymous letter, there are probably others. If there are letters, there is sure to be talk — and talk cannot be stopped. And, in time, everything gets into the newspapers."

Flaxman hesitated a moment. Something warned him not to push matters to extremities — to make no breach with Barron — to keep him in play.

"I admit, of course, if this goes beyond a certain point it may be necessary to go to Meynell — it may be necessary for Meynell to go to his Bishop. But, at present, if you *desire* to suppress the thing, you have only to keep your own counsel — and wait. Dawes is a good fellow, and will, I am sure, say nothing. I could, if need be, speak to him myself. I was able to get his boy into a job not long ago."

Barron straightened his shoulders slowly.

"Should I be doing right — should I be doing my duty — in assisting to suppress it,— always supposing that it could be suppressed,— my convictions being what they are?"

Then, suddenly, it was borne in on Flaxman that in the whole interview there had been no genuine desire whatever on Barron's part for advice and consultation. He had come determined on a certain course, and the object of the visit had been, in truth, merely to convey to one of Meynell's supporters a hint of the coming attack, and some intimation of its strength. The visit had been, in fact, a threat — a move in Barron's game.

"That, of course, is a question which I cannot presume to decide," said Flaxman, with cold politeness. His manner changed instantly. Peremptorily dismissing the subject, he became, on the spot, the mere suave and courteous host of an interesting house; he pointed out the pictures and the view, and led the way to the hall.

As he took leave, Barron stiffly intimated that he should not himself be able to attend Mrs. Flaxman's party that evening; but his daughter and sons hoped to have the pleasure of obeying her invitation.

"Delighted to see them," said Flaxman, standing in the doorway, with his hands in his pockets. "Do you know Edward Norham?"

"I have never met him."

"A splendid fellow — likely, I think, to be the head of the Ministry before the year's out. My wife was determined to bring him and Meynell together. He seems to have the traditional interest in theology without which no English Premier is complete."

Pursued by this parting shot, Barron retired, and Flaxman went back thoughtfully to his wife's sitting-room. Should he tell her? Certainly. Her ready wits and quick brain were indispensable in the battle that might be coming. Now that he was relieved of Barron's bodily presence, he was by no means inclined to pooh-pooh the communication that had been made to him.

As he approached his wife's door he heard voices. Catherine! He remembered that she was to lunch and spend the day with Rose. Now what to do! Devoted as he was to his sister-in-law, he was scarcely inclined to trust her with the incident of the morning.

But, as soon as he opened the door, Rose ran upon him, drew him in, and closed it. Catherine was sitting on the sofa, with a pale, kindled look, a letter in her hand.

"Catherine has had an abominable letter, Hugh! — the most scandalous thing!"

Flaxman took it from Catherine's hand, looked it through, and turned it over. The same script, a little differently disguised, and practically the same letter, as that which had been shown him in the library! But it began with a reference to the part which Mrs. Elsmere and her daughter had played in the terrible accident of the preceding week; which showed that the rogue responsible for it was at least a rogue possessed of some local and personal information.

Flaxman laid it down, and looked at his sister-in-law.

"Well?"

Catherine met his eyes with the clear intensity of her own.

"Isn't it hard to understand how anybody can do such a thing as that?" she said, with her patient sigh — the sigh of an angel grieving over the perversity of men.

Flaxman dropped on the sofa beside her.

"You feel, with me, that it is a mere clumsy attempt to injure Meynell, in the interests of the campaign against him?" he asked her eagerly.

"I don't know about that," said Catherine slowly — a shining sadness in her look. "But I do know that it could only injure those who are trying to fight his errors — if it could be supposed that they had stooped to such weapons!"

"You dear woman!" cried Flaxman impul-

sively, and he raised her hand to his lips. Catherine and Rose looked their astonishment. Whereupon he gave them the history of the hour he had just passed through.

XII

But, although what one may call the natural freemasonry of the children of light had come in to protect Catherine from any touch of that greedy credulity which had fastened on Barron, though she and Rose and Hugh Flaxman were at one in their contemptuous repudiation of Barron's reading of the story, the story itself, so far as it concerned Alice Puttenham and Hester, found in all their minds but little resistance.

"It may — it may be true," said Catherine gently. "If so — what she has gone through! Poor, poor thing!"

And, as she spoke, her thin fingers clasped on her black dress, the nunlike veil falling about her shoulders, her aspect had the frank simplicity of those who for their Lord's sake have faced the ugly things of life.

"What a shame — what an outrage — that any of us here should know a word about it!" cried Rose, her small foot beating on the floor, the hot colour in her cheek. "How shall we ever be able to face her to-night?"

Flaxman started.

"Miss Puttenham is coming to-night?"

"Certainly. She comes with Mary — who was to pick her up after dinner."

Flaxman patrolled the room a little, in meditation. Finally he stopped before his wife.

"You must realise, darling, that we all may be walking on the edge of a volcano to-night."

"If only Henry Barron were! — and I might be behind to give the last little *chiquenaude!*" cried Rose.

Flaxman devoutly echoed the wish.

"But the point is, are there any more of these letters out? If so, we may hear of others to-night. Then — what to do? Do I make straight for Meynell?"

They pondered it.

"Impossible to leave Meynell in ignorance," said Flaxman. "If the thing spreads, Meynell, of course, would be perfectly justified — in his ward's interests — in denying the whole matter absolutely, true or no. But can he? — with Barron in reserve — using the Sabin woman's tale for his own purposes?"

Catherine's face, a little sternly set, showed the obscure conflict behind.

"He cannot say what is false," she said stiffly. "But he can refuse to answer."

Flaxman looked at her with an expression as confident as her own.

"To protect a woman, my dear Catherine, a man may say anything in the world — almost."

Catherine made no reply, but her quiet face showed she did not agree with him.

"That child Hester!" Rose emerged suddenly from a mental voyage of recollection and conjecture. "Now one understands why Lady Fox-Wilson — stupid woman! — has never seemed to care a rap for her. It must indeed be annoying to have to mother a child so much handsomer than your own."

"I think I am very sorry for Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson," said Catherine, after a moment.

Rose assented.

"Yes! Just an ordinary, dull, pig-headed country gentleman confronted with a situation that only occurs in plays to which you don't demean yourself by going! — and obliged to tell and act a string of lies, when lies happen to be just one of the vices you're not inclined to! And then, afterwards, you find yourself let in for living years and years with a bad conscience — hating the cuckoo-child, too, more and more as it grows up. Yes! I am quite sorry for Sir Ralph!"

"By the way!" — Flaxman looked up,— "do you know, I am sure that I saw Miss Fox-Wilson — with Philip Meryon — in Howlett's spinney this morning. I came back from Markborough by a path I had never discovered before — and there, sure enough, they were. They heard me on the path, I think, and vanished most effectively. The wood is very thick. But I am sure it was they — though they were some distance from me."

Rose exclaimed.

"Naughty, *naughty* child! She has been absolutely forbidden to see him, the whole Fox-Wilson family have made themselves into jailers and spies — and she just outwits them all! Poor Alice Puttenham hovers about her, trying to distract and amuse her, and has no more influence than a fly. And as for the Rector, it would be absurd, if it weren't enraging! Look at all there is on his shoulders just now — the way people appeal to him from all over England to come and speak, or consult, or organise. (I don't want to be controversial, Catherine darling, but there it is!) And he can't make up his mind to leave Upcote for twenty-four hours, till this girl is safely off the scene! He means to take her to Paris himself on Monday. I only hope he has found a proper sort of Gorgon to leave her with!"

Flaxman could not but reflect that the whole relation of Meynell to his ward might well give openings to scoundrels like the writer of the anonymous letters, who was certainly acquainted

with local affairs. But he did not express this feeling aloud. Meanwhile Catherine, who showed an interest in Hester that surprised both him and Rose, began to question him on the subject of Philip Meryon. Meryon's mother, it seemed, had been an intimate friend of one of Flaxman's sisters, Lady Helen Varley, and Flaxman was well acquainted with the young man's most unsatisfactory record. He drew a picture of the gradual degeneracy of the handsome lad who had been the hope and delight of his warm-hearted, excitable mother — of her deepening disappointment and premature death.

"Helen kept up with him for a time, for his mother's sake; but, unluckily, he has put himself beyond the pale now, one way and another. It is too disastrous about this pretty child! What on earth does she see in him?"

"Simply a means of escaping from her home," said Rose — "the situation working out! But who knows whether he hasn't got a wife already? Nobody should trust this young man farther than they can see him."

"It mustn't — it can't be allowed!" said Catherine, with energy. And, as she spoke, she seemed to feel again the soft bloom of Hester's young cheek against her own, just as when she had drawn the girl to her in that instinctive caress. The deep maternity in Catherine had never yet found scope enough in the love of one child.

Then, with a still keener sense of the various difficulties rising along Meynell's path, Flaxman and Rose returned to the anxious discussion of Barron's move and how to meet it. Catherine listened, saying little; and it was presently settled that Flaxman should himself call on Dawes, the colliery manager, that afternoon, and should write strongly to Barron, putting on paper the overwhelming arguments, both practical and ethical, in favour of silence — always supposing there were no further developments.

"Tell me," said Rose presently, when Flaxman had left the sisters alone,— "Mary, of course, knows nothing of that letter?"

Catherine flushed.

"How could she?" She looked almost haughtily at her sister.

Rose murmured an excuse. Would it be possible to keep all knowledge from Mary that there *was* a scandal — of some sort — in circulation, if the thing developed?

Catherine, holding her head high, thought it would not only be possible, but imperative.

Rose glanced at her uncertainly. Catherine was the only person of whom she had ever been afraid. But at last she took the plunge.

"Catherine! — don't be angry with me — but I think Mary is interested in Richard Meynell."

"Why should I be angry?" said Catherine. She had coloured a little, but she was perfectly composed. With her grey hair and her plain widow's dress, she threw her sister's charming mondanity into bright relief. But beauty, loftily understood, lay with Catherine.

"It *is* ill luck — his opinions!" cried Rose, laying her hand upon her sister's.

"Opinions are not 'luck,'" said Catherine, with a rather cold smile.

"You mean we are responsible for them? Perhaps we are, if we are responsible for anything — which I sometimes doubt. But you like him — personally?" The tone was almost pleading.

"I think he is a good man."

"And if — if — they do fall in love — what are we all to do?"

Rose looked half whimsically, half entreatingly, at her sister.

"Wait till the case arises," said Catherine, rather sharply. "And please don't interfere. You are too fond of matchmaking, Rose!"

"I am — I just ache to be at it, all the time. But I wouldn't do anything that would be a grief to you."

Catherine was silent a moment. Then she said, in a tone that went to the listener's heart:

"Whatever happens — will be God's will."

She sat motionless, her eyes drooped, her features a little drawn and pale, her thoughts — Rose knew it — in the past.

Flaxman came back from his interview with Dawes, reporting that nothing could have been in better taste or feeling than Dawes' view of the matter. As far as the Rector was concerned,— and he had told Mr. Barron so,— the story was ridiculous — the mere blunder of a crazy woman; and, for the rest, what had they to do in Upcote with ferreting into other people's private affairs? He had locked up the letter, in case it might sometime be necessary to hand it to the police, and didn't intend himself to say a word to anybody. If the thing went any further, why, of course the Rector must be informed. Otherwise silence was best. He had given a piece of his mind to Mr. Barron, and "didn't want to be mixed up in any such business. As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Flaxman, I'm fighting for the Church and her Creeds — I'm not out for backbiting!"

"Nice man!" said Rose, with enthusiasm. "Why didn't I ask him to-night!"

"But," resumed Flaxman, "he warned me

that if any letter of the kind got into the hands of a certain Miss Nairn, in the village, there might be trouble."

"Miss Nairn — Miss Nairn?" The sisters looked at each other. "Oh, I know — the lady in black we saw in church, the day the revolution began — a strange little shrivelled spinster thing who lives in that house by the post-office. She quarrelled mortally with the Rector last year, because she ill-treated a little servant-girl of hers, and the Rector remonstrated."

"Well, she's one of the 'aggrieved.'"

"They seem to be an odd crew! There's the old sea-captain that lives in that queer house with the single yew tree and the boarded-up window on the edge of the heath. He's one of them. He used to come to church about once a quarter, and wrote the Rector interminable letters on the meaning of Ezekiel. Then, there's the publican, East, who nearly lost his license last year — he always put it down to the Rector, and vowed he'd be even with him. I must say, the Church in Upcote seems rather put to it for defenders!"

"In Upcote," corrected Flaxman. "That's because of Meynell's personal hold. Plenty of 'em — quite immaculate — elsewhere. However, Dawes is a perfectly decent, honest man, and grieved to the heart by the Rector's performances."

Catherine had waited silently to hear this remark, and then went away to write a letter.

"Poor darling! Will she go and call on Dawes — for sympathy?" said Flaxman mischievously to his wife, as the door closed.

"Sympathy?" Rose's face grew soft. "It's much as it was with Robert. It ought to be so simple — and it is so mixed! Nature, of course, *ought* to have endowed all unbelievers with the proper horns and tail. And there they go, stealing your heart away! — and your daughter's."

The Flaxmans and Catherine — who spent the day with her sister, before the evening party — were more and more conscious of oppression as the hours went on, as if some moral thunder hung in the air.

Flaxman asked himself again and again, "Ought I to go to Meynell at once?" — and could not satisfy himself with any answer; while he, his wife, and his sister-in-law, being persons of delicacy, were all ashamed of finding themselves the possessors, against their will, of facts — supposing they were facts — to which they had no right. Meynell's ignorance — Alice Puttenham's ignorance — of their knowledge, tormented their consciences. And it added to their discomfort that they shared their knowledge with such a person as Henry Barron. However, there was no help for it.

A mild autumn day drew to its close, with a lingering gold in the west, and a rising moon. The charming old house, with its faded furniture and its out-at-elbows charm, was lit up softly with lamps that made a dim but friendly shining in its wide spaces. It had never belonged to rich people, but always to people of taste. It boasted no Gainsboroughs or Romneys, but there were lesser men of the date, possessed of pretty talents of their own, painters and pastellists, who had tried their hands on the family, of whom they had probably been the personal friends. The originals of the portraits on the walls were known to neither history nor scandal; but their good, modest faces, their brave red or blue coats, their white gowns and drooping feathers, looked winningly out from the soft shadows of the rooms. At Maudeley, Rose wore her simplest dresses, and was astonished at the lightness of the household expenses. The house, indeed, had never known display, or any other luxury than space; and to live in it was to accept its tradition.

The week-enders arrived at tea-time: Mr. Norham, with a secretary and a valet, much preoccupied, and chewing the fag-end of certain Cabinet deliberations in the morning; Flaxman's charming sister, Lady Helen Varley, and her husband; his elder brother, Lord Wanless, unmarried, an expert on armour, slightly eccentric, but still, in the eyes of all intriguing mothers, and to his own annoyance, more than desirable as a husband, owing to the Wanless collieries and a few other trifles of the same kind; the Bishop of Markborough; Canon France and his sister; a young poet whose very delicate muse had lodged itself oddly in the frame of an athlete; a high official in the local Government Board, Mr. Spearman, whom Rose regarded with distrust, as likely to lead Hugh into too much talk about workhouses; Lady Helen's two girls, just out, as dainty and well dressed, as gaily and innocently sure of themselves and their place in life, as the "classes," at their best, know how to produce; and two or three youths, bound for Oxford by the end of the week — samples, these last, of a somewhat new type in that old University, combining the dash, family, and insolence of the old "tuft" or Bullenden man with an amazing aptitude for the classics, rare indeed among the "tufts" of old. Two out of the three had captured almost every distinction that Oxford offers; and all three had been either 'gated for lengthy periods, or "sent down," or otherwise castigated by an angry University, puzzled by the queer connection between Irelands and Hertfords, on the one hand, and tipsy frolics on the other.

Meynell appeared for dinner — somewhat late. It was only with great difficulty that the Flaxmans had prevailed on him to come, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Norham. But the party within the Church which, foreseeing a Modernist defeat in the Church courts, was appealing to Parliament to take action, was strengthening every week; Meynell's Saturday articles in the *Modernist*, the paper founded by the Reformers' League, were already providing these parliamentarians with a policy and inspiration; and, if the movement were to go on swelling during the winter, the Government might have to take very serious cognisance of it in the spring. Mr. Norham, therefore, had expressed a wish for some conversation with the Modernist leader, who happened to be Rector of Upcote; and Meynell, who had by now cut himself adrift from all social engagements, had with difficulty saved an evening.

As far as Norham was concerned, he would have greatly preferred to take the Home Secretary for a Sunday walk on the Chase; but he had begun to love the Flaxmans, and could not make up his mind to say no to them. Moreover, was it not more than probable that he would meet at Maudeley "one simple girl," of whom he did not dare in these strenuous days to let himself think too much?

So that Rose, as she surveyed her dinner-table, could feel that she was maintaining the wide social traditions of England by the mingling of as many contraries as possible; but the oil and vinegar were, after all, cunningly mixed, and the dinner went well. The Bishop was separated from Meynell by the length of the table, and Norham was carefully protected from Mr. Spearman, in his eyes a prince of bores, who was always bothering the Home Office.

The Bishop, who was seated beside Rose at one end of the table, noticed the black patch on Meynell's temple, and enquired its origin. Rose gave him a graphic account of both the accident and the riot. The Bishop raised his eyebrows.

"How does he contrive to live the two lives?" he said, in a tone slightly acid. "If he continues to lead this movement, he will have to give up fighting mobs and running up and down mines."

"What is going to happen to the movement?" Rose asked him, with her most sympathetic smile. Socially, and in her own house, she was divinely all things to all men; but the Bishop was rather suspicious of her.

"What can happen to it but defeat? The only other alternative is the break-up of the Church. And for that, thank God, they are not strong enough."

"And no compromise is possible?"

"None. In three months Meynell and all his friends will have ceased to belong to the English Church. It is very lamentable. I am particularly sorry for Meynell himself — who is one of the best of men."

Rose felt her colour rising. She longed to ask: "But supposing *England* has something to say? Suppose she chooses to transform her national Church? Hasn't she the right and the power?"

But her instincts as hostess stifled her pugnacity. And the little Bishop looked so worn and fragile that she had no heart for anything but cossetting him. At the same time, she noticed — as she had done before, on other occasions — the curious absence of any ferocity, any smell of brimstone in the air! How different from Robert's day! Then the presumption underlying all controversy was of an offended authority ranged against an apologetic rebellion. A tone of moral condemnation on the one side, a touch of casuistry on the other, confused the issues. And now, behind and around the combatants, the clash of equal hosts! — over ground strewn with dead assumptions. The conflict might be no less strenuous; nay, from a series of isolated struggles it had developed into a world-wide battle; but the bitterness between man and man was less.

Yes! — for the nobler spirits — the leaders and generals of each army. But what of the rank and file? And at the thought of Barron she laughed at herself for supposing that religious rancour and religious slander had died out of the world!

"Can we have some talk somewhere?" said Norham languidly in Meynell's ear, as the gentlemen left the dining-room.

"I think Mrs. Flaxman will have arranged something," said Meynell, with a smile, detecting the weariness of the political Atlas.

And, indeed, Rose had all her dispositions made. They found her in the drawing-room, amid a bevy of bright gowns and comely faces, illumined by the cheerful light of a big wood fire — a circle of shimmering stuffs and gems, the blaze sparkling on the pointed slippers, the white necks, and glossy hair of the girls, and on the diamonds of their mothers.

But Rose, the centre of the circle, sprang up at once, at sight of her two *gros bonnets*.

"The green drawing-room!" she murmured in Meynell's ear, and tripped on before them, while the incoming crowd of gentlemen, mingling with the ladies, served to mask the movement.

Not, however, before the Bishop had perceived the withdrawal of the politician and the

heretic. He saw that Canon France, who followed him, had also an eye to the retreating figures.

"I trust we, too, shall have our audience!" said the Bishop ironically.

Canon France shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

Then his small, shrewd eyes scanned the Bishop intently. Nothing in that delicate face beyond the sentiments proper to the situation?—the public situation? As to the personal emotion involved, that, the Canon knew, was for the time almost exhausted. The Bishop had suffered much during the preceding months — in his affections, his fatherly feeling towards his clergy, in his sense of the affront offered to Christ's seamless vesture of the Church. But now, France thought, pain had been largely deadened by the mere dramatic interest of the prospect ahead, by the anodyne of an immense correspondence, a vast increase in the business of the day, caused by the various actions pending.

Nothing else — new and disturbing — in the Bishop's mind? He moved on, chattin, and jesting with the young girls who gathered round him. He was evidently a favourite with them, and with all nice women. Finally he sank into an arm-chair beside Lady Helen Varley, exchanging Mrs. Flaxman's cossetting for hers. His small figure was almost lost in the arm-chair. The firelight danced on his slender stockinged legs, on his episcopal shoe-buckles, on the cross that adorned his episcopal breast, and then on the gleaming snow of his hair, above his blue eyes with their slight unearthliness, so large and flowerlike in his small white face. He seemed very much at ease, throwing off all burdens.

No! the Slander that had begun to fly through the diocese, like an arrow by night, had not yet touched the Bishop.

Nor Meynell himself?

Yet France was certain that Barron had not been idle, that he had not let it drop. "I advised him to let it drop," he said uneasily to himself; "that was all I could do."

Then he looked round him, at the faces of the women present. He knew scarcely any of them. Was she among them — the lady of Barron's tale? He thought of the story as he might have thought of the plot of a novel. When medieval charters were not to be had, it made an interesting subject of speculation. And Barron could not have confided it to any one in the diocese so discreet, so absolutely discreet, as he.

"I gather this movement of yours is rapidly becoming formidable?" said Norham to his companion.

He spoke with the affectation of interest that all politicians in office must learn. But there was no heart in it, and Meynell wondered why the great man had desired to speak with him at all.

He replied that the growth of the movement was certainly a startling fact. "It is now clear that we must ultimately go to Parliament. The immediate result in the Church courts is of course, not in doubt. But our hope lies in such demonstrations in the country as may induce Parliament" — he paused, laying a quiet emphasis on each word — "to reconsider — and resettle — the conditions of membership and office in the English Church."

"Good heavens!" cried Norham, throwing up his hand. "What a prospect! If that business once gets into the House of Commons, it'll have everything else out."

"Yes. It's big enough to ask for time — and take it."

Norham suppressed a slight yawn as he turned in his chair.

"The House of Commons, alas! never shows to advantage in an ecclesiastical debate. You'd think it was in the condition of Sydney Smith with a cold — not sure whether there were nine Articles and thirty-nine Muses — or the other way on!"

Meynell looked at the Secretary of State in silence, his eyes twinkling. He had heard from various friends of this touch of insolence in Norham. He awaited its disappearance.

Edward Norham was a man still young — under forty, indeed, though marked prematurely by hard work and hard fighting. His black hair had receded on the temples, and was obviously thinning on the crown of the head. He wore spectacles, and his shoulders had taken the stoop of office work. But the eyes behind the spectacles lost nothing that they desired to see, and the general impression was one of bull-dog strength, which could be impertinent and aggressive, and could also masque itself in a good humour and charm by no means insincere. In his political career, he was on the eve of great things; and he would owe them mainly to a power of work, supreme even in these hard-driven days. This power of work enabled him to glean in many fields and keep his eye on many chances that his colleagues perforce neglected. The Modernist movement was one of these chances. For years he had foreseen great changes ahead in the relations of Church and State; and this group of men seemed to be forcing the pace.

Suddenly, as his eyes perused the strong humanity of the face beside him, Norham changed his manner. He sat up and put down the paper-

knife he had been teasing. As he did so, there was a little clash at his elbow, and something rolled on the floor.

"What's that?"

"No harm done," said Meynell, stooping. "One of our host's Greek coins. What a beauty!" He picked up the little case, and the coin that had rolled out of it — a gold coin of Velia, with a head of Athene, one of the great prizes of the collector.

Norhan took it with eagerness. He was a Cambridge man and a fine scholar, and such things delighted him.

"I didn't know Flaxman cared for these things."

"He inherited them," said Meynell, pointing to the open cabinet on the table. "But he loves them, too. Mrs. Flaxman always has them put out on great occasions. It seems to me they ought to have a watcher! They are quite priceless, I believe. Such things are soon lost."

"Oh — they are safe enough here," said Norham, returning the coin to its place, with another loving look at it. Then, with an effort, he pulled himself together and with great rapidity began to question his companion as to the details and progress of the movement. All the facts up to date — the number of Reformers enrolled since the foundation of the League, the League's finances, the astonishing growth of its petition to Parliament, the progress of the movement in the universities among the ardent and intellectual youth of the day, its spread from week to week among the clergy — these things came out steadily and clearly in Meynell's replies.

"The League was started in July — it is now October. We have fifty thousand enrolled members, all communicants in Modernist churches. Meetings and demonstrations are being arranged at this moment all over England; and in January there will be a formal inauguration of the new Liturgy in Dunchester Cathedral."

"Heavens!" said Norham, dropping all signs of languor. "Dunchester will venture it?"

Meynell made a sign of assent.

"It is, of course, possible that the episcopal proceedings against the Bishop, which, as you see, have just begun, may have been brought to a close, and that the Cathedral may be no longer at our disposal, but ——"

"The Dean, surely, has power to close it!"

"The Dean has come over to us, and the majority of the canons."

Norham threw back his head with a laugh of amazement.

"The first time in history that a dean has been of the same opinion as his Bishop! Upon my word, the Government has been badly informed! We had no idea — simply no idea — that things had gone so far. Markborough, of course, gives us very different accounts — he and the bishops acting with him."

"A great deal is going on which our Bishop here is quite unaware of."

"You can substantiate what you have been saying?"

"I will send you papers to-morrow morning. But, of course," added Meynell, after a pause, "a great many of us will be out of our berths in a few months, temporarily at least. It will rest with Parliament whether we remain so!"

"The Non-Jurors of the twentieth century!" murmured Norham, with a half-sceptical intonation.

"Ah, but this *is* the twentieth century!" said Meynell, smiling. "And, in our belief, the *dénouement* will be different."

"What will you do — you clergy — when you are deprived?"

"In the first place, it will take a long time to deprive us — and, so long as there are any of us left in our livings, each will come to the help of the other."

"But you yourself?"

"I have already made arrangements for a big barn in the village," said Meynell, smiling — "a great tithe-barn of the fifteenth century, a magnificent old place, with a forest of wooden arches and a vault like a church. The village will worship there for a while. We shall make it beautiful!"

Norham was silent for a moment. He was stupefied by the energy, the passion of religious hope, in the face beside him. Then the critical temper in him conquered his emotion, and he said, not without sarcasm:

"This is all very surprising — very interesting; but what are the *ideas* behind you? A thing like this cannot live without ideas — and I confess I have always thought the ideas of Liberal Christianity a rather beggarly set-out — excuse the phrase!"

"There is nothing to excuse! — the phrase fits. A 'reduced Christianity,' as opposed to a 'full Christianity' — that is the description lately given, I think, by a divinity professor. I don't quarrel with it at all. Who can care for a 'reduced' anything! But a *transformed* Christianity — that is another matter."

"Why 'Christianity' at all?"

Meynell looked at him in a smiling silence. He, the man of religion, was unwilling in these surroundings to play the prophet, to plunge into the central stream of argument. But Norham, the outsider and dilettante, was conscious of a kindled mind.

"That is the question to which it always seems to me there is no answer," he said easily, leaning back in his chair. "You think you can take what you like of a great historical religion and leave the rest — that you can fall back on its presuppositions and build it anew. But the presuppositions themselves are all crumbling! 'God,' 'soul,' 'free will,' 'immortality,' — even human identity,— is there one of the old fundamental notions that still stands unchallenged? What are we, in the eyes of modern psychology, but a world of automata — dancing to stimuli from outside? What has become of conscience — of the moral law — of Kant's imperative — in the minds of writers like these?"

He pointed to two recent novels lying on the table, both of them brilliant glorifications of sordid forms of adultery.

Meynell's look fired.

"Ah! — but let us distinguish! *We* are not anarchists — as those men are. Our claim is precisely that we are, and desire to remain, a part of a *society* — a definite community with definite laws — of a National Church — of the nation, that is, in its spiritual aspect. The question for which we are campaigning is as to the terms of membership in that society. But terms and conditions there must always be. The 'wild living intellect of man' must accept conditions in the Church as *we* conceive it, no less than in the Church as Newman conceived it."

Norham shrugged his shoulders.

"Then why all this bother?"

"Because the conditions must be adjusted from time to time! Otherwise the Church suffers, and souls are lost wantonly, without reason. But there is no church, no religion, without some venture, some leap of faith! If you can't make any leap at all — any venture — then you remain outside — and you think yourself, perhaps, entitled to run amuck — as these men do!" He pointed to the books. "But *we* make the venture! — *we* accept the great hypothesis — of faith."

The sound of voices came dimly to them from the farther rooms. Norham pointed towards them.

"What difference, then, between you — and your Bishop?"

"Simply that in his case — as *we* say — the hypothesis of faith is weighted with a vast mass of stubborn matter that it was never meant to carry — bad history, bad criticism, an outgrown philosophy. To make it carry it — in our belief — you have to fly in the face of that gradual education of the world, education of the mind, education of the conscience, which is the chief mark of God in the world. But the hypothesis of faith, itself, remains — take it at its lowest — as rational, as defensible, as legitimate as any other."

"What do you mean by it? God — conscience — responsibility?"

"Those are the big words!" said Meynell, smiling —"and, of course, the true ones. But what the saint means by it, I suppose, in the first instance, is that there is in man something mysterious, superhuman, a Life in life — which can be indefinitely strengthened, enlightened, purified, till it reveal to him the secret of the world, till it 'toss him' to the 'breast' of God! — or, again, can be weakened, lost, destroyed, till he relapses into the animal. Believe it, we say! Live by it! Make the venture. *Verificatur vivendo!*"

Again the conversation paused. From the distance once more came the merry clamour of the farther drawing-room. A din of young folk chaffing and teasing one another — a girl's defiant voice above it — outbursts of laughter. Norham, who had in him a touch of dramatic imagination, enjoyed the contrast between the gay crowd in the distance, and this quiet room where he sat face to face with a visionary — surely altogether remote from the marrying, money-making, sensuous world. Yet, after all, the League was a big, practical, organised fact.

"What you have expressed — very finely, if I may say so — is, of course, the mystical creed," he replied at last, with suave politeness. "But why call it Christianity?"

As he spoke, he was conscious of a certain pride in himself. He felt complacently that he understood Meynell, and appreciated him; and that hardly any of his colleagues would, or could, have done so.

"Why call it Christianity?" he repeated.

"Because Christianity *is* this creed! — 'embodied in a tale.' And mankind must have tales and symbols."

"And the life of Christ is your symbol?"

"More! — it is our sacrament — the supreme sacrament — to which all other symbols of the same kind lead — in which they are summed up."

"And that is why you make so much of the eucharist?"

"It is — to us — just as full of mystical meaning, just as much the meeting-place of God and man, as to the Catholic — Roman or Anglican."

"Strange that there should be so many of you!" said Norham, after a moment, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes; that has been the discovery of the last six months. But we might all have guessed it.

The fuel has been long laid. Now comes the kindling, and the blaze!"

There was a pause. Then Norham said abruptly:

"Now, what is it you want of Parliament?"

The two men plunged into a discussion in which the politician became presently aware that the parish priest, the visionary, possessed a surprising amount of practical and statesmanlike ability.

Meanwhile, a room or two away, in the great bare drawing-room, with its faded tapestries and its warm mixture of lamplight and firelight, the evening guests had been arriving. Rose stood at the door of the drawing-room, receiving, her husband beside her, Catherine a little way behind.

"Oh!" cried Rose suddenly, under her breath, heard only by Hugh — a little sound of perturbation.

Outside, in the hall, hardly lit at intervals by oil-lamps, a group could be seen advancing: in front, Alice Puttenham and Mary; and, behind, the Fox-Wilson party, Hester's golden head and challenging gait drawing all eyes as she passed along.

But it was on Alice Puttenham that Rose's gaze was fixed. She came dreamily forward; and Rose saw her marked out by the lovely oval of the face, its whiteness, its melancholy, from all the moving shapes around her. She wore a dress of black gauze over white; a little scarf of old lace lay on her shoulders; her still abundant hair was rolled back from her high brow and sad eyes. She looked very small and childish — as frail as thistledown.

And, behind her, Hester's stormy beauty! Rose gave a little gulp. Then she found herself pressing a cold hand, and was conscious of sudden relief. Miss Puttenham's shy composure was unchanged. She could not have looked so, she could not surely have confronted such a gathering of neighbours and strangers, if ——

No, no! The Slander — Rose, in her turn, saw it under an image, as if a dark night-bird hovered over Upcote — had not yet descended on this gentle head. With eager kindness, Hugh came forward, and Catherine. They found her a place by the fire, where presently the glow seemed to make its way to her pale cheeks, and she sat, silent and amused, watching the triumph of Hester.

For Hester was no sooner in the room than, resenting, perhaps, the decidedly cool reception that Mrs. Flaxman had given her, she at once set to work to extinguish all the other young women there. And she had very soon succeeded. The Oxford youths, Lord Wanless, the sons of two or three neighbouring squires, they were all presently gathered about her, as thick as bees on honeycomb, recognising in her instantly one of those beings endowed from their cradle with a double portion of sex-magic, who leave such a wild track behind them in the world.

By her chair stood poor Stephen Barron, absorbed in her every look and tone. Occasionally she threw him a word,— Rose thought for pure mischief,— and his whole face would light up.

In the centre of the circle round Hester stood one of the Oxford lads, a magnificent fellow, radiating health and gaiety, who was trying to wear her down in one of the word-games of the day. They fought hard and breathlessly, everybody listening, partly for the amusement of the game, partly for the pleasure of watching the good looks of the young creatures playing it. At last the man turned on his heel with a cry of victory:

"Beaten! — beaten! — by a hair. But you're wonderful, Miss Fox-Wilson. I never found anybody near so good as you at it before, except a man I met once at Newmarket — Philip Meryon. Do you know him? Never saw a fellow so good at games. But an awfully queer fish!"

It seemed to the morbid sensitiveness of Rose that there was an instantaneous and a thrilling silence. Hester tossed her head; her colour, after the first start, ebbed away; she grew pale.

"Yes, I do know him. Why is he a queer fish? You only say that because he beat you!"

The young man gave a half-laugh, and looked at his friends. Then he changed the subject. But Hester got up impatiently from her seat, and would not play any more. Rose caught the sudden intentness with which Alice Puttenham's eyes pursued her.

Stephen Barron came to the help of his hostess, and started more games. Rose was grateful to him — and quite intolerably sorry for him.

"But why was I obliged to shake hands with the other brother?" she thought rebelliously, as she watched the disagreeable face of Maurice Barron, who had been standing in the circle not far from Hester. He had a look of bad company that displeased her; and she resented what seemed to her an inclination to stare at the pretty women — especially at Hester and Miss Puttenham. Heavens! if that odious father had betrayed anything to such a son! Surely, surely, it was inconceivable!

The party was beginning to thin when Meynell, impatient to be quit of his Cabinet Minis-

ter, that he might find Mary Elsmere before it was too late, hurried from the green drawing-room, in the wake of Mr. Norham, and stumbled against a young man who, in the very imperfect illumination, had not perceived the second figure behind the Home Secretary.

"Hullo!" said Meynell brusquely, stepping back. "How do you do? Is Stephen here?"

Maurice Barron answered in the affirmative —and added, as though from the need to say something, no matter what:

"I hear there are some coins to be seen in there?"

"There are."

Meynell passed on, his countenance showing a sternness, a contempt even, that was rare with him. He and Norham passed through the next drawing-room, and met various acquaintance at the farther door. Maurice Barron stood watching them. The persons invading the room had come intending to see the coins; but, meeting the Home Secretary, they turned back with him, and Meynell followed them, eager to disengage himself from them. At the door some impulse made him turn and look back. He saw Maurice Barron disappearing into the green drawing-room.

The night was soft and warm. Catherine and Mary had come prepared to walk home, Catherine eagerly resuming, now that her health allowed it, the Spartan habits of their normal life. Flaxman was drawn by the beauty of the moonlight and the park to offer to escort them to the lower lodge. Hester declared that she, too, would walk, and carelessly accepted Stephen's escort. Meynell stepped out from the house with them, and, in the natural sequence of things, he found himself with Mary.

Flaxman and Catherine, who led the way, hardly spoke to each other. They walked, pensive and depressed. Each knew what the other was thinking of, and each felt that nothing was to be gained, for the moment, by any fresh talk about it. Just behind them they could hear Hester laughing and sparring with Stephen; and, when Catherine looked back, she could see Meynell and Mary, far away in the distance of the avenue they were following.

The great lime trees on either side threw long shadows on grass covered with the fresh-fallen leaf, which gleamed a pale orange through the dusk. The sky was dappled with white cloud, and the lime boughs overhead broke it into patterns of delight. The sharp scent of the fallen leaves was in the air, and the night, for all its mildness, prophesied winter. Meynell seemed to himself to be moving on enchanted ground, beneath enchanted trees. The tension of his long talk with Norham, the cares of his leadership, the voices of a natural ambition, dropped away. Mary, in a blue cloak, a white scarf wound about her head, summed up for him the pure beauty of nature and the night. For the first time, he did not attempt to check the thrill in his veins; he began to hope. It was impossible to ignore the change in Mrs. Elsmere's attitude towards him. He had no idea what had caused it, but he felt it. And he realised, also, that, through unseen and inexplicable gradations, Mary had come mysteriously near to him. He dared not have spoken a word of love to her; but such feeling as theirs, however restrained, penetrates speech and gesture, and irresistibly makes all things new.

They spoke of the most trivial matters, and hardly noticed what they said. He all the time was thinking, "Beyond this tumult, there will be rest some day — then I may speak. We could live hardly and simply; neither of us wants luxury. But *now* it would be unjust; it would bring too great a burden on her — and her poor mother. I must wait! But we shall see each other — we shall understand each other!"

Meanwhile she, on her side, would perhaps have given the world to share the struggle from which he debarred her. Nevertheless, for both, it was an hour of happiness and hope.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In an article on "McAdoo and the Subway," by Burton J. Hendrick, printed in the March McClure's, the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey was referred to as "a crowd of stock-waterers." The author, on reconsideration, is convinced that the remark was unfounded in fact. It is the policy of this magazine, in case it unintentionally does any man or corporation an injustice, to make retraction; and, in accordance with this policy, it withdraws this statement about the Public Service Corporation.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

BY

PÁDRAIC COLUM

OH, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night,
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loath to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delf!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house — a house of my own —
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.